

June, 1917

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A Magazine of Efficiency and Unity For

# CRYVOMAN

=And Some Men=

Official Journal of The National Council of Women. Membership. 7,000,000



Judge W. W. Morrow

> Builders of California Red Cross

Mrs. Thurlow McMulling.



Mrs. John F. Merrill

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EVERYWOMAN Page two

## \$100,000,000 Red Cross Campaign Plans Laid to Raise \$15,000,000 in the West

A HUNDRED MILLION for the Red Cross! A hundred million dollars for the men of America who offer their blood and brawn, their heart-whole service, their lives, that democracy may be safe; that small nations may preserve their independence; that ships of every land may sail free seas, and finally, that the dove of peace, ever hovering for alighting, may settle once again and for all time over a world gone mad for greed and power.

In this, "the month of roses and of marriages," there starts for the Red Cross the greatest campaign ever waged for any philanthropic purpose. A hundred million in the month of June! This is the command from Washington. And charity, for the time, overshadows brides and flowers, pealing a louder note than wedding bells and shedding a fragrance sweeter than the rose.

To build up this great war charity for American soldiers fighting democracy's war on European battlefieldswhich means to help care for the sick and wounded, in and out of the hospitals, to lend the helping hand to thousands in the districts already devastated, to rehabilitate those districts, to aid dependants here at home—to help build up all this, the district west of the Mississippi is asked to raise, as its share of the contribution, fifteen million. And of these fifteen million, San Francisco undertakes alone one million. Moreover, the hundred million-and, therefore, the fifteen and the one million pledged-must be secured in its entirety during the one week of June from the 18th to the 25th inclusive, which week has been set aside by proclamation of the President as National Red Cross Week.

But how accomplish this tremendous feat within this time? The task is so enormous as to seem almost impossible. Yet, even as this journal goes to press, the great machinery is being set in motion; the giant wheels are starting and the big drive is on. The campaign focusing on Red Cross Week already is taking shape.

From the call of Washington for representatives of all the larger cities throughout the United States, there resulted a meeting in the Capital of more than a hundred men and women from forty cities, who set to work with an enthusiasm that showed the strongest confidence in the willingness of Americans to contribute freely to this cause of mercy.

By Florence Heath

It was at this meeting that Mr. Henry Davison, chairman of the Red Cross War Council, made the significant remark that it was certain \$100,000,000 would be required "even to approach compliance with the most pressing needs." "If each individual American contributes his bit," he added, "there can be no failure. America will, we feel sure, again demonstrate her ability to handle a big task in a big way."

The big way is unfolding. Following the meeting in Washington, committees were formed at once to take charge of the Eastern, Middle and Western districts, according to the territorial divisions made. The Middle West and the Pacific territory have been parceled into five large districts and these districts divided into states. Each state, in turn, has been subdivided into Red Cross districts in accordance with the Red Cross chapters.

Thus comes the big swing through the West, begun a few days ago when Mr. William H. Crocker, as chairman, called a meeting at the San Francisco headquarters, established at the Palace hotel, which brought together a notable list of prominent San Franciscans as well as those of other Western cities.

A committee headed by Lyman L. Pierce, executive secretary of the Red Cross War Council, was chosen to represent all the territory west of the Mississippi. The members of this committee are John P. Miller, of Los Angeles, who has just returned from New York with the plans for the campaign; W. H. Crocker, of San Francisco; Charles E. Peabody, of Seattle, and H. L. Corbett, of Portland.

Immediately after the meeting in San Francisco, this committee left for Los Angeles accompanied by Judge W. W. Morrow, pioneer Red Cross leader of San Francisco. From Los Angeles they will go to Portland and thence to Denver and Kansas City. From these points there will be sent into the Red Cross districts, as subdivided, campaign teams of from five to ten members, each under direction of local chapters. These teams will scour every district for donations and will report twice a day to headquarters. For the public, bulletins in Red Cross centers will announce from day to day the progress made.

The entire hundred million for this charity is to be raised solely by contri-

bution. The campaign is for contributions, not for membership, as Mr. Pierce points out. The cash is to be handled by bank clerks so that totals may be announced twice daily. In order that the records may be kept free from confusion, a request has been made that no entertainments or special affairs of any kind be given as Red Cross benefits during Red Cross Week.

Mr. Pierce has appointed for San Francisco's local committee Messrs. Peter B. Kyne, E. D. Moore, Robert G. Heistand, F. H. Abbott, Jr., and G. A. Giamboni, with headquarters at the Palace hotel, but separate from those of the committee of the Western division. The local committee will organize so as to be in communication with the Red Cross chapters of every city in northern California with a population of 4,000 or more, getting in touch from these points with the smaller unorganized communities wherever possible. In order to announce daily results from all over the country, there will be no interchange of telegrams during Red Cross Week.

The San Francisco committee is planning an extensive newspaper publicity scheme to be carried out all over the state, and will put out ten men as captains in a whirlwind campaign through this district.

"Give, give, give!" will be the clarion cry, if not by thousands, by the hundreds; if not by hundreds by the tens; if not by tens, by ones; but give, only give; and while rallying round the flag let the slogan this month be: "Rally round the Red Cross!"



#### LIFE'S BARQUE

By JULIA PATTERSON CHURCHILL

THE day is dark and through a mist of tears
Old Mother Nature dimly shows her

Old Mother Nature dimly shows he face,

As sometimes gleam the hopes of vanished years—

Life's lost ideals—whose virtue none can trace.

Across the moor and far beyond the hills

A sea of rain and mist takes spectral shape,

An ocean rises, and the valley fills

With wave on wave which seems to roll and

Yet I know what I see is no wild wave— Nor sea nor lake beyond the breaker's moan— 'Tis but a semblance of the life God gave To every soul with light to know its own. Page three JUNE, 1917

## Builders of California Red Cross Birth and Growth of the Society in the West

Their Works in the Past and Present

N this issue of "Everywoman" we present on its cover the portraits of three of the original Red Cross builders of California: Mrs. John F. Merrill, Judge W. W. Morrow, and Mrs. Thurlow McMullin. We also illustrate the cover with drawings of the historic flags which were presented to the founders by Mr. W. S. McClure, who was called the "Father of the Flags," so great was his devotion to the cause. (Through the courtesy of Mrs. Merrill we are enabled to make use of those treasured emblems.) And today these same members are just as full of fire and energy, pride and service, for the great organization now sweeping the country, as they were when, in an inspired moment, they called together their friends and neighbors, to the number of fifteen, on May 16, 1898, to found a Red Cross Association to meet the coming disaster.

Just as now, war was upon us and we were unprepared. The Spanish-American War was loudly calling the men of the Nation to arms. The National Guard, the First California Volunteers, were going to Manila, and they were going poorly equipped. This would never do. The philanthrophic men and women of this Coast would never stand for this. They would never allow the boys who were going to face the bullets, to do so without every care and comfort which money, work and sympathy could procure to safeguard their health; and, as reminders of the esteem and affection in which they were held.

Very soon from all parts of the country came troops, en route to the Philippines, who had to mobilize in San Francisco. It was then that the hard work began. From June 1898 to July 1902, 185,000 troops passed through the Golden Gate going to and coming from the Philippines, and not one of these was neglected or forgotten by the local Red Cross. Over \$150,000 was spent for supplies of every description for the comfort and encouragement of the soldiers who crossed the Pacific Ocean in defense of their country. It took strenuous and highly intelligent financial agents to get those contributions from all over the Western division. But those who worked dreaded neither fear nor fatigue.

During the year of and following 1898,

Jeanne E. Francoeur

while the Spanish-American War lasted, those devoted builders of the great organization on this Coast made history for California and happiness for thousands.

As the new organization took shape, Mrs. W. B. Harrington became President of the California Red Cross State Association, and Mrs. John F. Merrill President of the San Francisco Chapter of the Red Cross, and its Vice-Chairman ever since, with her interests and co-operation as vital as in the beginning. Mrs. L. L. Dunbar became secretary of the state association, while Mrs. J. G. Lemmon, who was a personal friend of Clara



Mrs. A. W. Scott

Barton and thoroughly acquainted with her methods of organization, gave her services at this time as secretary, and in varying capacities served all through the trying years.

One of the first difficulties which confronted the young organization was lack of a home. This, however, was quickly supplied by the generosity of Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, who provided ample quarters in the Hearst Building and who continued her generosity throughout the years of its necessities. Very soon among the officers and early-day workers, who are still actively and devotedly in the service, were Mrs. F. G. Sanborne,

Mrs. A. W. Scott, United States Senator James D. Phelan (then Mayor of San Francisco), Mr. George W. Mastick, Judge M. C. Sloss, Mrs. Louis Sloss, Mrs. Sarah Stetson Winslow, Mrs. Arthur Cornwall, Mrs. I. Lowenberg, Mrs. J. R. Loosley, Miss Anna W. Beaver, Mrs. Thurlow McMullin (who has been the secretary of the San Francisco chapter for many years). Mr. Allen Knight, as treasurer, has been of the faithful and continues his service down to the present day.

It was to the originality and industry of Mrs. Oscar F. Long (wife of General Long) that every officer and soldier who went to the Philippines was provided with an aluminum medal of identifi-She, personally, distributed 10,680 medals among the men, and presented to each regiment a set of steel dies by which the names of the men were stamped on the medals. It was through this method that large numbers of poor fellows, who were past the speaking point, were restored to their friends and families. Mrs. Isaac L. Requa did magnificent service in Convalescent Homes, and scores of young fellows who arrived from hotter climates and shivered in the cool sea breezes of the Pacific realized that Mrs. A. W. Scott went no farther than her own pocket to furnish the necessary comforts, if any delay prevented their immediate delivery.

Among the many who took up the daily work of the Red Cross in its most serious and useful forms were Mrs. E. W. McKinstry and Miss Laura McKinstry, Mrs. Charles Wheeler, Mrs. Windell Easton, Miss Cecilia Burke, and ever so many others, which space, not desire, compels our leaving out of this list

We can truly say that of the hundreds of men and women who served in the building of that first Red Cross organization in the State of California, very few who are now alive are missing from the progressive workers of today.

In 1905 Judge W. W. Morrow, who had been a sustaining power in the Pacific Coast Red Cross Society, following a trip to Washington organized the California Red Cross, which then became a part of the National and International Red Cross. Of this California state branch, Judge Morrow became the Pres-

ident, Mrs. John F. Merrill Vice-President, and Mrs. Thurlow McMullin, Secretary. Both ladies hold the same official positions still.

Of excellent help from the standpoint of encouragement and experience to the New Red Cross Society was the advice and help given by such officers as Gen. O. F. Long (then Major), Colonel W. K. Parnell, Colonel Charles R. Greenleaf, and Chaplin O. C. Miller of the Presidio.

Several of those splendid workers who put service to country before everything have passed away, but in speaking of them now, grief saddens the voice of those who knew them best. There was the Rev. Father McKinnon-though he was young, he became father, brother and friend to every boy and man in the First California Volunteers, to whom he was chaplain. Mr. John F. Merrill never ceased in working and giving; his service, his time, his money and his valuable experience were all at the demand of the ladies who mothered the physically sick, as well as the boys who were more homesick than they expected to be. Mr. F. W. Dohrman was also indefatigable in his efforts toward making life more bearable for the young defenders of this country.

In closing this bare little sketch—for it certainly is nothing more—of those splendid achievements for the benefit of the soldiers of other days, I quote a few lines from the closing address of Mrs. Merrill as she bade—as she then thought—a long farewell to the working associates who had become so dear to her. In part, she said:

"As with the return of peace we lay down our most strenuous activities under the loved symbol of the Red Cross, I wish to express, so far as I may, though words are all too inadequate, my gratitude and appreciation for the splendid services rendered by the efficient committees. \* \* It was a labor of love, undertaken amid war's alarms, and carried forward faithfully so long as a single regiment of volunteers remained in service.

"We rest from our labors, but should national need arise, the nation needs but call us, and we are ready again under the banner of the Red Cross."

The next call came—as sudden as it was tragic and devastating. This was the great conflagration of 1906, when our beloved city lay in ruins and ashes at our feet. First again, neglectful of their own overwhelming losses, willing to sacrifice health and life itself for the less fortunate, the sick and helpless, came the self-same officers of the Red

Cross to succor, sustain and rehabilitate. But that is another story, and one too hot in the memory to be forgotten, and is crying to be written at another time.

And now, again, at the call of the most appalling war—such as the world had never dreamed of—the same Red Cross builders are among the leaders, with their wealth of knowledge and experience to offer to the hundreds of zealous workers who are efficiently preparing for the unprepared conflict which has been so ruthlessly thrust upon us, and which we shall face with all the courage and resources at our command.



U. S. Senator James D. Phelan

It is a most encouraging sign, that from one end to the other of the United States men and women are anxiously planning and working to raise the hundred million dollar Red Cross War Fund which the President deems necessary for the benefit of the young soldiers who may be injured at the front "Somewhere in France," or who are on their way there, and also for the care of those who are dependent upon them that they may not suffer unnecessary hardships through the sacrifices which they have made in their country's cause.

Many men, though young for a business life, are past the age for the trenches, and the women, who cannot all become Red Cross nurses, are just as desirous of contributing their serv-

ice to their country, have centered their efforts on what can be accomplished by becoming soldiers of the Red Cross.

The plans for the workers are fast maturing, and there is something glorious, though solemn, in the fine anxiety displayed by the beginners in this noble work. This was particularly made manifest at the meeting which took place at the Palace hotel, San Francisco, where the campaign for the funds west of the Mississippi was started and the real work apportioned.

Many men, well known throughout America, from an ecclesiastical, political and business standpoint, were there and inspired confidence and admiration through their enthusiastic offers of money and service, all of which were fine, and a deep and abiding guarantee that the fight outside the trenches will be ably and heartily made. But all this brought back to us the works and influence of the Red Cross builders on the Pacific Coast, who laid the foundation for the big, broad work of today, and a surge of gratitude came over us in looking around and recognizing many of those builders, just as alert, just as anxious for service as they were when they lined up for the protection of the boys of the Spanish-American War.

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TO THE ROSE

By Caro Taylor

love you:

For the love which sways

Your heart atune to mine;

And like a dream, serene it stays,

Entrancing while I pine

To clasp you in fond love's embrace; Then, through the space of years, To shield you from the tares which trace Your flower face with tears.

Dear love, in dreaming, would I keep
The rose of maiden's blush,
Nor lose caress of perfume sweet.
Ah! Am I dreaming? Hush!

Nor wake me till the age is borne
On wings of love, through space,
Until, in heaven's golden morn,
We wake in spiritual grace

To shed love's light on other souls,
With scintillating powers!
We'll breathe sweet peace in earthly folds
Where dwell the hearts in flowers.

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## National Council of Defense Measures for Mobilizing Seven Million Women

INSPIRING in example, as it will assuredly prove tremendous in its nation-wide influence, is the patriotic attitude of the millions of women of the country in this hour of our entrance into the conflict that is to "make the world safe for democracy," as President Wilson has stated it in his now famous war message.

The measures for the registration of seven or eight million of American women for enrollment as an important adjunct to the mobilization of the country's resources, which were set on foot by Mrs. Philip N. Moore, president of the National Council of Women, are now well under way.

As the result of a telegram prepared by Mrs. Moore and sent out by the Secretary of Labor to the presidents of fifteen of the clubs most actively interested in the work of the National Council of Women with reference to enlisting members in the military measures of the nation, a tender of services was made to President Wilson, to the Council of National Defense, and the Advisory Civil Commission.

It was decided to send registration cards to the national presidents to be forwarded by them to the state presidents who are delegated to the duty of making a complete canvass of every city, town and district in their territory.

Mrs. Moore, in an interview had at her home, 3125 Lafayette Avenue, St. Louis, just before the announcement at Washington of the appointment of the Women's Committee of National Defense, outlined the system to be put into operation.

"In order to avoid duplications," said Mrs. Moore, "we ask that members of more than one organization register in only one of them. The fifteen associations have probably 10,000,000 members, but with the elimination of duplications the net enrollment will be about 7,000,000.

"The cards present a number of questions designed to place the women in various classifications. Under the heading 'Register of Service,' five choices are given, as follows: (A) Wherever called; (B) In the United States; (C) In your home city; (D) In your own home; and (E) Entire time or limited time, and, in the latter case, how much time? The answers will indicate whether the writer is willing to serve abroad, or in any part of the United States, or only in

Mrs. Philip N. Moore Tells How the Efforts of Seven Million Are to

Be Co-ordinated

her home city or her own home, etc.

"Under the next question, 'What work do you prefer?' there is space for stating three choices. Another query is, 'What work are you trained to do?' and the candidate is asked to state her ex-



Mrs. Philip North Moore

perience and where it was gained. The final question gives a choice between volunteer and paid service. It is recognized that while some women are in a position to serve without pay, others, being breadwinners in their families, must in fairness receive pay.

"Our plans also contemplate the enrollment of women who are not members of any of the organizations. These may be interested in various ways, one of which will probably be the holding of mass meetings where registration cards will be distributed. I have received numerous inquiries by mail from such women and shall aid them to register."

Mrs. Moore gave a list of eight branches of service in which, so far as the plans now go, women may be employed. The first concerns occupations which men will leave in order to enter the army and which women may fill. The second is service in connection with the American Red Cross, either as nurses' aids in active service, or as makers of bandages, sheets and other hospital supplies. This work, Mrs. Moore pointed out, may be done at home or in organizations of women, and she urges that model supplies be obtained from the local Red Cross chapters so that the products will be standardized according to the Red Cross regulations.

"The third branch," Mrs. Moore continued, "will be the organization of classes for teaching Americanism and national loyalty, in co-operation with the Department of Labor, the Bureaus of Immigration and Naturalization and the Americanization Committee of the National Chamber of Commerce.

"Another division will be devoted to the elimination of waste and the conservation of the nation's food supplies, and will call for the establishment of classes in which women may study farming, gardening, economical marketing, and scientific household management. This work will have the co-operation of the Department of Agriculture.

"The fifth branch is under the heading 'Motor Service,' and candidates for this department will be trained in knowledge of automobile mechanism and driving. One may recall that in many European countries women have taken over the taxicab and street-car services, thus releasing thousand of men for the battlefield."

The other three classes of service, according to Mrs. Moore, are listed as "Industrial Service," in munition plants, factories, mines, etc.; "General Social and Welfare Service," in connection with camps, housing, recreation, army canteens and the like; and "Office Service," including stenography, care of files and records, telegraph and telephone service, clerking and executive functions. These, said Mrs. Moore, are some of the duties which the women of the country may volunteer to take over, or to which they may be assigned on the basis of their experience and training.

"It is expected," she said, "to have the cards so tabulated that at a moment's notice hands may be laid upon the groups of women in any part of the country willing and able to discharge whatever duties may arise. The cards will be tabulated at the state offices of the various organizations and stored in their respective national headquarters. However, it is possible that in time all the records will be installed at the office of the National Council of Women at Washington."

Mrs. Moore, who has been for years one of the country's most distinguished and active women, is an honorary president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and was for four years its president.

## War Secretary Enlists Women

## Committee Named to Assist National Council of Defense

A statement of the conditions under which the women's committee of the Council of National Defense was created, and of the plans and purposes of the committee, has been issued from the headquarters at Washington. As it succinctly gives the functions of this important body of women, it is herewith given in full:

THE war is upon us, in the sense that that terrible word implies as to a nation's preparedness. Utmost confusion has prevailed both as to the service men may give and equally the unknown service of women.

The Council of National Defense was created by Act of Congress to plan for, and control, all activities connected with the war. It is composed of the secretaries of six departments of the Government most intimately connected with all phases of war conditions, and has authoritative power to appoint all committees. The confusion induced by the desire of women to serve their country, and the receipt of many offers of service from organizations and individuals, led to the consideration of some means of co-ordinating these diverse offers.

Secretary Baker, of the War Department, is Chairman of the Council, and on April 24th he sent the notice of appointment on the woman's committee as follows:

"It gives me great pleasure to inform you of your appointment, on April 21st, by the Council of National Defense, to serve on a committee of women, to consider women's defense work for the nation." On April 25th the Council released the following statement to the Associated Press, with the membership:

"Realizing the inestimable value of woman's contribution to national effort under modern war conditions, the Council of National Defense has appointed a committee of women of national prominence to consider and advise how the assistance of the women of America may be made available in the prosecution of the war. These women are appointed as individuals, regardless of any organization with which they may be associated. The body will be known as the Committee on Women's Defense Work. Its membership is as follows:

Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, Chairman; Mrs. Philip N. Moore, of St. Louis, President of the National Council of Women:

Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles, of California, President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs:

Miss Maude Wetmore, of Rhode Island, Chairman of National League for Woman's Service;

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, of New York, President of the National American Woman Suffrage Organization;

Mrs. Antoinette Funk, of Illinois;

Mrs. Stanley McCormick, of Massa-chusetts;

Mrs. Joseph R. Lamar, of Atlanta, Ga., President of the National Society of Colonial Dames;

Miss Ida M. Tarbell, of New York, publicist and writer.

Dr. Anna Howard Shaw called the members together, May 2nd, in Washington. After much discussion as to existing plans for registration and duplication of effort, it was unanimously decided to make a clearing house, through which all organizations shall report their activities, to find the number of organizations in each State and what they are doing, to separate the work into groups

and thus avoid duplication, to suggest new lines of work not already existing, even to training classes and camps where needed.

It was desired to maintain standards of labor, as to hours and wages, especially in the work of women and children.

The food supply should include production increased and work stimulated; conservation in elimination of waste, preserving, canning and drying, and distribution of possible surplus of perishable foods in most economical and serviceable manner.

It was advised to urge a sane and normal outlook on life under the present hysterical tendency.

To carry out many suggestions discussed, but not noted here, a plan of organization was formed which should be sent to a temporary chairman in each State, under which all organizations should be called together. This plan is far reaching through the State Division of the Woman's Committee, to the city and its wards, the county and town units, to all rural communities.

Wherever effort has been made to coordinate the organizations of women, this effort is utilized by the "temporary chairman" appointed by the Woman's Committee, in order that no new organizations shall be formed.

We simply desire to bring to the attention of the States the request of the Government to unify the work of women toward registration of their resources and the service they may be willing to offer in the present national stress—to inspire the women of the country with a sense of individual loyalty.

## In Vain

By Marion Heath Freeman

My passion in melodious song I wove; Each verse and bar with tender meaning fraught.

But to my heart's wild tumult clamoring there.

She turned unheeding ear, Nor heard my prayer.

And though from sea to sea my praise be

Though all the world unite to sound my

What reck 1? 'Tis a vain, vain mock-

My one beloved—she Loveth not me.

#### Delayed Delivery

Billy had had a serious misunderstanding with his older cousin Conrad. That misunderstanding had been very scrupulously concealed from his mother, so when he came into the house after school she said:

"Billy, what would you like to give Conrad for his birthday?"

"I know what I'd like to give him," said Billy vindictively, "but I ain't big enough."

· CARVED my soul in marble for my love;

By day and night I wrought upon the shaft;

But in the lofty image gleaming fair She did not see, all bare, My soul stand there.

My heart I placed on canvas for my love; Thus strove to utter what I fain would tell.

She gazed unmoved upon't, nor understood

Its colors blent with blood, My red heart's flood.

## National Council of Women

## Board of Directors Holds Session in Chicago

THE Board of Directors of the National Council of Women has just finished a most interesting session in Chicago, invited to convene in that city by the resident members of the National Federation of Musical Clubs.

The one social relaxation we allowed ourselves was the delightful reception at the residence of the President, Mrs. A. J. Ochsner, who had invited to meet the members of the board many women of the city who are "doing things," among them Mrs. Raymond Robins of the Women's Trade Union League, Mrs. Dean of the Red Cross, Mrs. Bowen, the appointee of the Governor on his Defense Committee, and who has started the organization of all the women of the State for war service under the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense; Mrs. Trout, of the suffrage forces, Mrs. Campbell, editor of the Musical Monitor, and Mrs. Ira Couch Wood, who has accepted the Executive Secretaryship for the National Woman's Committee at Washington.

The biennial meeting to be held in Washington was thoroughly planned, the dates from December 8th to 12th, inclusive, being fixed with local and program committees, and the decision that all committees and speakers should have in mind the great reconstruction period after the war, when, as the eldest sister of the International Council, we may take our rightful place in leading the forces toward lasting peace.

The reports of committees were very illuminating, and, without comparison, we may refer especially to the helpful suggestions of the Chairman of Public Health and Immigration, the latter recommending that we express to the women of foreign birth residing in America at this time of tension and trial our feeling of fellowship and good will.

In loyalty to the expressed wish of the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense, the Board voted to suspend plans for registration and cooperate with the National Woman's Committee in their plans for co-ordinating the work of women for service.

In this connection it was decided to ask the organizations in membership to pay a pro rata amount for the cost already incurred.

The recommendation to the biennial convention that "Everywoman" be con-

By Mrs. Philip North Moore

tinued as the official organ of the Council for the year carried with it the order for the magazine to be sent to each President

With Mrs. Bacon's resignation as Recording Secretary, due to illness, Mrs. Keefe, the Corresponding Secretary, was asked to take the work for the remainder of the time, with such assistance as she might find necessary.

The revision of the Constitution, as passed by the Board, will be submitted to the voting body thirty days before the convention.

The Committee on Resolutions reported through the Chairman, Miss Bina M. West, as follows:

#### Resolution No. 1

Resolved, That the following communication be sent to the President of the United States:

Honorable Woodrow Wilson,

President of the United States:

The Executive Board of the National Council of Women, representing through its affiliated societies seven million constituents, in session in Chicago on the 11th day of May, 1917, respectfully urges you as Commander in Chief of the military forces of the United States, to use your power for the adoption of Prohibition as a war measure. We urge this in the interests of the health, morality and efficiency of our Army and Navy and in order that food material may be conserved for the people.

We further urge the immediate establishment of an anti-liquor and anti-vice zone around all Military Training and Mobilization Camps.

#### Resolution No. 2

In patriotism and loyalty to their country, the Board of Directors of the National Council of the United States, which represents an affiliated membership of seven million, in session in Chicago, May 11, 1917, offers to the Woman's Committee of the Council for National Defense their hearty co-operation and service.

#### Resolution No. 3

Resolved, That the Board of Directors of the National Council of Women of the United States express to the women of foreign birth residing in America at this time of tension and trial their feeling of fellowship and good will; their trust that, with the ultimate establishment of world peace, the closer union of the women of the world may be a determining factor against future resorts to war as a means of settling disputes among nations of the earth.

#### Resolution No. 4

Be it resolved, That the Board of the National Council of Women endorse the principle of organizing boys and girls between the ages of 11 and 21 for training in vocational, industrial and agricultural service under restrictions as to hours and conditions of labor which are already established by the best Child Labor and Compulsory Education laws.

Be it further resolved, That each affiliated society through its national, state or local organizations, be urged to lay this matter before the Governors of the states, with the request that commissioned men and women be detailed to organize and direct this service where such steps have not already been taken.

#### Resolution No. 5

Be it resolved, That the National Council of Women respectfully recommends to the Governor of such states as have not already done so the immediate creation of State Labor Bureaus for the mobilization and assignment of labor.

We were rested and charmed at the close by folk songs on the harp given by Miss Ruth Miller, daughter of one of the members of the Board.

With a rising vote of thanks to Mrs. Ochsner and Mrs. Campell of the Musical Federation, the very successful Board meeting closed.

#### क्षे के के

#### WAR GARDEN

HE told me of the rose, the rose
That in her garden grew.
I thought me of a cinnamon,
All dewy fresh with dew,
Or mayhap of a brand-new kind
I never saw or knew.

She took me to her garden fair;

I thought a rose to pluck

To twine into her bonny hair—

Oh, curses! No such luck!

The rows I saw—the rows most rare—

Of cabbages laid out with care!

—Betty Shannon in Life.

## CVERYWOMAN

## EDITORIAL PAGES

Jeanne E. Francoeur, Editor

THE WORLD WAR AND AMERICA'S CONTRIBUTIONS

MERICA today, as well as the dear Old World, is swept by the force of evil which belched forth nearly three years ago as if emanating from the bottom-less pit. It strangles with its poisonous gases all of the civilized peoples who refused to be enslaved. This monstrous evil is called War; but in such form and method is it carried on that fiends alone could plan it. The peoples of all the countries of the world are sufferers from it—whether those peoples are of the invading or invaded countries. Then it is clear that a force even greater for good than this monster is for evil must be opposed to it, or we must submit to a government of tyranny supplanting a government of humanity and democracy. To this America shall never subscribe, either for herself or for her Allies. Then, what is the answer?

Our Government has given the only answer possible, and that is:

Since the imperial government of Germany insists on murdering our people, against all laws, human and divine, then we shall give you War—and all the war you want. And since you have—after our abnormal patience and repeated warnings—forced this Hades-manufactured conflagration upon us, we shall war until permanent peace is established all over the earth, and until you plead for that peace with all the "kultur" which lies within you. For, when that day comes—and come it will—the people whom you call "my people" and the country you call "my country" shall benefit more by it than any people on earth, for they shall then awaken from the hypnotic slavery into which the Kaiser and his willing satellites have plunged them.

Of course, President Wilson delivered his ultimatum in far more eloquent and elegant words, when his supreme patience ceased to be a virtue; but they meant the same thing. Men, women and children of America are in this war to stay. Now, what are we going to do for our Allies, whose hearts' blood has saturated the soil of their beloved countries, which they were forced to defend or perish in the effort.

But we must realize that we are not set apart by either God or man to enjoy all the prosperity, comforts and security of this great continent without dividing with the wronged and slaughtered peoples of other countries.

"Bleeding France white" may have appealed strongly to the monster mind of the Kaiser and to his Bismarckian imitators, but he took not into account that the best blood of France was freely spilled to win freedom for America, and that Americans are not ingrates, and that they do not even need "a scrap of paper" when freedom and honor is the price demanded by royal highbinders for the privilege of the remainder of the world to live in peace.

And that World Peace shall be America's contribution to the stricken peoples of the earth and a love offering to the victims of the lost Lusitania whose cries still beat upon our hearts.

UNITY—THE WATCHWORD
AND KEYNOTE OF AMERICANISM

In our struggle and haste for an enforced and hurried preparedness and the great issues which go to make up the necessary equipments for our men on the seas or on the firing lines, we are more than apt to overlook some vital, though elusive, activities of a slippery band of enemy operators who insinuate themselves into the confidence of many well meaning people and organizations.

For the last few years many of them found a safe shelter in the so-called "peace parties" and political platforms where they found many earnest souls who really believed, against all common sense and ghastly evidence, that Kaisermade war in Europe could be ended by Kaiser-made peace in America. They, shamelessly, parrot fashion, mouthed Kaiser-made speeches as their own and distributed Germanmade literature by the reel to all who would listen and accept. With the assistance of the deluded, they managed with some success to throw a dampening influence on every effort at intelligent preparedness. They did the work of our enemies well, and, under other guises, they are doing it still. They had, of course, many tools who did their work for what was in it for them. They, of course, are beneath contempt; but we often wonder what must be the feelings of those idealists who were blind to every proof and suggestion of the facts as they stand out today. Do they think at all of the millions of lives which will be sacrificed through lack of preparedness, or the billions of money which must be poured out to rush protection, training and equipments which would, in all probability, have saved us from war had we all laughed at the soporific sobs of the enemy agents?

Among their tricks is the vile old method which, we understand, is imported, and that is through lectures, literature and confidential whisperings to incite one class against another; one religion against another, or one lodge or political party against another, thereby poisoning the minds of innumerable people against one another and sowing seeds of fear, suspicion and dissension between friends and neighbors.

So infamous are many of these concoctions that you wonder people could ever accept a single sentence of them; yet, such a strange thing is human nature, that when it comes to religious or political prejudice, really fine people, on either or both sides, will be swayed by these leeches, quite forgetting that no religious denomination has a patent on God-and no political or fraternal party has a patent on the Government of the United States. Although, to hear some of those slander bearers talk, as they disseminate their odoriferous gases, you would think-or at least they want you to thinkthey had a first mortgage on heaven and earth, and that the Kaiser's partnership with the divine forces was only a poor, ghostly pretense. However that may be, they serve the Kaiser and the devil very well; for, under the cloak of fraternity or religion, prejudice or politics, they escape suspicion and do far more harm than the poor bungling spies, most of whom are as conspicuous as a donkey among a string of thoroughbreds. As no law seems sufficient to reach these

#### Advisory Council of Everywoman

Mrs. Philip North Moore Mrs. John F. Merrill Mrs. John E. Millholland Mrs. John Rothschild Mrs. Edwin Goodall The Countess of Aberdeen Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst Mrs. A. W. Scott Mrs. James C. Jordan Ina Coolbrith Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper

Dr. Kate Waller Barrett Mrs. Henry Payot Mrs. E. Gerberding Mrs. Georgia Sperry Mrs. Abbie E. Krebs

Mrs. Eugenie Schroeder

agents of the enemy, what are we going to do about it? We ask for suggestions, and we offer the following:

Make Unity the Watchword and the Keynote of Americanism! Do not accept the insinuations, suspicions or whisperings of these disseminators of bigotry-and do not let them think you do, for that only encourages them. But look about you, at your neighbors, friends and strangers of every and all denominations and organizations, and see how they are willingly and earnestly doing their part, according to their strength. Above all, do your own thinking now. Read your history—and digest it—then figure out for yourselves the truth! And you will find that the truth is: members of every denomination and organization worked and fought and died, side by side, for America. That they shall continue to do so today, tomorrow, and forever. And that the only slackers, cowards and spies you can find will be among the hired traitors who are doing the enemy's service by sowing seeds of dissension among the defenders of our country.

If one vile slander out of a thousand, with which they hope to estrange our peoples, were true-and thereby should disrupt our country-we would have neither God nor government. And that is just what would suit them, for they are dead souls. While our salvation is Unity—the watchword

and Keynote of Americanism!

A MAKER OF HISTORY GOES ON TO ANOTHER SPHERE

RS. BELVA A. LOCKWOOD, foremost leader in woman suffrage, educator, lecturer, orator, lawyer, and aspirant for nomination as president of the United States, has passed beyond this sphere at the age of eighty-five of the most active and diversified years which have fallen to the lot of any woman of our time. History will allot a section to the endeavor, courage and brilliancy of this clear-thinking and forceful woman, and will award her the justice which she did not, in full measure, receive during the rush and crudeness of this life.

Mrs. Lockwood was a member of an old American family of Royalton, New York, and as thorough an American, in the best sense of the word, as lived. At twenty-four years of age she was a mother, a widow, a schoolteacher, and the trustees of her native town paid her three dollars a week salary as a teacher. To these City Fathers she made her prayer for herself and child, that as she was doing the same work as men she be allowed the same wages.

She lived to see the physical face of politics-and politicians-turn right about until she saw 4,000,000 women voting and all coming into their rights. She saw a woman in Congress, and many women in all walks of life receive as good remuneration for services as men. . She won many famous cases as the first woman lawyer to practice before the Supreme Court, and having made fame and fortune out of the Cherokee Indian cases, which she won against the United States Government, the fees of which she spent for the benefit of suffrage, she passed away, poor and content in the knowledge that she had accomplished most of the great works she set herself to accomplish. And the "snub-nosed preacher" who told her, fifty years before, that she could not help herself, as "it was the way of the world," when she asked for his influence to get a raise from the three-dollar-a-week salary, had to change his mind before he was dead and forgotten.

So "Everywoman" and all women owe a tremendous debt of gratitude to Belva Lockwood-the bravest of the brave.

#### THE RED CROSS AS THE EMBLEM OF WORLD FAITH

THE Red Cross is the one emblem, the wide world over, to which all people, of every creed and country, can look with unquestioning faith. And never in the history of the world was such an institution so much needed or so much to be desired. For the millions of men now in the war zones of Europe look with longing and grateful eyes to the Amercan Red Cross for help and comfort in their days of suffering, and we shall never let them look in vain.

It is now estimated that at least one hundred thousand of our own men are now at the front in France, or on their way there. They, too, will look for the Red Cross as the one institution which cannot fail-for the very good reason that it never has failed. Now that the War Council of the Red Cross has asked for \$100,000,000, President Wilson has set aside, by proclamation, the week of June from the 18th to the 25th as Red Cross Week, in which to make that demand good.

Within the space of one week in June, \$15,000,000 must be raised in the territory west of the Mississippi river, and \$1,000,000 has been offered as San Francisco's share. Representative men and women from all over California showed a touch of indignation when a large enough allotment of this fund was not placed in their cities or districts. It was positively splendid to see how the builders of the Red Cross on the Pacific Coast, who did for the Spanish War troops what is being done for the youth of today, who are lining up for world war, stood by the Red Cross workers of today, showed them the way, and gave of their money, influence, help and experience.

This War Council meeting of the Red Cross, which was hurriedly called at the Palace hotel in San Francisco, turned out to be an overflow meeting and a surprise, even to Californians, who are in the habit of giving largely to every worthy appeal. The call which went out from Mr. William H. Crocker, San Francisco member of the National War Finance Committee, and Mr. Marshal Hale, chairman of the local chapter, brought together the heads of every great organization and business industry in the State. And we wish most sincerely that all might hear the impromptu addresses delivered by many men of eloquence, and by business men who had never devoted much of their time to fine address; but straight out of the heart poured sentences as eloquent as came from the lips of trained speakers.

Great men there were there whose works and words have moved the multitude, but never in the same way as at that meeting. Such men as the Right Rev. Edward J. Hanna, Archbishop of San Francisco; Judge W. W. Morrow, father of the Red Cross in the West; Mr. John L. Clymer, who has the apportioning of the contribution from the various districts of California in charge, addressed the audience with such spirit and patriotism that they fired the souls and opened the hearts of all within hearing. And Mr. Lyman Pierce, a newly appointed national secretary of the Red Cross, opened their pockets, in a speech which was the quintessence of efficiency.

## College Women

#### **Activities of National Federation**

In order to do more effective work and better to unify its aims and objects, thereby bringing its members into closer relationship, the National Federation of College Women has been going through a period of reconstruction. The clubs of each State are being organized into state federations, so that the state interests near at hand may be handled without complicating the work of the national organization. Ohio is said to have formed the first state federation of college women.

Mrs. Myra Kingman Miller, president of the National Federation, who was elected to fill the unexpired term of Mrs. William Oxley Thompson, of Columbus, Ohio, is utilizing every possible means to arouse the interest of the state college women in the national organization.

Mrs. Miller says: "The Federation accepts for membership any woman's club that has for its its requirements for membership at least one year's work or more in a liberal arts college or beyond the high school. It is the duty of every college club to join the Federation. The members of these clubs are part of the college women of America, and should have a voice in the expression of the college women. This can only be done through an official connection



Mrs. Myra Kingman Miller

with the recognized body. Not only for personal betterment should members consider this matter, but for the good they can do others in their community and in the country at large." By Effie Leese Scott

The National Federation has a number of live projects well thought out and active work is being carried on by the committees in charge. Activity is especially noted in the work of the "Better Films" committee. The Federation recognized the fact that the motion picture is one of the greatest factors today in the education of the masses, and appointed a committee with Mrs. Harriet H. Barry, of Monrovia, California, as chairman, to carry on the work.

Another great work undertaken by this organization is the National Vocational Bureau. This bureau will gather and disseminate knowledge along this line and act as a registering bureau for trained women who desire work other than that of teaching. Young women who register in one State and move into another will be recognized and cared for in their new location by the branch bureau located there. The bureau keeps closely in touch with the government in this matter and acts in conjunction with it. Already the helpful features of this bureau have been recognized in some States, and from the reports obtained of the work thus far carried out it will be of great helpfulness to the college women of America.

A new work recently begun is the establishment of a college loan fund, a nucleus for which has already been donated. From this fund, girls may borrow, under certain conditions, enough money to complete their education which may have been interrupted because of a lack of funds.

In addition to these specific lines of work upon which the Federation is at present concentrating its efforts, there are standing committees who keep in touch with many of the big movements of the day and which are ready to act in conjunction with other organizations, either to receive reports, disseminate knowledge, or act in an intermediary capacity. Among these committees are those on Peace, Preparedness, Suffrage, Extension, Child Welfare, Immigration, etc. There is also a Bureau for Educational Aid with a committee in charge of the work.

Perhaps the greatest activity at present is that being carried out by the committee for better films. At the coming meeting of the National Federation,

which takes place in Portland, Oregon, July 10 to 14, inclusive, and promises to be the most important in the history of the organization, the work of this committee is to be given special attention. The chairman, Mrs. Barry, is a



Mrs. Harriet H. Barry

woman of broad scope and vision, and executive ability. The president, Mrs. Miller, under whose supervision the National Federation seems to have taken on new life, has given of her enthusiasm and breadth of vision and has worked with Mrs. Barry in making a survey of the motion picture situation, urging the college women of the country to unite in this movement.

It is said that the better films committee will have a surprising report to give at the coming biennial, for their work has not consisted in merely gathering prosy statistics, but vital, throbbing facts have been collected. Furthermore, the committee will present some remedial suggestions for the cure of some of the evils discovered.

A plan under way, and one similar to that used by the Drama League of America, is to bulletin all clubs in the United States concerning the worthwhile films. A campaign of education for the public is also to be carried out along some new and interesting lines. It is not the plan of this committee to endorse the so-called "goody goody" films, but those that have dramatic interest, and those that teach the vital lessons of life that everyone should know. Mrs. Miller, in a letter to clubs,

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## Early Day Education

## The Founding of the California Public Schools

By Abbey Lynn Foster

YOING into the earlier history of reducation, and touching on its course through the known sources of information, we find that the earliest record of schools and school masters is contained in the Old Testament. A little later, among the ancient Greeks, both boys and girls were taught at public schools. Education in the earliest periods was mainly domestic; the parents imparted it. Its character was religious. In England, for centuries, there was scarely a layman of rank who could read. Schools were designed chiefly for ecclesiastics. The dissolution of the monastaries under Henry VIII and of the Chantries under Edward VI led to the establishment of several endowed public They still remain and are Those founded under the latter ruler are called "King Edward's schools." They are Eton College, Winchester, Harrow, and Rugby. These schools were, as a rule, for poor orphans but the education given was suitable for the upper and middle classes, and scarcely affected the lower classes for which they were originally intended. During medieval times, the view that "ignorance is the mother of devotion" helped to keep the masses in ignorance, the purpose being to keep them from becoming discontented with their miserable lot.

In the United States a system of common school education was early instituted, every colony in New England before the middle of the first century of its existence having made education compulsory. After the Revolution active steps were taken for the advancement of education. Colonial schools were usually under sectarian control, but after that period, the spirit of religious freedom became dominant. In 1647 a law was passed in Massachusetts requiring every town of fifty householders to maintain a master to teach reading and writing. In most of the New England colonies, education was considered a public responsibility. The hard-headed and hard-fisted first settler considered that the future citizens of this nation had need to reach the pinnacle of intelli-

The federal government was from the beginning doing much by means of land grants and other aids to encourage the states in establishing schools. In 1837 Horace Mann was placed at the head of

Education in Massachusetts, and in 1854 he went to Europe to study the educational methods in vogue across the water. He reported upon his return that he found the best public educational system in Germany, and from the knowledge gained, he was better able to inculcate the German methods in this country. The foundation of the public school system in California was laid in the constitutional convention held in Monterey, September, 1849. The committee on state constitution reported in favor of appropriating the five hundred thousand acres of land granted by Congress to new states for internal improvements, to constitute a perpetual school fund. A section providing that a school should be kept in each district at least three months in each year, in order to secure any share of the school fund, was adopted. San Francisco was the first place in the state to organize a free public school.

The City Council adopted April 8, 1850, the following ordinance, which was the first published ordinance passed in California. It was crude, it is true, but it was the germ of all succeeding ordinances. In contrast to those of the present day it makes interesting reading. It runs as follows: "First—Be it ordained by the common council of San Francisco that from, and after the passage of this act, it shall be the duty of J. C. Pelton, who has been employed by the council as a public school teacher, to open a school in the Baptist Chapel. Second—Said school shall be open from 8:30 a. m. to 12 m. and from 2 p. m. until 5 p. m. and shall continue open from Monday until Friday at five o'clock. Third—The number of scholars shall not exceed 100. No scholar shall be admitted under the age of 4 years or over 16. Fourth—All persons desirous of having their children instructed in said school shall first obtain an order from the chairman of committee on education, and all children obtaining said order shall be instructed in said school free of charge. Fifth-It shall be the duty of said Pelton to report to the council on the 1st of each month the number of scholars and the progress of the school."

On October 11th, 1847, a committee of the town council contracted for the

erection of a small schoolhouse of one room, on the southeast corner of the Plaza at Clay Street and Brenham Place. On February 23rd, 1848, a small number of voters elected a board of trustees; this board employed Thomas Douglass as teacher and the school opened on the 23rd of April, 1848, with six pupils. This school was, in fact, a tuition school under public auspices, it being free only to indigent pupils. The estimated population of the town in 1848 was 1000, with 60 children of school age. Soon after, gold was discovered, the school attendance dwindled to eight pupils, and School Master Douglass closed his doors and started for the mines. In September, 1851, three more schools were organized. These were Happy Valley, which was in a rented building, Dupont school and the Powell Street school. Happy Valley school, with I. Denman as principal, had 163 pupils. Dupont school had 150 pupils, and the Powell Street school, Joel Tracy principal, had 60 pupils. Prior to the opening of this quasi-public school Mr. Marston, a Mormon, opened a private school in 1847, and soon had 20 pupils; School Master Marston became a miner when the stampede for the "diggings" took

In 1850-1851 a request was made of school legislators for a division of school monies among privately owned religious societies; but there being no action taken on the matter till early in the session of the legislature of 1861, a Mr. Montgomery introduced a bill providing that every private school numbering 30 pupils should have the right to be enrolled as a public school, common school branches to be taught five hours a day, with religious instructions and catechism as an extra, and that the state school fund be apportioned according to the number of pupils. The first school ordinance passed by the State school law of 1851 was that of San Francisco, adopted in September, 1851, which made provision for a city board of education, composed of seven members, and a city superintendent, and appropriated \$35,000 for the support of schools. From nearly every part of the state at the first state

(Continued on page twenty-eight)

## The Mastery of Fear An Effective Cure for a Mental Enemy

EAR," said John Locke shortly before the eighteenth century, "was given us as a monitor to quicken our industry and keep us upon our guard against the approaches of evil."

"Fear," said Emerson about the middle of the nineteenth century, "is a carrion crow, and though you see not well what he hovers for, there is death somewhere. He indicates great wrongs which must be revised."

"Fear," says the modern psychologist, "is the absence of courage. It is the result of negative, hostile, enslaving thought."

And so we are up to date on our conception of this great arch enemy to men and women. Things material change about us continually, and these we note with our physical senses, but sometimes we fail to realize that these outward changes are but the reflex of greater inward progress in the unseen field of the mind. In Locke's time, fear was looked upon as a usual and necessary attribute of the mind, just as more recently certain divines preached that sin, sickness and death were necessary instruments in the hands of Providence to impress humility and obedience upon erring humanity. In short, people accepted existing conditions as permanent and inevitable and sought to make the best of them.

Emerson's definition shows the glimmer of our present conception when he indicates fear as the prognosticator of death. Is it not, in a sense, death to courage when fear comes? Do not our best efforts and capabilities sicken and decline when fear, with its insinuating, undermining, relentless force takes possession of us?

Today, however, it is known that "thoughts are things." that evil things result from evil thoughts, and, best of all, that one thought can be made to displace and supplant another. Fortunately, it is now demonstrable that when EVIL sits enthroned, GOOD is not dead but absent. Did our good qualities die when our bad ones master us, most of us would shortly be in a sorry plight.

To fear is to be a slave. The woman or man who dreads (fears) loss of position, loss of income, waning strength, or the calumny of others is a slave to these objects of fear.

If they persist in such an attitude of mind, they are shortly in position to echo

By Merriam Thiebault

the words of the famous philosopher who cried, "Lo! my fears have come upon me!" The woman communicates her fears to her husband, the man to his wife, and both of them to their friends, and their own subconscious minds. Shortly a whole army is working to establish in concrete form the mental beliefs (fears) of the many. The seeds take root in the subconscious mind and grow in a soil nourished by their particular requirements. then, should we be surprised when later on the plant blooms, and the fruit is with us? If we travel the road which leads to the east instead of the desired one leading to the west, need we lament when we reach New York instead of San Francisco? And whom should we blame but the chooser of the road? Truly, we are the arbiters of our own fate. Fortunately, we can usually make a second choice if our first proves disappointing. All that we really lose is time, and while this is precious, it is not as invaluable as opportunity.

That fear is a substance or thing is disclosed by physiologists, who show the breaking up of brain cells attendant upon mental effort. The conservation of energy would certainly affirm that since thought is the product resulting from the destruction of certain cellular formation, it must of necessity embody a form of transferred energy or force. The precise nature of this force has not been disclosed, but that it can be utilized to accomplsh definite purposes is as certain as is our power to harness and employ the wonderful energy of electricity without having other than a working theory as to its exact nature.

Thoughts flow into being through our physical environment, reading, and from the minds of other people. We look upon the cripplied bird and a feeling of pity is generated; we violate one of society's conventions and bring into being the fear thought of discovery and disgrace. The one thought is induced by physical means, the other by mental. Books are but the thoughts of others put into material dress. But by far the most potent force is found in the thoughts of others, near and far, which lodge in our minds, influencing us for good or evil. Thought transference, or telepathy, has now been as fully demonstrated as has wireless

telephony. All that is required in either case is that the "instruments" between which communication is had shall be attuned, or sympathetic with each other. When one is sick, or tired, or drowsy, the reasoning or conscious mind is at low ebb. At such a time we are greatly influenced through our subconscious mind by one of dominate personality. Reason, which under normal conditions stands guard over our thoughts and decisions. is no longer able for the time to perform its function with any degree of thoroughness and we become subservient to the desires or thoughts of others in the same way that the body cannot resist disease when the vitality is low. Even when in the best of condition, we are apt to be caught off our guard, and it is especially true that during slumber suggestions reach us and influence us without our conscious knowledge. Hypnotism is but a deeper and more lasting form of slumber than is induced in the natural state, and the wonderful control exerted by other minds during such a state is common knowledge.

The foregoing is but a brief statement, though it will suffice to show that the main consideration is how to use this thought power and how to adjust ourselves to its influence so as to derive the greatest measure of success in overcoming fear.

Perhaps the most satisfactory method to employ is to regard the brain as the reception-room of the mind, and the thoughts as the people who are received. This will enable us to see and appreciate more clearly the following comparisons. It also gives us a method by which we may measure our mental acts, or thoughts.

About the walls of the reception-room we love to hang beautiful pictures and other decorations. We look at these ornaments, admire them, and are uplifted and cheered by their subtle influence. Our friends also admire them and are led, unconsciously perhaps, to beautify their own quarters in the same or similar manner. Our home thus radiates a good influence both to ourselves and others, and we have helped in our small way to make life happier and more worth living.

Just so should we hang on the walls of the mind's reception-room beautiful experiences, high ideals, and the inspiring works of great authors. And, as we daily or periodically dust our maPage thirteen JUNE, 1917

terial ornaments, so should we often recall and revivify the beautiful memory pictures which constitute the inspiration of our daily lives. The only way we can show these mental pictures to others is to talk about them. And, if we are careful not to talk of sordid or discouraging matters to our associates, no matter how strongly they endeavor to make such the topic of conversation, we not only strengthen ourselves but help our friends to grow stronger by overcoming a pernicious habit.

Would you permit a vandal to enter your home and destroy a beautiful picture, or replace it with one which by its inharmony would cloud all the rest? You answer, No! Why, then, are we not as particular in choosing friends who will suggest to us thoughts which are generous and noble and consistent with the ideals or aspirations which we possess? The one is physical, the other mental. Is there any doubt in your mind as to which is the most important to guard against invasion?

What would a refined woman think of a caller who would leave the traces of muddy boots on the artistic surroundings, who would make disparaging remarks about our home furnishings, and belittle our judgment and abilities? But do we not permit this very thing, mentally, in the thoughts we sometimes entertain? We read lewd books because some "friend" has suggested it. We receive in our eircle of associates those whose influence in the main is very harmful, and surround our lives with an environment which will gradually and surely make its impress on the ideals and conduct of our own lives. Often we trade beautiful conceptions, the highest aspirations and uplifting philosophy for worthless stuff which pulls us down, down into the depths. Nor is it but small wonder that after such a transformation the discouraged soul wonders why it was ever born, and craves for surcease. Such a one looks about his mental home and receives no comfort. The valuable possessions are gone. Where? Hostile and degrading thoughts have stolen them just as surely and completely as the burglar rifles the home. It is even worse, for instead of leaving bare walls there is an accumulation of mental "filth" which must be purged from the mind before it is again fit for habitation.

It is an old and trite saying that "Birds of a feather flock together." Thus we are known by the company we keep. But is the mind's reception-room any different from the material one in this respect? Virtue and vice, strength and weakness, do not harmonize. If we re-

tain wrong thoughts, our other "trappings" will gradually color to blend with the whole. Many cases in point are familiar to the reader. We often see men who have committed some grievous act, perhaps outside the law's jurisdiction, who remodel their whole philosophy so as to soften or condone their deed. To them, it is an unconscious transformation, though easily recognizable by others. These dangers should wake us to the great necessity of protecting our mental homes at all times against the inroads and ravages of destructive thoughts. It is our very lives we are guarding, for what does life amount to with all its beauty gone? While surrounded by the false glamour of unreality, and while material inducements linger, we are deceived by a sense of security which does not exist. But the time comes when emergencies confront us. The "reserves" must be called upon to tide over the low spots of life. Then is when weakness discloses itself, for to be without the strength of character which wins over adversity is as dangerous as for a nation surrounded by enemies to fail in providing a suitable army of defense. Defeat, loss of prestige, and large "indemnities" are the price of such neglect, in the majority of cases. That this is applicable to one's character is only too certain.

If we entertain fear-thoughts, it is inevitable that they will invite their We thus acquire a heterogeneous company of destructive thoughts which crowd out our better and more desirable thought-friends. Just as a single rotten apple will contaminate a barrel of apples, so will one fear-thought, persistently indulged in, color all other thoughts with its insidious influence. Such a thought, once implanted, receives the impetus of one's personality. It acts and reacts on the subconscious mind until a habit is formed and we gradually come to express ourselves unconsciously in accordance therewith.

What is it but fear of disapproval on the part of wealthy parishioners which prevents the minister of the gospel from preaching the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? What is it but fear of political or monetary loss which influences the expressed convictions of many able editors? What is it but fear of losing their positions that directs the conduct of thousands of employees? Doubtless, they would vehemently deny such "slanders" if so accused. In time their consciences become seared with what they first persuade themselves are the necessities of the occasion, and habits are formed to which

they react without further thought or compunction. Fear-thoughts are here seen to travel in company with deceit-thoughts, lie-thoughts, liypocrisy-thoughts, dishonesty-thoughts, dependency-thoughts, and a like train of others; truly, a most remarkable gathering! They are all "friends" because necessary to the existence of each other. No one of them can travel far alone. They march in bands ready to destroy the unwary. When you invite one fear-thought, keep it well in mind that you invite all the rest of the tribe, and cannot consistently deny them entrance.

What is the remedy, or the necessary prevention? It has already been suggested. You must live amid clean surroundings, associate with high-minded friends, read elevating books, and maintain both in thought and conversation with others a set of high ideals. Write down a list of the qualities you admire and want yourself, and put at the head of that list-courage! The person who has the courage to choose with judgment from life's offerings, the courage to DO the things decided upon, and the courage of persistency, will win, always and under all circumstances. Picture yourself every night just before retiring as being possessed of the desired qualities; see yourself in your mind's eye acting out your new part; and repeat aloud and with fervor certain formulas which you have written out. Let these formulas affirm that you ARE as you desire, that you possess the qualities NOW, that you are ALWAYS and under ALL circumstances controlled by them, and that you WILL it so. Try to go to sleep with these thoughts alone on your mind. This process is termed auto-Your conscious suggestion. is suggesting these thoughts to your subconscious mind. The latter may be likened unto a little child which believes all it hears. But it must hear consistently and for some time before its impressions are clear and riveted into a habit. Finally, after some months of steady application, it begins to react upon the conscious mind, and, wonderful to relate, you begin to experience the reality of your desires and affirmations!

It is impossible in this article to go into the reasons back of the above results fully and completely. Suffice to say that it has been proved by scores of eminent psychologists and thousands of individuals. It is open to all who will pay the price in time and effort.

## Studios and Galleries

#### Lectures and Pictures Find Favor with Patrons

MONG the artistic pleasures of the past month were the lectures of John Cowper Powys, an artist in words. This does not imply, by any means, that Mr. Powys is a mere phrase maker, for he is a deep thinker and an artistic genius. In his exquisite English, filled with subtle charm and humor, he told us of the world's three great democrats, Dickens, Dostoyevsky, and Walt Whitman; of the three great poets Byron, Shelley and Keats. Through the energy of Paul Elder, we are to have the pleasure of hearing Mr. Powys this fall, an opportunity which all who heard him are eagerly anticipating and the many who were unfortunate enough to miss his lectures will have what seldom comes to us in this world—a chance to repair their omission.

From artistic lectures to lectures on things artistic, it is only a short step. "The Art and Human Interest of Oriental Rugs" was the title of the lecture by Arthur U. Pope before the San Francisco Art Institute at the Palace Hotel on April 24th. Mr. Pope handled his subject in a most interesting and scholarly way, which made one regret that he was limited to a single hour. While America ranks second in the world of rug buyers, the knowledge of this most complicated and interesting art in our country is certainly superficial in the extreme and the Art Institute, by providing us with such an illuminating lecture as well as the wonderful examples in the Hearst collection deserves our sincere thanks. Mr. Pope said in part:

"From the time of Herodius and Plato, through the Renaissance when rugs became the fad of kings, to the present day, when the Oriental rug gives the interior decorator his inspiration, rug weaving has been ranked as one of the oldest and finest arts. Weaving was the sole avenue of emotional expression of the people of Western Asia, their religious belief making it impossible to have any literature, sculpture, or architecture. Every man, woman or child old enough to tie a knot could weave. Consequently the rugs sprang from the heart and were the life expression of the people. They had a genuine genius for abstract design; their color combinations baffle the artists of today. Their designs were carefully planned, energetic, By Elizabeth Taft

yet subtle and poetical, displaying great emotional power in line and color,"

The closing treat of the 1917 lecture course of the Art Institute was the lecture by J. Nilsen Laurvik on May 7th. The change of subject from "Prints and Their Makers" to "Norwegian Art" was a keen disappointment, but Mr. Laurvik makes any lecture enthralling. After describing the hardships and social ostracism the early realists of Norway had to endure before the public understood their point of view, Mr. Laurvik said in part:

"Norway is at last awake to the new movement in art and gives a free hand to the artists. The public is keen for fresh interpretation and alert to what is going on. More so, a great deal, than in America. Here the art standpoint is a trifle old-fashioned. Fewer artists are responding to the forward movement and the people are slow to accept the new standards. This is probably to be explained by the difference in size of the two countries. Norway is much smaller, permitting closer communion with all the arts than here. There is, however, a much greater sensibility in a larger community when once aroused, consequently, when Americans put themselves in sympathy with the present day art, school themselves to regard what is being done with an open mind, a great world force will be working. On no account permit anyone to influence your point of view. Personal likes and dislikes have nothing to do with opinion. Modern art is a vivid interpretation of the time. Approach it sympathetically and the truth and beauty of this interpretation will soon be clear to you."

## William Penhallow Henderson

During May, we had the pleasure of being introduced, not only to the work of William Penhallow Henderson, but also to the artist himself, at the Hill Tollerton Print Rooms. The fame of Mr. Henderson's works had preceded him, especially the murals. What a pleasure it was for the stay-at-home therefore to find the water color sketches for the Midway Gardens' decorations as well as those for the panels in the Hotel La Salle here for our appreciation! In

speaking of the Midway Garden murals, Mr. Henderson said:

"Oh, they were great fun to do! The Gardens, as you know, were built for the best classical music, a little ragtime, a good deal of dancing and a good time generally. Rather a curious combination to render into an artistic whole?"

That the artist successfully accomplished his task the sketches amply testify.

The first gallery contains the oils, a rare treat in color and technique. A keen observer, with a great preception of beauty, he brings his subject before us with fresh originality. American, Spanish and Indian; society men or women and the primitive, all are portraved most delightfully. But the visitor who permitted himself to become so entranced with these canvases that he did not hurry on to the main gallery was unwise, for here were pastels, gorgeous in color, fine in handling and with a solidity almost beyond belief. Versatility is the key note here. New Mexico in its primitive simplicity; fascinating bits of Spain and Italy; America from New Orleans to New York, showing several gay garden bits, as well as charming figure and portrait work. The pastel medium, applied as it is directly to the paper in the unmixed color, requires of the artist perfect and precise drawing. That Mr. Henderson has the sure hand and eve of the perfect draughtsman the eighty-three pictures leave no doubt. Mr. Henderson is to do several portraits while here. We have had many more opportunities than usual this winter to encourage Eastern artists to travel Westward and it is a pleasure to find San Franciscans ready to give this encouragement. An outside point of view is an inestimable stimulus to the local artists and without the support of the public this would be impossible.

## California Wild Flowers

A veritable spring treat was the exhibition of "The Ethel M. Wickes Collection of One Hundred Water Color Paintings of California Wild Flowers," which was held at the Rabjohn and Morcom Gal-

leries from May 1st to 10th. Miss Wickes' work is well known to all art lovers and the chance to study her comprehensive wild flower collection was much appreciated, as the attendance at the galleries attested. Each study is perfect as a picture as well as a botanical study. Especially has the artist shown her mastery of the water color technique in the treatment of her subjects. In the Yucca or Spanish Bayonet, for instance, the handling of the white against white is marvelous; while the color, perfect in all the studies, is especially noticeable in that of the "Wind Poppy," whose brilliant red is more of an oil shade than a watercolor. Ever since I first saw the collection in Miss Wickes' studio, I have hoped that it might be owned by one of our public galleries. This hope seems to have been quite justified, for no exhibition of recent date has attracted such widespread interest and so much commendation. Miss Wickes is a native of San Francisco, receiving her education here, followed by study abroad. She has endeared herself to every one as a painter of geese, winning with these clever genre pictures instantaneous recognition here as well as in the East. Mr. Rabjohn hugely enjoys telling of a letter he received last fall, addressed to "The Art Store, next Gump's, Post Street, San Francisco," which contained an order, from an Exposition visitor, for a goose picture she saw in the store in 1915. Needless to say she had to take a substitute, for goose pictures are hard to get, especially now, for Miss Wickes is at work on the stations of the cross for a church in Illinois. In connection with the wild flower exhibition, two of the geese pictures were shown, while two garden glimpses, in oil, showed that the artist could imprison color and sunshine in that medium also.



#### Studio Exhibitions

Two studio exhibitions of commanding interest were held during the month. Constance Peters, wife of Charles Rollo Peters, held her exhibition in her studio on Geary Street. The walls of the studio glowed with opalescent colors, for Mrs. Peters catches California light and shadow in its most entrancing grada-

tions. Most of the canvases were done near San Francisco, the exceptions being glimpses of the artist's native country, England. Tamalpais seems to have an especial fascination for Mrs. Peters; she has caught the mountain in many attractive moods, illustrating Miss Ball's contention that "Tamalpais should be to San Franciscans what Fuji is to the Japanese." From the Marin side we glimpsed the mountain through the railroad trestle in a truly Japanese fashion; while on this side we climbed Russian Hill with the artist and saw it with a foreground of the artistic homes of this locality. Mrs. Peters declares San Francisco a most picturesque city and is planvisualized the picture in its place at once. To make his lecture clearer, Mr. Korthals has done canvases in the technique of the various periods—early Dutch, German, the decorative style, and the modern style with the brilliant color note. No mean task in itself, requiring much knowledge and skill. Mr. Korthals is working out a broad, original handling, which makes his work command attention. "The Monterey Cypress" here reproduced gives in a small manner an idea of it. As Mr. Korthals is a young man of great promise, it is to be hoped that he will find the encouragement and inspiration here, so that he may remain to identify himself with California art.



Monterey Cypress. By Theodore Korthalf.

ning in her fall exhibition to reveal to us its true beauties on her canvases.

The other studio exhibition was that of Theodore J. Korthals, the Holland artist, which he combined with a most delightful lecture on "Holland Art and Galleries." Born in Amsterdam he learned to value the galleries at a very early age. "Children under 8 years were not admitted to the galleries," he said, "so, as my family did not care to encourage my artistic tendencies, I used to wait outside the doors, asking each one going in to take me with him. If one refused, it did not discourage me at all, but I would wait for the next person. Thus was my art education begun." His description of Holland's wonderful wealth of masterpieces was so vivid that everyone familiar with the galleries

#### The California School of Fine Arts

The annual exhibition of the California School of Fine Arts and the San Francisco Art Institute opened Friday evening, May 11th, and continued for the rest of the month. It is the usual comprehensive showing of student work, faithfully carrying on the traditions of the school. The work of the life class is exceptionally good this year, while the commercial and designing classes do great credit to their masters. The modeling deserves special notice and commendation. Incidentally the school has captured four scholarship awards in the New York Art Students' League. This is the proud record with which Pedro Lemos turns his post as director over to Lee Randolph. After an Eastern trip Mr. Lemos is to be connected with

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## What the Robin Heard

## Wisdom Wasted on Haughty Roses

R. ROBIN REDBREAST was just returning home from his morning fly, when his attention was attracted to a garden. He stopped to listen to some roses, gossiping about the other flowers who were their neighbors. Mr. Redbreast was perched on a very high branch of a honeysuckle vine, so the roses did not know that their conversation was overheard.

It was a very beautiful garden, where many of the flowers that blossom in June vie with each other in beauty. Most striking of all was a pansy bed in the shape of a star, in the center, while the walls of the garden were lined with rose bushes, tall, stately, fragrant roses, known all over the world as "American Beanties."

"Yes, indeed," said one rose (particularly noticeable because it was so large, and of a deep rich color), "tonight is Miss Madeline's birthday. Ten years old she is today, and a very beautiful little miss. It has been my desire that we might be chosen to decorate her table, for it is time that I, at least, should be plucked."

"That is true," replied another rose, "but have you noticed that we have not had much attention or admiration since Miss Madeline's mother, our mistress, planted that seed which has now blossomed into those insignificant little strange flowers? Really, they annoy me, for they look like so many faces, and hardly any two of them alike," she concluded scornfully, gazing from her great height to the pansy bed below.

"Yes, and did you also notice," replied the first rose, "when Miss Madeline's father sailed for foreign lands it was those funny-face flowers that our mistress plucked and gave to him. 'Always remember you are in my thoughts,' was what she said when he kissed her goodbye. I couldn't help overhearing, for they were on the veranda right under our heads. I nodded, and wafted extra perfume, with the hope that she would think of one of us. Indeed, it is horrid to believe that little low flower should be given preference where we should reign supreme." The beautiful rose trembled with anger.

Mr. Robin Redbreast chirped, because he wanted the roses to know that he had overheard their conversation. "Poor, beautiful roses," he said as he flew nearer By Ruth Florence

to them. "You are the most beautiful of all flowers, and still you are jealous of the little modest pansies. They have not your great perfume, nor you majestic beauty. They bloom modestly and quietly, asking only that they be remembered in thoughts. For shame, lovely rose! Look at me," continued the robin, proudly displaying his red breast. "I am a pretty bird, but never jealous of my more lowly comrade, the sparrow, even though he may snatch a worm that



Miss Ruth Florence
Talented young singer and child story writer, now contributing monthly to "Everywoman"

should have been mine. And I am the head of a family, four tiny redbreasts and a sweet attentive mate, who are awaiting my return for breakfast. I am a happy robin, for my family are beautiful. Why should I be jealous of my more humble companion, the sparrow?"

The roses well understood what Mr. Redbreast meant, but were very indignant because he interfered. "If you have a family," said the first rose disdainfully, "why don't you go home to them, and not mind our business?"

"I will go home," promptly replied Mr. Robin, "but I will return later. I hope you will consider what I have said, for I know you will be much happier if you do." And the robin, merrily chirping

his morning lay, flew away to his nest in a high chestnut tree. He had two fat little worms in his beak, and his family greeted him joyously.

The roses were very indignant, and freely voiced their feelings. "How rude of Redbreast! He will be teaching us manners next thing we know. A saucy little eavesdropper, and naught else." Nevertheless, the roses shook uncomfortably. The robin's lecture had left its impression upon them.

"Sh!" said the first rose. "There are Miss Madeline and her mother. How sweet Miss Madeline is in her white frock and blue sash! I wish she would pluck me, that I might touch her pretty cheek."

Mother and daughter walked over to the pansy bed.

"Oh, mother," said the little girl, "aren't the pansies pretty, and all of them such beautiful colors! They are like a lot of eager little faces."

"Yes, my daughter," softly answered the mother. "These dark purple ones are so lovely." As she spoke, she knelt and plucked some of them. The rose remembered they were the same kind she had given to their master.

The great perfume of the roses then attracted their attention, and Madeline said: "Mother, let us have roses for our table; they look so beautiful today." The two tallest roses nodded in approval as Madeline ran over to them, eager to clasp the dark big rose in her hands. As she grasped the stalk, she uttered a cry of pain, for the thorns had pricked her. Her mother came to her assistance and little Madeline said: "I forgot about the thorns and my hands are all scratched. Perhaps, mother dear, you can reach them from the porch."

"Let us not pluck the roses, dear," replied Madeline's mother, "for they look as if they were top-heavy and might fall apart easily. But the pansies are small and dainty, just like my own little daughter, and will be a pretty table decoration for your birthday dinner. Now we must go indoors and bathe those scratches."

The roses felt much slighted, and shook with envy and disappointment.

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## Chicago Women's Achievements

## Forty-one Years of Remarkable Club Work

Thas been said that the great American epic, when it shall have been written, will be the story of the lightning-like transformation of the once impassable "American Desert" into a fertile land traversed by railways. The "Winning of the West" was the marvel of the nineteenth century. When Sherman was besought to take stock in a proposed transcontinental road, he said that he wouldn't purchase a ticket over the railway for his grandson with any expectation that the child would live long enough to use it; yet four years later he

If this swift development of the country is to be our Iliad, surely the rapid expansion of "woman's sphere" will be our Odyssey. At the seventh annual Federation of Women's Clubs of Illinois, Ellen M. Henrotin, the first president, said: "I can scarcely believe that this body of women, self-poised, and confident in their own strength, is practically the same body of women, who, seven years ago, were frightened at the sound of their own voices."

went over the road himself.

It is only forty-one years ago that a little group of twenty women banded themselves together under the name of the Chicago Woman's Club. Their purpose was self-improvement. They met at first in the homes of the members and timidly read essays on "The Queen of the Homé," "Cooking" and kindred subjects. In little more than a year, grown stronger in numbers and in confidence, they were asking that women be appointed on the School Board. And when they couldn't persuade the men to put kindergartens into the public schools they started free kindergartens themselves.

Presently they discovered that women and children in the jail and police stations were left entirely to the care of men; and that children between ten and sixteen years of age, some of them awaiting trial for months for no offense more grave than taunting the police, were herded in with the vilest criminals. To the W. C. T. U. belongs the credit of employing the first day matron. But the Woman's Club, thinking that women attendants were even more necessary at night than in the daytime, put in night matrons, and insisted that the women and children be given quarters apart from the men and that, in insane asylums, detention hospitals, and wherever women were

By Clara Kern Baylis

restrained, there women attendants should be.

Scarcely had they read those first essays before they had outgrown the narrow plan of working for their own improvement, and were entering into active service for others. Their membership doubled and quadrupled, and other clubs sprang up, some of which were an outgrowth of this original club; for when their various committees, working with similar committees from other clubs, found the joint enterprises too extensive and too complicated to be referred to the old club, they "swarmed" and left the parent hive with its blessing.

Into the schools, the factories, the department stores, the jails, the hospitals, the tenement houses, the dance halls, and the highways, these committees penertated, finding much that needed doing—and doing it. They opened sewing rooms and domestic science schools for unemployed women. They built model lodging houses and rest cottages for working girls. They organized a protective agency and a legal aid for women and children, and an immigrant's protective league.

A children's hospital society, supporting 150 beds, was formed when the women learned that a poor man had carried his motherless babe, ill with scarlet fever, from hospital to hospital till it died in his arms. The society cares for 700 to 800 children yearly, and was instrumental in the construction of a hospital especially for children.

The women assisted in securing an outer belt of parks and boulevards connecting them. In the shelter houses of the parks and in the Art Institute they maintain Sunday afternoon concerts free to the public. For twelve years on Sunday afternoons they have kept open door at their clubrooms, repeating their best programmes and music for the benefit of non-members. Their work in the jails and police stations revealed to them the injustice of trying children of ten in the same courts and meting to them the same punishments as to men of sixty; and they brought the Juvenile Court, with its probation system, into use; following this up with a juvenile protective association.

Wherever help was needed, they gave

freely of personal service or financial aid. Whether it was five-cent carfare to keep a child in school or \$1600 to the San Francisco earthquake sufferers, children's hospitals at home or field hospitals in Belgium, care of the city's imbeciles or entertainment of distinguished foreigners, they were ever ready.

The Chicago Woman's Club alone gave \$200,000 toward the girls' dormitories at the University of Chicago, and in various ways has contributed \$446,000 for the welfare of the city.

In the schools, they paid for the first sloyd teacher, the first kindergartens, first mural decoration of a schoolroom, first open-air, vacation and night schools, first penny lunches, playgrounds, social centers, and jail school. Do not we all remember that twenty years ago Sadie American, now working in New York for the immigrant girls, was going from place to place in Chicago, advocating vacation schools, boys' clubs, playgrounds, and social centers? In 1880 the first compulsory education bill was carried to Springfield by the women.

The clubs maintained free kindergartens for seven years before such teaching was incorporated into the publicschool system. Twenty clubs started and maintained a vocational guidance bureau for five years before the Board assumed the responsibility. For several years the jail school received but scanty tolerance. And the woman physician whom they put into the insane asylum at Dunning met with doubtful courtesy from the men. In everything they have advocated the women have had to prove the value of the enterprise by supporting it for several years before the men would be convinced.

The Chicago Woman's Club lays claim to being the pioneer in breaking down this prejudice against the organized efforts of women. Certainly the prejudice seems fairly well cracked, for the men are now asking the women's assistance. The first record of this was in 1889, when the School Board sought their aid in the passage of a better compulsory education bill than the men had secured in 1883; and just the other day they besought the women to given \$100 to each of the sixty-three playgrounds (\$6300), so that they may be kept in operation until the board can secure additional

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## Music and Musicians

## DANHAUSER'S CAST OF BEETHOVEN

HE world over we find photographs, lithographs, cuts, sketches, statues, etc., of the great master whose genius has dazzled the world and has enriched musical literature with imperishable works of art. The traits of a great man, worshipped and loved and admired as Beethoven was and is to this day, have naturally been idealized in the many reproductions and so mislead as to his real appearance. This wonderful man, who



Joseph George Jacobson

stands in the front rank in the hall of fame, was undersized, stocky, with a large square leonine head, with a mass of curly and tangled hair which looked as if it had never come in contact with a brush or comb. His shoulders were broad and his appearance resembled much the dogged-looking figure of old Dr. Johnson. But study his face, the stormy, independent eagle look of those penetrating eyes, the involved expression of the square brow and you find a type of mighty passion and unconquerable energy which soars high like the eagle among the birds.

Judging by the many anecdotes told by the contemporaries of Beethoven, the great composer possessed an ungovernable temper which in many incidents was unjustifiable and caused much unpleasantness among his many admirers. Probably caused through his ear trouble, his manners were very abrupt, and as his deafness increased he became extremely sensitive and suspicious.

Among his most ardent admirers was the painter Danhauser, a pupil of Peter Craft. He was born in Vienna and died there at an early age. His name was given to the street he lived in. Danhauser longed to take a cast of Beethoven's face, so as to hand to posterity a By Joseph George Jacobson

good resemblance of the composer. At that time Beethoven was well nigh unapproachable, especially to new acquaintances. The two had met on several occasions before Danhauser could summon sufficient courage to mention his wish. The pleasing and frank manners of the painter impressed Beethoven, and after much coaxing he consented to comply with the artist's wish, although he assured him that he had not much desire to see his face reproduced, nor the patience to go through the sitting. But he kept his word, and on the day arranged for the work, Beethoven appeared promptly and was enthusiastically welcomed. To take a cast of a face at that time was very complicated; the face had to be covered with a tepid plaster in a liquid state. When the plaster gets cold it becomes a solid mass, which then is removed from the face and shows the true lineaments of the person. This procedure is very annoying; the plaster when drying burns and stings the face and many of the hairs stick to the solid mass and have to be pulled out. Beethoven was requested to take off his coat and collar. While watching the preparations made for the operation, the composer became nervous and impatient which state increased as the painter passed the brush across his face to lay on the plaster. But when the plaster began drying and stinging his face, the great master flew into one of his terrible fits of anger for which he was noted. Jumping to his feet, he pushed the dismayed artist aside and started to pull off the plaster. Not succeeding with this, he began heaping abuse on the now quite intimidated man: "Sie sind ein Lump, ein Rhinoceros und verdienen eine Tracht Prugel!" ("You are a scoundrel, a rhinoceros and deserve a good beating!") When Danhauser offered to assist him, he grabbed his coat and collar and with his umbrella tucked under his arm, and his face covered with plaster, started to run out of the room, roaring at the painter never to come in his sight again, as he looked upon him as nothing less than a murderer. For a long time, while running through the streets in this laughable condition, he kept up these maledictions. He never forgave Danhauser and never spoke to him again.

But Danhauser did accomplish his wish and did take a cast of the famous

composer's countenance. It was on Beethoven's deathbed when the soul of the great man had winged its way to a higher plane.



#### "Apache Chief Geronimo's Own Medicine Song"

A remarkably fine and faithful represenstation of Geronimo's favored Medicine Song has just been issued, carefully recorded with a very realistic drum imitation accompaniment, together with a wonderfully interesting description of Geronimo's later life, by Carlos Troyer, the distinguished composer, scientist and explorer, who stands as the highest authority on American Indian music and folklore, having lived among different Indian tribes and published the famous "Zuni Indian Transcriptions of Traditional Songs and Dances," which are now well known throughout the world.

Geronimo's song deserves special recognition by all our music lovers. It has a peculiar Indian music strain which is very fascinating, and is prefixed with a life sketch of Geronimo from the highest ethnological records by the renowned author and historian of Indian history, Charles F. Lummis, of Los Angeles, who also presented the composer with a photographic likeness of Geronimo on horseback, taken at his prime. This picture is given on the title page, and the embellishments around it, designed by Mr. Troyer, are of historic interest. The song has just been published by Mr. Henry Grobe, of the Wiley B. Allen Company's sheet music department, San Francisco.



Edwin Lemare, the city organist, is drawing big crowds to the Exposition Auditorium and is presenting interesting programs to his audiences. His improvisations are clever and entertaining, and his playing of the great organ is enthusiastically applauded. The city has done a great thing in arranging these recitals for the enjoyment and education of the toilers.



Miss Helen Heath, soprano, and Mr. Georg Kruger, pianist, gave a recital at the St. Francis hotel on May 3rd, both proving themselves very efficient in their art. Mr. Benjamin S. Moore's accompaniments deserve praise.

## Music and Musicians

WOMEN IN SOKOLOFF'S ORCHESTRA

The People's Philharmonic Orchestra TE que femme veut, Dieu le veut," is an old French saying; true, as well; for when woman sets her mind to accomplish a purpose, she generally succeeds. For the past few weeks the women of San Francisco have made it their purpose to look after the musical welfare of our city, and they are succeeding splendidly. The Women's Auxiliary of the Musical Association of San Francisco is hard at work raising the balance which will secure another year of symphony concerts under the leadership of Alfred Hertz. With abundance of business ability and zeal guiding the affairs, and inspired with enthusiasm and intelligence, qualities which are no less needed than those in

Then the Women's Symphony Orchestra has been reorganized and has already begun rehearsals under the baton of Mr. Nicolai Sokoloff. Mrs. McGowan is the president, Mrs. Drake-LeRoy the secretary, and Mrs. Edwin King Fernald the business manager.

the purely musical work, it should be

easy for rich San Francisco to respond

to their desires.



Nicolai Sokoloff

Lovers of music will surely welcome a series of five concerts to be given by the above mentioned orchestra under the leadership of Mr. Sokoloff as a charming addition to their stock of summer recreations. The first of the concerts is to be given June 3rd at the Cort Theatre. The orchestra includes some of our best musicians and will be on a more efficient working basis through longer drill and experience. Mr. Sokoloff is very enthusiastic about the outlook and says that only the highest standard of music will be preserved. "I will give the very best and most expensive music that we can procure with the funds available," said Mr. Sokoloff, "and my aim will be to give enjoyment to the people without lowering dignity and refinement by playing cheap music."

What will be hailed with delight by the gentler sex will be the appearance of eight ladies in the orchestra. These Mr. Sokoloff will take from the Women's Orchestra, and they, in turn, will through the experience gained, benefit their orchestra.

The first concert will be characterized by elements of novelty. Of great interest should be the E minor Symphony by Sibelius. Judging from the score, which I had the opportunity of glancing at, it is a fascinating work. It does not show originality of form, but possesses striking passages, and the orchestration is marked with Oriental splendor of design. The structure is highly scholarly, but has a character and color which are typical of the highly gifted Finnish composer, who shows such strong individuality in all his compositions. The rest of the program is devoted to the Russians. Moussorgsky, Borodin and Glazounow are represented.

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Clarence Eddy, who has returned from an extended tour all over the United States, has taken up his work again at the Presbyterian Church in Oakland. Mr. Eddy is now busy completing a new method for the organ. This work will appear in four volumes and is being published by the John Church Company.

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The Mansfeldt Club held a recital at the Palace hotel, presenting a very interesting program and demonstrating their teacher's ability. The last number was the fascinating second Mephisto waltz (by Liszt) for two pianos, played by Mrs. Romaine and Mrs. Mansfeldt.

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The Pacific Musical Society has elected officers for the season of 1917-1918. Mrs. William Ritter was re-elected president, as also was Mrs. Margaret C. May as vice-president.

## SAN FRANCISCO MUNICIPAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

THE San Francisco Municipal Symphony Orchestra will celebrate its establishment as a permanent institution of the city with an attractive program in Exposition Auditorium on the evening of Thursday, June 7. Within the last week the city fathers have set aside sufficient funds to guarantee that the work of the orchestra can be carried on for the coming year without any deviation from the high standard set in the past; in fact, the finances now available will enable Director Frederick G. Schiller to improve both orchestra and programs. Hereafter concerts by the orchestra will take place regularly in the Civic Auditorium every month.

Mr. Schiller, who is a staunch believer in the future of American music, will continue his policy of presenting upon each program by the orchestra a composition of symphonic importance by a native American musician. The composition selected for June 7 is of unusual interest to San Franciscans, as it was "studied" in this city in the youth of the composer. The Oriental themes in Stillman-Kelly's Chinese "Aladdin" suite were first heard by him in the narrow picturesque alleys of San Francisco's old Chinatown.

Two soloists will be presented, Kajetan Attl, harpist, and Lucy Van de Mark, contralto.

Dunne's Interpretation

One of the ladies who first introduced interpretative dancing—whatever that is—into this country has fleshened up considerably since the days of her initial terpsichorean triumphs among the society folk along the Eastern seaboard. Nevertheless, she continues to give performances to select audiences of artistic souls.

Not long ago Finley Peter Dunne, the humorist, was lured to one of these entertainments. The lady, wearing very few clothes and, as a result of their lack, looking even plumper than usual, danced in an effect of moonlight calcium beams.

As Dunne was leaving, one of the patronesses hailed him.

"Oh, Mr. Dunne," she twittered, "how did you enjoy the madame's dancing?"

"Immensely," said Dunne. "Made me think of Grant's Tomb in love."—Saturday Evening Post.

## President's Review

#### Year's Work of California Federated Clubs

THE California Federation made a triumphant entrance into the work of the past year. Scarcely had the echoes of the Del Monte Convention died away, when a very earnest delegation. eighty strong, crossed the continent on serious purpose bent, and ten days afterward the news of a great victory was flashed across the wires to the home land. The election of Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles to the Presidency of the General Federation of Women's Clubs marks an epoch in our Federation's history. The victory was won in a most dignified and commendable way. The facts that our delegation remained a firmly united one and that our candidate proved at all times the truth of the statements made in her behalf were responsible for the overwhelming majority which she received. We accepted our honors humbly, vet proudly, knowing that without ostentation we had entered the front ranks of Federation service, vet realizing the burden of responsibility which our loved leader must carry. It was very gratifying that Mrs. E. G. Denniston, chairman of the Special Committee appointed to further California's candidacy, received the highest vote cast for any of the chosen fifty directors, and added honor was conferred when Mrs. Rose V. S. Berry was appointed Vice-Chairman of the Art Department, and Mrs. Harriet Williams Myers, Chairman of the Committee of Birds and Wild Life of the General Federation. No less pleasing was the election of the Chairman of our Literature Department, Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, to the Presidency of Mills College. Ever increasing recognition of the ability of our California club women is evidenced by the numerous calls to places of responsibility.

The reorganization of department work occupied the time and the thought of the members of the Executive Board during the early weeks of the year. Keeping in mind the expressed desire to make our departments conform as closely as possible to those of the General Federation, and wishing to simplify, for the sake of efficiency, we reduced the number of departments to fifteen and the number of standing committees to three. Finding that the demand for the special study which we had been carrying on in various lines had not decreased, however, we were compelled to add subcommittees to

By Mrs. Edward Dexter Knight

many of our departments. It was left to the discretion of each district as to whether or not district subcommittees be appointed to correspond. They were appointed in most cases, and thereby our main object was defeated. A one-year trial of any plan is scarcely a test of its efficacy, especially if the trial has been delayed because of such very important work as the New York Biennial entailed, yet I have plainly seen the flaws in our present plan and the possibilites for a



Mrs. Edward Dexter Knight

more economic arrangement. As the year began to wane, a letter was sent out to each department chairman, asking whether the plan had worked out successfully in her department, and if not, to state its seeming defects and to recommend desired changes. From the replies, I have framed a recommendation which will appear later in this report.

One new department was added, that of Child Welfare. If we would attain the highest ideals of citizenship, we must begin with the little citizen in his cradle. Every woman is a mother at heart, even though all have not borne children, and the true motherhood which aims at universal good, with a love that encompasses every little child, can be best expressed through this department. The mothers of the world must not only look to the physical welfare of the rising generation but they must train the tiny feet of the

child to walk aright, the little tongues to speak true words and the untrained minds to hold pure thoughts. They must teach the children by precept and practice that it is far better "to make a good life than a good living." They will be responsible for the homes and the schools and the nations of the future. Let me urge, then, that we continue to foster this baby department, this infant which has already stepped out of its swaddling clothes, so that when the Master calls us to account for our trust we may answer, "It is well with the child." The work of this department as well as of the other departments will be reported by the Chairman thereof, and I need only report a marked increase in the interest along each line represented.

It has been my good fortune to attend a large number of reciprocity meetings as well as six district conventions this year. At these district conventions, especially, I have noticed the long step forward. Programs were arranged along constructive lines and reports of club presidents show that community interest is the big key note of endeavor. Believing that the spirit of Federation is fostered by personal contact, I have responded to the many calls from individual clubs, endeavoring always to leave some helpful thought.

As this is legislative year, legislation has received its due measure of attention, and we have done our part toward furthering the work of the Legislative Council, as well as lending our endorsement to a few measures which the Executive Board deemed vital to the welfare of women and children. That women are beginning to count in legislative affairs has been evidenced by an increased deference on the part of our law makers. Woman has been judged by her merits and the judges, the frank, merciless, impartial, keen, discerning judges, are saying that she has raised the level of suffrage; the legislators, many of them doubting, fearful, discriminating ones, admit that she can grasp the meaning of great issues and can dissect them with an understanding of their technicalities which sometimes embarrasses the very proponents thereof. The Judiciary Committee of the present Legislature was particularly strong in its commendation of the manner in which the women who served us presented arguments in favor of the measures introduced by the Legislative Council. With great pride, we may say to the world, "Woman's Suffrage is a success in California, and the level of citizenship in our golden State is being definitely raised, while our home ties are greatly strengthened through the earnest efforts of conscientious women to be themselves good citizens." One of the great privileges of the year was the opportunity to speak in Carnegie Hall, New York City, on "What the Ballot Has Done for the Women of California." Another was the opportunity to deliver California's message in person at the annual meeting of the Nevada Federation of Women's Clubs, and it was my privilege to preside at the opening of the Woman's Building in Sacramento. Also it was my privilege and pleasure to address the Daughters of the American Revolution at their annual State meeting, and I have contributed several articles to "The New West Magazine," as well as my monthly letter to "The Club Woman."

Since the war message of President Woodrow Wilson was sent abroad throughout the land, the note of patriotism has sounded in our ranks with ever increasing clearness. Queries as to how the club woman can best serve her country at this time have been anticipated and answered from many angles. After a conference with the members of the Executive Board, I endeavored to pick out the essentials from a wealth of suggestions and, through a letter sent to each club president, recommended the following plan for the war contribution of the club women of California:

- 1. Leadership in hearty co-operation with the California State Council for Defense.
- 2. Thoughtful, constructive effort along lines of Food Production and Food Conservation.
- 3. Make your Club rooms an educational center of Social Service, organizing clinics when possible.
- 4. Organize classes for study of Maximum Production and Conservation of Food, Gardening, Dietetics, Garment Making, Surgical Dressings, Home Nursing, First Aid, Case work and such other classes as may be necessary, proceeding under specific direction of the Red Cross.
- 5. Get in touch with nearest Domestic Science Teacher and on regular meeting days have Lectures, Food Demonstrations, and Housekeepers' Forums. Enlist the aid of professional women, trained nurses, teachers, farm advisers and horticultural commissioners of your vicinity.
- 6. Study Child Hygiene with a view to lowering infant mortality and preventing illness among children.

- 7. Keep a register of women able to give trained service.
- 8. Practice simplicity in dress, entertainment and living.
- 9. Keep in close touch with the Emergency Service Committee of the General Federation.
- 10. Make use of the Clubs already equipped for service rather than form new societies for Red Cross and other relief work.
- 11. Study international questions and arrange programs along this line.
- 12. As aliens who cannot speak our language or understand our customs are now, more than ever, a menace to our peace and prosperity, a careful program for Americanization should be undertaken.

I would emphasize the first recommendation, "Leadership in Hearty Cooperation With the California State Council of Defense." These are vital days. Each act must be a wise one, each stroke a telling one. We cannot afford to waste time and dissipate strength and energy by duplication. Lest we lessen the effect of our service by hasty and illadvised action, let us, as thinking women, set an example, and be guided by the expert advice at our command. The tide of events is bearing us onward through seas of uncertainty and we know not what waves we may encounter with the dawning of a new day.

#### Recommendations

I.

I recommend that, until peace has been declared in our country, clubs supplement their regular routine of activity with work along the line of the recommendations outlined in the foregoing letter, thus entering into a season of preparedness which will enable us to answer "Ready" to our country's call in time of war or peace.

II.

As the present plan of department work is too cumbersome, I recommend: (a) That subcommittee chairmen be advisory, sending out letters when necessary, and, in general, supplementing the work of departments, but that districts appoint heads of departments only; (b) That California history and landmarks be made one subcommittee under Civics: (c) That the Subcommittee of Peace be changed to Committee on International Relationships, same to remain under Department of Education; (d) That the Committee on Political Science be changed to Committee on Science of Government; (e) That the Subcommittee on Food and Clothing be eliminated; (f) That the State University Club House

Loan Committee be changed to "Student Loan Committee."

#### III.

As the Endowment Fund will, in time, necessitate greater business activity on the part of the California Federation, and as the Federation has, at present, no legal existence, I recommend that, as soon as Senate Bill No. 595 becomes a law, we take steps toward incorporation.

#### 1V.

As the present system of election has proven unsatisfactory, bringing out glaring inconsistencies in our by-laws, and causing general dissatisfaction, and as it was impossible for the present board to suggest changes because said system had not been tried out, I recommend that a complete revision of our election system be enacted before the next prebiennial year.

#### V.

As our official organ, "The Club Woman," can be strengthened and enlarged through a more prolonged contract with the editor and publisher, I recommend that this convention consider entering into a five-year contract with Mrs. Elsie Smith Trueblood, same to involve no monetary obligation on the part of the Federation.

#### VI.

As President Wilson in his war proclamation has stated that it will be easier for us to conduct ourselves as belligerents in a high spirit of right and fairness because we act without animus, not in enmity toward a people but only in armed opposition to an irresponsible Government, and, as in our own ranks we see many evidences of depression because of a situation which is beyond control, I recommend that the Club women of California express sympathy and friendship in their daily attitude toward "the men and women of the belligerent nations and native sympathy who live amongst us and share our life and who are, in fact, loyal to our Government in the hour of test."

In closing, I would pay my tribute to the members of the Executive Board, each of whom has been ever ready to carry even more than her share of responsibility, as well as to the Club Presidents, and the loved members whose many acts of kindness and consideration have been truly appreciated. The two years which have elapsed since we took up the work which Mrs. Emily Hoppin had left unfinished have been very full ones. Many unusual conditions have faced us and many unforeseen circumstances have multiplied our responsibilities. I accepted the call to duty as

(Continued on page twenty-six)

## California State Federation

#### **Annual Convention Held at Pasadena**

THE Sixteenth Annual Convention of the California State Federation of Women's Clubs, held at the Hotel Maryland, Pasadena, California, during the first week of May, entirely refuted the heretofore unchallenged statement that "all conventions are alike."

In the history of California women's clubs this convention will stand forth as remarkable, unique and prophetic.

Remarkable, in that it was held during the present international crisis and for the enthusiastic, unselfish unity of purpose characterizing the sessions from the first prompt, decisive drop of the gavel to the singing of the last "America."

Unique, in that it dealt with vital problems of the future and almost not at all with records of the past.

Prophetic, because, with its keynote of Patriotic Service, it presaged an era of such broad usefulness for women's federated organizations in the future as has never yet been dreamed of by the most optimistic seer.

The sincere, earnest consideration of woman's opportunities, privileges and responsibilities in this hour of her country's need, left little time for discussion of less important matters. In the quickened desire for efficient, loyal service, in the oneness of purpose, face to face with a situation calling for the concerted efforts of all women, mere sectional lines, mere personal preferences, were largely effaced and there remained no North, no South, just California—California ready to unite with the women of the world, to "do her bit," and to do it promptly and as wisely as possible.

Preparedness in the conservation of the food supply with which this nation may be fed while war is waged was voiced in a clear, concise manner by Governor William D. Stephens in his brief address on opening day. The Governor's terse, pertinent message was followed by convincing talks and reports made by women from the cities and rural districts in which patriotism and practical common sense predominated. Discussions regarding the production of foodstuffs and the elimination of waste occupied a large portion of the convention's time.

An able paper contributed by "a real farmer's wife," Mrs. Gertrude Spiers-Rader, evinced such intelligent underBy Mrs. I. B. Weston

standing of her subject that it left small doubt that "a permanent agriculture is the basis of our social life."

Others dealt with the Smith-Lever appropriation, which it is desired shall be definitely applied to the women of California by the College of Agriculture.



Mrs. Herbert A. Cable President California Federation of Woman's Clubs

Mrs. Herbert A. Cable, successful candidate for the Federation's presidency, in her capacity as president of the Legislative Council of Women, told of her experiences at Sacramento and the large measure of the Council's endorsed legislation that had been passed, and demonstrated such a comprehensive grasp of her difficult and complicated subject as inspired her audience with entire confidence in her ability and wisdom.

Mrs. II. C. Mushet, one of the candidates for president, delivered an address on "The International Council," and her vision of a "sisterhood of the world" found a ready and enthusiastic response in her audience.

Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles, president of the General Federaton, was called to Washington to serve on the Woman's Committee of the National Council of Defense, and delegated Mrs. E. G. Deniston, of San Francisco, to represent her officially. A telegram from Mrs. Cowles, expressing a fine spirit of patriotism, was read, as follows:

"Call to service rings so loudly and imperatively that no one could fail to respond. I am confidently expecting the California federation to rise to the occasion, sink all personal preferences, and touch the high-water mark in the mobilization of the women of our beloved State for the Nation and humanity."

Mrs. E. D. Knight, president of the Federation, made a series of recommendations in her report to the convention.

"I recommend," said Mrs. Knight, "first, leadership in hearty co-operation with the California State Council of Defense; second, thoughtful, constructive effort along lines of food production and food conservation; third, make your clubroom an educational center of schools of science, organizing clinics where possible; fourth, organize classes for the study of maximum production and conservation of food, gardening, dietetics, garment making, surgical dressing, home nursing, first aid work, and such other classes as may be necessary, proceeding under specific direction from a Red Cross nurse."

Resolutions passed included measures for the conservation of food; one making it a misdemeanor for banks and trust companies to discriminate against persons holding Torrens land titles; one asking Congress to prohibit manufacture of alcoholic drinks during the period of war; one to incorporate the Federation as soon as possible; and lastly; one to be sent at once to President Wilson, the Secretary of the Navy, and the Secretary of War, asking that federal authority be given commanders of the army to prohibit commercialized vice in the neighborhood of army camps, and further, that adequate recreation be given the men during their hours off duty.

The preservation of the California Fine Arts building was re-endorsed and a protest made against changing the old Spanish names of towns in California.

A program devoted to child welfare, and an international program, with two fine musical evenings, rounded out a strenuous week of great import.

Six hundred and fifty delegates, alter-(Continued on page twenty-eight)

## Clubs and Clublights

## PACIFIC COAST WOMAN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION

T THE Annual Breakfast given in the Colonial Ballroom of the St. Francis Hotel, May 19, The Pacific Coast Women's Press Association closed one of its most successful years. The function was a brilliant affair. The program rendered was, with one or two exceptions, the creative work of members, whether active or honorary. Poems by Ina Coolbrith, poet laureate of California, Charles Keeler, and Mrs. Ellen Dwyer Donovan, set to music by H. B. Pasmore and given to the public for the first time, were splendidly rendered and enthusiastically received. Poems by George Sterling, music by Mrs. Elgin Travis (Lawrence Zenda), featured conspicuously and successfully in the pro-

Mrs. Ellen Dwyer Donovan presided as the re-elected president and was assisted by Mrs. E. M. North Whitcomb as toastmaster. Mrs. Whitcomb spoke in her capable, facetious and inimitable way, her humor keeping the audience in ripples of laughter. Mr. Zoeth Eldredge, historian, spoke on "California," furnishing some interesting data as to the probable origin of the name and delivering his address with the conviction and correctness of the thorough student who is master of his subject.

Professor Edgar Sullivan, from the department of literature at the University of California, on the subject, "The Choice of a Writing Goal," held the unabated attention of the large audience to his final word. Professor Sullivan is an easy and graceful speaker and handled his subject with the ability of a savant.

A delightful feature of the day was the surprise given by two prominent artists, Miss Dorothy Pasmore and Mr. George McManus, at the 'cello and piano respectively, playing a composition by H. B. Pasmore, an exquisite musical number, with true artistic ability. Songs sung by Mrs. Daniel C. Deasy, Mrs. Clarence Connor, Miss Ferne De Witt, Mrs. George Newman and Charles Bulotti added greatly to the enjoyment of the afternoon.

During the breakfast, congratulations were extended to Mrs. Gertrude Alison and Miss Emily Loud as successful candidates in the association's annual literary competition, the former in the drama contest and the latter for the best short story. The judges were Professor W. H. Carruth of Stanford University

and Professor Sullivan of the University of California.

The words of the songs, "Daisies" and "Spring Rhapsody," which received their first public rendition at the breakfast, are herewith reproduced:

#### **DAISIES**

By INA COOLBRITH,

Poet Laureate of California

Wherefore is it, as I pass,

Thro' the fragrant meadow-grass

That the Daisies nestling shyly in sweet places,

Lifting crispy, curly heads,

From their wee, warm clover-beds,

Seem to my imagining little elfin faces?

Can it be the Daisies speak,
Leaning rosy cheek to cheek,
In a merry gossiping, lightly nodding after?
Or a fancy, that I heard
Just the faintest whispered word,
And a silver-echoing ripple of soft laughter?

## SPRING RHAPSODY By Ellen Dwyer Donovan

Behold how budding roses are opening here and there,

And bright'ning gleams of sunshine are spreading everywhere.

Young sparrows chirp and chatter, and jump, and pick, and fly;

The lark is in the meadow, and spring breathes from the sky.

The fields are starred with daisies, with poppies rich with gold,

Strewn all along the hillsides are lilies chaste and cold:

The buttercup peeps smiling, the lupin rears its head:

Old winter's gone, the spring is here, and all but joy is fled!

The woodlands echo music—gay Pan pipes up an air,

The dryads dance and laugh and glance from sunny tree-tops fair—

The windy skies are smiling, with white clouds all a-sail,

The world is bright and glad again, spring riding on the gale!

Those members who have been working untiringly for the last year for the advancement of the organization are to be congratulated for the splendid work done and may now enjoy a well-merited rest until the opening day of the new club year, the second Monday in September.

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FIFTY-FIFTY: Fight or farm.

—New York Life.

#### COLLEGE WOMEN

(Continued from page ten)

urges every college club in the United States to appoint a film committee to do active work in the way of endorsing or censoring the films that are presented from time to time.

Another feature to be discussed at the coming biennial will be the report of the Immigration Committee. The immigration problem from its educational standpoint will be introduced for consideration, and it may be taken up with other special work the coming year. In a recent letter Mrs. Miller says: "I trust that every individual college woman in the country will see to it that her club joins the Federation. It needs them and they need it."

The following tribute to Mrs. Miller and her work is contributed by Emma J. Reid, the corresponding secretary of the National Federation:

"The work has been dormant for some time, but Mrs. Miller is throwing into the work the keen executive ability, the enthusiasm, ambition, and breadth of vision that the California and Western women are noted for. The result is that the membership is increasing with a rapidity that has exceeded the most sanguine expectations of Mrs. Miller's friends. All are looking forward to the near future when all the college women of the United States will be united for common good and influence, brought into communication with each other in order to secure unity of purpose and action, thereby conserving the power of trained minds of the women of the country (regardless of the institution in which the training was secured), that they may render some effective service to the nation and to each other."

The National Federation of College Women is officered as follows: Honorary President, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, San Francisco; President, Mrs. Myra Kingman Miller, Long Beach, Cal.; President Emeritus, Mrs. William Oxley Thompson, Columbus, Ohio: Vice-President, Mrs. Ida B. Callahan, Cornwallis, Ore.; Secretary, Mrs. R. J. Sterrett, Hollywood, Cal.; Bursar, Edna Armstrong, Columbus, Ohio; Corresponding Secretary, Emma J. Reid, Long Beach, Cal.; Board of Directors: Dr. Jane Sherzer, Oxford, Ohio; Mrs. William Beahan, Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. Philander P. Claxton, Washington, D. C.; Martha E. Tilker, Los Angeles; Mrs. J. N. Butters, Long Beach.

## Our Kiddies' Corner

#### Two California Wonder Children

ALIFORNIA has contributed in rich fashion beautiful voices to I the world of song, her sons and daughters having achieved fame in many a land. Thus far, however, these sons and daughters have been in every case adults; but they are to have rivals. In the budding generation there is unfolding some pianistic talent that gives much promise of future greatness and further swelling of California bosoms and heads with pride.

The very latest subjects for astonishment as well as pride are little Marion Cavanaugh, aged six, and little Edith Taylor, still smaller, but proud of pass-



Edith Taylor

ing, a few weeks ago, a birthday anniversary that brings her to the mature age of five. The two tots attracted no small amount of attention recently at a recital in the studio of Mr. Joseph George Jacobson, who, several months ago, on discovering their talents, took over the musical education of the pair and is Marion, is making great sacrifices to

very enthusiastic regarding their ability and progress.

Little Marion is the last-born of no less than fourteen children of Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Cavanaugh, who, needless to say, do not believe in race suicide or birth control, Mr. Cavanaugh, indeed. having gone so far as to introduce in the state legislature of California a mother's pension bill, known as the Cavanaugh pension bill, which he expects to see passed, if not at the next session of the legislature, at least at the one to follow.

Both "kiddies," to begin with, have the rare gift of absolute pitch which some musicians, even of the famous, never do acquire; and every Saturday Mr. Jacobson gives the morning to the little prodigies, instructing them in the rudiments of harmony and training their ears in the way they should go-or hear. Both children, at the age of three, were picking out melodies on the piano and can now write out simple tunes played to them without watching the player by so much as a single peep. They are also learning to apply correct harmonies for the melodies they write down, even supplying a bass accompaniment in some cases.

In addition to the gift of absolute pitch, little Marion and Edith have a keen sense of rhythm and a remarkable ability for memorizing. Marion is especially gifted in this respect. To hear a simple composition played a few times is sufficient for her to memorize the air, and to play it several times means to have it from memory. At the recital in Mr. Jacobson's studio she played two little works of Tschaikowsky entitled "Dreams" and "The Song of the Lark" in addition to a more pretentious little composition by Heins called "The Cuckoo Clock." Baby Edith encompassed a couple of children's pieces by Greenwald and a "Birthday Waltz" with her tiny fingers. Both children play with intensity and take their talents seriously.

Miss Marion is now taking up thirdgrade work and is playing "Spin, Spin," by Rossi, and studying at the same time Tschaikowsky's "Dollie's Funeral."

Baby Edith is the eldest of four children of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Taylor. Her mother, as well as the mother of little educate the little girl. In fact, the mothers try to be with them during all their practice work, in addition to contributing a portion of the earnings that must go toward the education musically and otherwise of the two children.

Mr. Jacobson, as a student of psychology and mental science, as well as a



Marion Cavanaugh

musician, finds much interest in studying the character as well as the talents of his infant pupils, who are of entirely different types. Marion is a vivacious, wiry brunette of strong character, while Edith is a delicate blonde, dreamy and quiet. Both are intense and so interested in their lessons that they forget everything else when studying. They are not permitted to overwork, nor will they be allowed to exploit their talents to any extent, as Mr. Jacobson prefers a healthy development to the more immediate temptation to trade on the precocity of these "wonder children" at the expense of stunted mental and physical growth.

## The Vagaries of Dress

#### Vanities of Beaux and Belles of the Past

ITH the exception of the original balistic tribes of the wilds, we human beings believe that dress, more or less, is necessary to add attraction to the personal charms, especially in the case of the gentler sex, which is prone to run to excess in this matter. Ovid's quotation, "A woman, for the most part, is the least part of herself," does at times not seem so much exaggerated. As an exception to this rule we are told that in Uganda, Africa, a law exists-the violation of which is punished with death sentence-that no man is permitted to display an uncovered leg, while the ladies are seen dressed mostly in a pockethandkerchief, believing, with the poet, that "beauty unadorned is adorned the most." As a rule our ladies possess so much vanity-I mean propriety-that they would be terribly shocked should they be forced to appear in public otherwise than as the law of modes dictated. much more so without any embellishment

There is no doubt, however, that a man's dress has much to do with his success in life. A neat appearance goes far. Ferguson said:

whatever to the human form divine.

"For though you had as wise a snout on As Shakespeare or Sir Isaac Newton,

I'll take my aith

Your judgment fouk would hae a doubt on,

Till they could see you with a suit on O' guid braid claith;"

And Jean Paul tells us, "love, like the plague, is communicated by clothing." We know that a lady, when attired with taste, may look almost comely, while, dishabille, she appears as a genuine Hecate.

Dress distinguishes man from the animal, that is, to a certain point. Beyond that point he might be assigned to a rank lacking greatly in intelligence, and for a fop, as a rule, ridicule and contempt are felt. It is said that the Yogi Savants, when warning their children against renouncing their faith, would pick out in the streets overdressed dandies and tell them that if they ever forgot their religious doctrines God might make them look like these. Lord Byron, revolting against the time lost in dressing, called it an "unintellectual pursuit, this eating and drinking, buttoning and unbuttoning.' Still, we know of some great men who were much inclined to foppery. The By Mrs. Ella May Jacobson

great orator, Fox, was such a dandy. It is said that he traveled from Paris to Lyons with Lord Carlisle for the sole purpose of purchasing some fancy waistcoats and that their conversation consisted mostly of such articles during the trip. Aristotle was fond of decorating himself with ornaments and he never appeared in public without his rings, which covered his fingers. To what an extreme did Beau Brummel carry his foolish foppery! Poor Beau Brummel! What a sad end to a life devoted to coxcombry! When his money and friends were lost, he would wander from door to door, begging for a little perfume to scent his clothing and a morsel of bread with which to stay his hunger. Few years before this he had thought it impossible to dress well on less than \$3500.00 a year. It is surprising to find to what senseless extravagance and ruin coxcombry has led people. Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe is said to have consisted of more than three thousand dresses.

When we consider that the making of the modes and styles of costume is mostly in the hands of uncultivated persons we should not be surprised that clothes lead to such absurdity and are fashioned so ridiculously. For our buildings and the interior of our homes we employ highly trained and educated architects and decorators, but, with the exception of the short time in the sixteenth century when ladies took the fascinating draperies of Vandyck as models, the creators of fashion have been of uncultivated tastes, and whatever the rich adopt as correct to wear is taken to be more or less beautiful. No wonder Napoleon called us sheep that follow a leader who invents something strange.

For a while it was the style to have the points of the shoes long and turned up, a fashion which made the feet look deformed. This mode started through the Earl of Anjou, who had such defective feet that he had to wear such shoes. Short persons, to make themselves taller, began to wear hats a foot high, and when the tall adopted the mode the shoes of the short were made with heels six inches high, only to make their wearers seem as short as ever when the tall people followed suit as to the heels. A lady of royal rank, having scrofulous marks on her face, was consoled when her

maids of honor, and later the elite of the city, began to place "beauty patches" on their cheeks. When Isabelle of Flanders refused to change her dress as long as Ostende was besieged, it became so filthy that its like worn nowadays would be a subject for board of health action; but this did not prevent the "couleur Isabelle," a hideous buff, becoming the vogue. It should have been called "couleur boueuse." For years England fought against the introduction of the hoopskirt, until, through some scandal, it became notorious; then the circumference was even increased and it was worn wider than ever. History tells us how the skirt of Margaret of Valois was so large as to hide Henry the Fourth from the assassins who tried to murder

Charles the Second of England was the originator of the magpie vests. They were all the go until Louis the Fourteenth, trying to outdo him, ordered his footmen to wear them as part of their livery. Probably the custom of savages in tattooing their bodies suggested the idea of rouge to our ladies, which idea Jean Paul defines as "the extreme unction of fading beauty."

One of the absurd fashions of to-day is the wearing of black for mourning. Dean Swift says: "If a man will observe, as he walks the streets, he will find the merriest countenances in mourning-coaches." The Persians have adopted blue, and the Chinese yellow and white, as their mourning clothing, while we take black, the emblem of despair, although we should look forward to a life immortal as well as beautiful.

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#### Removing the Obstacle

"But why does your father object to me?" demanded the humble suitor.

"Because," explained the haughty beauty of proud lineage, "papa says his ancestors have always been gentlemen of leisure, and you have to work for a living."

"Well, tell him I don't expect to after we are married," replied the humble suitor.

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#### Knew It Was True

First Gossip—Do you believe that awful story they are telling about Mrs. Perrin?

Second Gossip-Yes, what is it?

## The National W. C. T. U.

## Eagerly Responding to the Call of Patriotism

OMEN of the W. C. T. U. from one end of the country to the other are eagerly responding to the "call of patriotism" sent out by the national officers of the organization to all state unions, and through them to the 20,000 local unions. The organization has several departments already spendidly equipped for emergency service. Mrs. Ella Hoover Thacher, Washington, D. C., National Superintendent of work among soldiers and sailors, gives, in printed plans, detailed information concerning work for the "boys" called to the colors-the making and filling of comfort bags; the establishment of rest rooms at training stations and mobilization camps; what to do for the soldiers and sailors when they entrain and afterwards; how young people and children may help; how to knit vests, mufflers, wristlets, etc.; what supplies to send and where to send them; religious and social work; how to cooperate with the Red Cross vet use our own co-ordinated machinery, etc.

Miss Luella M. Sewall, Boston, National Superintendent of relief work, furnishes plans for general relief among the families of enlisted men.

The temperance and labor department, Mrs. Lucia Additon, Portland, Oregon, National Superintendent, urges the formation of canning clubs and poultry clubs to conserve and increase the food supply. The department has not waited for a war emergency to establish such clubs. One state last year had 3,000 girls enrolled in canning clubs whose combined output meant a net saving of \$38,000. The W. C. T. U. is prepared to engage in definite work under the United States Labor Department for the establishment of employment bureaus for women who will be obliged to take the place of men called to the colors.

Reports coming every day to headquarters from the various states show that W. C. T. U. women are in no sense "slackers." Illinois W. C. T. U. has opened a room in one of the large office buildings in Chicago as a comfort-bag clearing house. Material is given out to the women of the county and state and the bags, when filled, are presented to soldiers at Fort Sheridan and to sailors at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. Virginia's slogan is, "A garden in every back yard and on every vacant lot." Members have made a house to house canvass, leaving at each home a leaflet and a Government bulletin. Montana white-ribboners are getting boys to take up farm work as a patriotic duty, and teaching "new Americans" how to be loyal citizens.

Michigan women have a committee for patriotic service. Following suggestions from the State Agricultural College it is seeking to interest women in the rural districts to undertake the lighter farm tasks and thus release the men for the heavier work of the fields. At their request the superintendent of public instruction circularized all county school commissioners asking them to instruct the teachers to utilize fully the facilities of the agricultural school course. They are proposing a plan of co-operation between county and town women to help in the harvesting and preservation of surplus products.

Oregon W. C. T. U., with a vision of the need of providing help for the farmers' wives whose work will be greatly increased by the "back to the soil" movement, is leading in a plan by which girls and women wishing to serve their country by increasing food production may join hands with the farmers' wives in the patriotic task of making two chickens grow where only one grew last year.

The above examples are only a few of the methods employed by this big organization for converting patriotic enthusiasm into practical effort.

## President's Review

(Continued from page twenty-one)

a sacred trust to be zealously guarded during the period of my stewardship. That the Federation has taken no step backward has been evidenced by a greater unity and a more generally expressed federation spirit. The many new clubs which have been added to our membership and the few resignations received tell their own story of progression. I would that I might pass on to my successor the wealth of experience and the enlarged vision which is mine but "New occasions bring new duties," and I can but pledge my loyalty.

I close my administration with a grateful heart, believing absolutely in the indivisibility of our great State and believing that no undertaking is beyond the

power or possibilities of the California Federation if all of its members stand

The election of a General Federation President marked this an usual year, and now that the war clouds have broken, our country is calling us to a service which we hope never to duplicate. Let us be united as never before. Let us rise in full patriotism, power, strength, optimism and faith to pledge our allegiance. Let us realize our power, our privilege, our responsibility. Let us pray for the larger vision, that we may see "the big things big, and the petty things small," and for the time when we may sing in unison:

"Peace, no longer from its brazen por-

The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies:

But beautiful as the songs of the Immortals

The holy melodies of Love arise."

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Knicker—What can you do to serve the country?

Bocker—Well, I can keep out of the way of people who can do something.—The New York Sun.

and That is Almana Show

The Crop That is Always Short

Knicker-What is the most needed grain crop?

Bocker—Grains of sense.—The New York Sun.

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#### The Biggest Trust

The most famous trust in the world is the war trust, the combination in restraint of bread. It has created a monopoly in killing. Other industries, sweatshops, transportation systems and tenement houses seem trifling and insignificant compared with it. It defies all laws, overrides all precedents, levels all distinctions. It destroys the rich as well as the poor. No country is safe from it. It has only one master—itself.—Life.

#### Safety First

Mrs. Nurox (to friend)—Yes, the clerk at the store suggested my getting a pair of opry glasses for Jake, but I said that I didn't want my man always goin' out between the acts to fill 'em.-Buffalo Express.

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We can say one thing about the Germans: they have made us believe things we didn't believe we could believe .--Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

First Credit Man-How about Jones of Pigville Center?

Second Credit Man—He always pays cash, so we don't know how honest he is!-Boston Globe.

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#### Ideal Identified

She-I like a man of few words and many actions.

He-You want my brother; he has St. Vitus's dance.—Tiger.

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OGDEN ROUTE: Across the Sicras and over the Great Salt Lake Cut-off. To Chicago via Ogden and Omaha; also to St. Louis via Ogden, Denver and Kansas City.

SHASTA ROUTE: Skirting majestic Mount Shasta and crossing the Siskiyous. To Portland, Tacoma and Seattle.

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Write for folder on the Apache Trail of Arizona

Oil Burning Locomotives No Cinders, No Smudge, No Annoying Smoke Unexcelled Dining Car Service

#### STUDIOS AND GALARIES

(Continued from page fifteen)

Stanford University. Mr. Randolph, who succeeds as director, is a native of Ohio and was educated in New York, Paris and Rome. He has been connected with the art school staff for several years and is well equipped to carry on the work. Mr. Laurvik has placed a room at the Fine Arts Palace at the disposal of the school and regular exhibitions of the students' work are to be maintained throughout the year. This is a fine idea, for it keeps the public in touch with the work of the school, something too often overlooked in these days.

Speaking of art classes, two exceptional opportunities are offered the local students this summer. Armin C. Hansen announces figure and landscape classes in Monterey, from May 15th to July 15th. Mr. Hansen is a native San Franciscan who followed his local studies with seven years in Stuttgart, Munich and Antwerp. He was a silver medalist at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. An opportunity to study for two months under such a master should not be missed by ambitious students.

The Carmel Summer School of Art announces its fourth season beginning July 9th and ending September 1st. Matteo Sandona will conduct the classes in portraiture, figurework, and the nude, while M. De Neal Morgan will have charge of the landscape classes both in the studio and in the open. Mr. Sandona was born in Schio, Italy, and has received many honors both in Europe and America. We are especially fortunate to have him spend several years on the Coast and to be able to study under him is a great opportunity. Miss Morgan is a native San Franciscan. Her education at the Hopkins Art School was supplemented with studies under the late William Chase. Her watercolors are most beloved by Californians and many travelers discover her Carmel studio with delight when visiting Monterey. Surely students will not be wasting time on mere rest this summer!

#### CALIFORNIA STATE FEDERATION

(Continued from page twenty-two)

nates, officers, chairmen and guests were registered, and the big palm room at the Maryland was filled to capacity at each session. The hotel management and the local clubs were most hospitable and entertained the visiting club women with all the teas, receptions, drives and musicales that could be crowded into the limited time set aside for relaxation.

A Los Angeles press woman pays this tribute to the convention:

"Reaching out and forgetting self, the club women of California, the past week, set an example which, if followed the world over, would make war impossible and cause the present international crisis to take on the semblance of a bad dream—a dream which must pass."

The election for State Federation officers resulted as follows:

President, Mrs. Herbert A. Cable, Los Angeles.

Vice-President, Mrs. A. B. Armstrong, San Joaquin Valley.

Vice-President at Large, Mrs. Aaron Schloss, Berkeley.

Treasurer, Mrs. Bradford Woodbridge, Roseville.

Auditor, North, Mrs. Percy King, San Francisco.

Auditor, South, Mrs. E. P. Foster, Ventura.

General Federation Secretary, Mrs. E. D. Knight, San Francisco.

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The report of the chairman of Political Science, Mrs. Seward A. Simons, was of much interest, since it contained the result of the recent suffrage survey of the State. After pointing out the fact that the Federation is already undeniably "in politics" when it is interested in child welfare, pure milk, and the prohibition of whisky manufacture, Mrs. Simons said:

"Personally, I would like to see the Federation get really into politics and elect a woman from each legislative district to the next session of the legislature. My brief experience in the legislature this year showed me clearly the necessity of the woman's point of view in all matters relating to government."

#### EARLY-DAY EDUCATION

(Continued from page eleven)

school report in 1851 came appeals for the establishment of schools for the increasing numbers of children of school age. From these small beginnings in this city has grown the present gigantic system of free education, with its handsome modern buildings and grounds and an army of teachers, with every facility to instruct those under their care.

The first state school report was made by John G. Marvin, the first superintendent of public instruction, to the third legislature on January 5th, 1852. In the report made by John Swett in 1866-7 he relates the progress in the transition period of California from the rate school to an American free school system, the first time in the history of the state, when every public school was made entirely free for every child to enter. He reports on religious exercises in school in the following manner: The constitution of California provides that "the free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination or preference, shall forever be allowed in this state." Sec. 60 of the revised school law, reads, however, "No books, tracts, papers, catechisms, or other public actions of a sectarian or denominational character, shall be used or distributed in any school or be made a part of any school library; neither shall any sectarian or denominational doctrine be taught therein." It is peculiar, if not remarkable, that in no schoolbook used in California is there any reference to the founding and early history of our public schools, either in the state or nation, yet, from that small beginning of six pupils in that little one-room school house built in 1847, we have today 3,377 school districts, employing more than 12,000 teachers, with a school property valuation in 1916, of \$55,566,467.00,

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#### A Match

Beryl—But do you think you and he are suited to each other?

Belle—Oh, perfectly! Our tastes are quite similar. I don't care very much for him, and he doesn't care very much for me

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#### Saw Him First

A Quaker had gotten himself into trouble with the authorities and the sheriff called to escort him to the lock-up.

"Is your husband in?" he inquired of the good wife who came to the door.

"My husband will see thee," she replied. "Come in."

The sheriff entered, was bidden to make himself at home, and was hospitably entertained for half an hour, but no husband appeared. At last the sheriff grew impatient.

"Look here," said he, "I thought you said your husband would see me.'

"He has seen thee," was the calm reply, "but he did not like thy looks and has gone another way."—Harper's Magazine.

"Modern styles are less becoming Than the way we used to dress-" Thus spoke Mother. "No," said Daughter,

"Rather, they're becoming less."

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#### Don't Make Guys of All the Girls

Dr. Luther Gulick, president of the Campfire Girls, favors adoption of the Campfire "minute girl" uniform by the women of the United States as a measure of economy.

Will Dr. Gulick please sit down on one of the rear benches? There is no need that the girls should all be frights, neither is it good economy to scrap the dry goods business, nor to discard present raiment for a new fashion which, if adopted, would call for an immense provision of new cloth.

If the girls will dress simply, in fabrics already manufactured, that will be enough, though for some kinds of work Campfire costumes are very good. —Life.

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#### One Girl, Two Boys

"What's the matter, little girl?"

"Two boys were fightin', and I got struck with a stone."

"That's it; the innocent bystander always gets hurt."

"But I don't know as I was an innocent bystander. I was what they was fightin' about."-Yonkers Statesman.

## Joseph George Jacobson

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## Chicago Woman's Achievement

(Continued from page seventeen)

funds for them. And there is an almost incredible, yet well authenticated story, that a former chief of police, Major Mc-Claughry, called some representative women together and asked that they study the conditions and act as an advisory board to him.

In everything that they advocate, the women now are granted a respectful hearing. They have made themselves so sanely useful that scarcely a city ordinance is proposed without their influence being solicited, and many bills affecting the State at large are submitted to the Woman's Legislative League for their endorsement. Even at Springfield, where Lucy Page Gaston, of the Anti-Cigarette League, and Catherine Waugh McCullough, of the Suffrage League, used to suffer martyrdom, the legislators no longer evaporate into the wings of the lobby at their approach, because back of them are hundreds of thousands of women whom it is judicious for these legislators to consider.

Neither can these women be inviegled into any "pork barrel" scheme. For years they have realized that this is a very dirty city, and have striven to arouse civic pride in the matter, even to the extent of arming themselves with brooms and sweeping the city streets; yet, ardently as they have desired a better means of disposing of the city waste, their votes last spring defeated an appropriation of \$2,000,000 for a reduction plant because they could get no pledge that experts, instead of politicians, would be put in charge of it.

That first group of twenty women long ago grew into a club limited to 1200 members, with a waiting list of hundreds more. One hundred and four other clubs —one with a membership of 2900—and seventy-five Mothers' and Parent-Teacher Associations, averaging eighty members, have come into existence. The social centers, reluctantly granted permission to use their own schoolhouses, have now become forty-eight thriving community centers, where as many as 800 grav-haired, middle-aged and young people assemble in a single building. And all these powerful associations are inspired with the incentive for service to the community. For twenty-five years these clubs have initiated every movement for the welfare of the children and the betterment of the city. And not in Chicago alone has their influence been

felt. For whenever they have instituted a reform, the towns within a radius of 300 miles have sent for their lectures and literature, and have tried to follow where they led. Requests for help have come from Toronto and New Orleans. Eastern papers have discussed their action on the garbage question, and Mary McDowell, head of the largest Committee on City Waste, takes pride in the fact that on a recent lecture trip to California she was introduced as a "social politician, the well known garbage woman of Chicago." New York itself has a "New York Chicago Woman's Club." Members of that original club have gone abroad in the land to fill important positions, and one of them, Julia Lathrop, is the first woman ever called to the head of a federal department at Washington.

Yet perhaps in no other undertaking have they exerted such a far-reaching influence as in the aid their World's Fair Auxiliary gave to the wonderful 110 International Congresses in which wise ones from all parts of the earth met to exchange views on every subject of interest to mankind.

(Reproduced from the New York Evening Post.)

## What the Robin Heard

(Continued from page sixteen)

Again they heard the chirping of their friend, Mr. Robin Redbreast, who had returned.

"Well, you are not the queen of this garden after all," he chirped. "You may be big and beautiful, but you should not be so jealous and haughty."

"You are a very saucy bird," replied one of the roses angrily, "and it would serve you right if your little ones starved to death. This is our garden, and our affair."

"It may be your affair," said Robin Redbreast in reply, "but I just wanted to point out to you how much happier you would be if you were more friendly with your humbler neighbors—for instance, the pansies. It always works wonders—the feeling that you are friendly toward all and envious of no other; for each of us has much to be thankful for," concluded the robin.

He chirped so happily that the roses knew there must be truth in his remarks, but they refused to answer. They turned their faces toward the sun, as if looking there for advice and guidance.

And as their gaze turned toward the west, a cloud gradually settled over that glorious golden orb, the setting sun, and

clouds gathered in the skies. Soon a warm heavy June rain came down on earth—a summer thunder shower, which became violent. The grass took on a brighter green; the pansies turned their faces heavenwards to welcome the rain, but the roses swayed to and fro. The two larger ones, top heavy and trembling, were not equal to the pelting rain. Soon they were but a mass of petals, all that was left to tell of their recent grandeur.

About this time horses hoofs could be heard clattering up the roadway. A man of soldierly bearing sprang from the horse, and joyously clasped Madeline and her mother in his arms.

"I have brought myself as a birthday surprise to my little daughter," Robin Redbreast heard him say, as the bird again perched himself on the honeysuckle vine.

"So, haughty Rose," said Redbreast, "your beauty is but short lived, but your modest little neighbors, the pansies, are brighter and sweeter than ever. What is that I hear Madeline's mamma saying, as she pin's the flowers on the soldier man's coat? 'Pansies, pansies, for thoughts and memories as of old!' Ah well, I may be an inquisitive robin, but

quite an interesting lesson I've learned to tell my little ones. Never must they be envious, never! The rain has served its purpose, and brought out many fresh worms. What a feast for my family!"

The robin paused, and gazed again at the rose petals on the lawn.

"Poor roses!" he murmured softly, "May you bloom more wisely next time!"

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THE WEDDING

T was the swellest wedding that
Manhattan ever saw;
The bride's bouquet was cauliflower
With shower effect of slaw.
The decorations formed a bower
Of cabbages and beans,
With spinach and asparagus
And other garden greens.

Aigrettes of slender scallions trimmed
The bridesmaids' hats of lace,
And in the best man's left lapel
A radish found a place.
The wedding cake was decked with beets,
Cucumbers and tomatoes,
And princely was the bridegroom's gift—
A barrel of potatoes.

-Minna Irving in The New York Sun.

#### Shopping for the Baby

A Philadelphia grocer, trying to wait practice annoy your husband? on several customers at once, was approached by a lady with a request for "five cents' worth of animal crackers," and wouldn't he "please leave out the elephants, as they frighten the baby so." -Harper's Magazine.



"You must put your shoulder to the wheel," said the earnest citizen.

"Glad of the chance," replied Mr. Chuggins. "I feel lucky if I don't have to crawl under a motor car and lie on my back to fix the works."-Washington Star.



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DWINELL-WRIGHT CO., Principal Coffee Roasters, BOSTON-CHICAGO.

Mrs. Jones—Does my daughter's piano

Neighbor-Oh, not at all-Jack can't tell one note from another!-Life.

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"Is Gerald going to enlist?"

"I don't know; but he certainly has the courage. He talks to the cook as carelessly as if she were one of the family."—Life.

Verb. Sap.

England began the war by expecting that every man would do his duty, but she quickly found that the only way to end the war was by defining the duty and naming the man. Columbia, please copy.-Life.

Bess-And is she a good housewife? Jane—A pippin! Why, the poor chap has no comfort whatever!—Life.



# The Start of A Perfect Day



aker Oats

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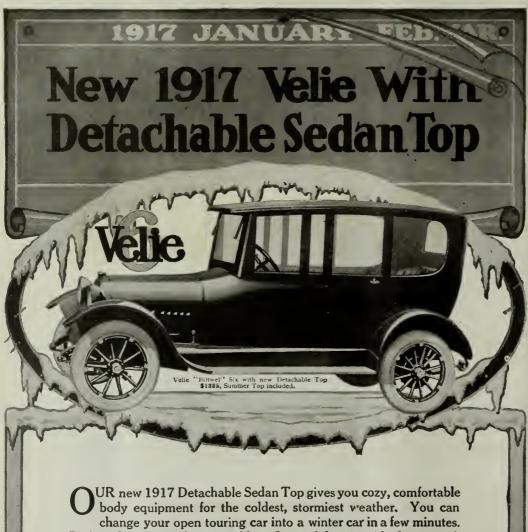
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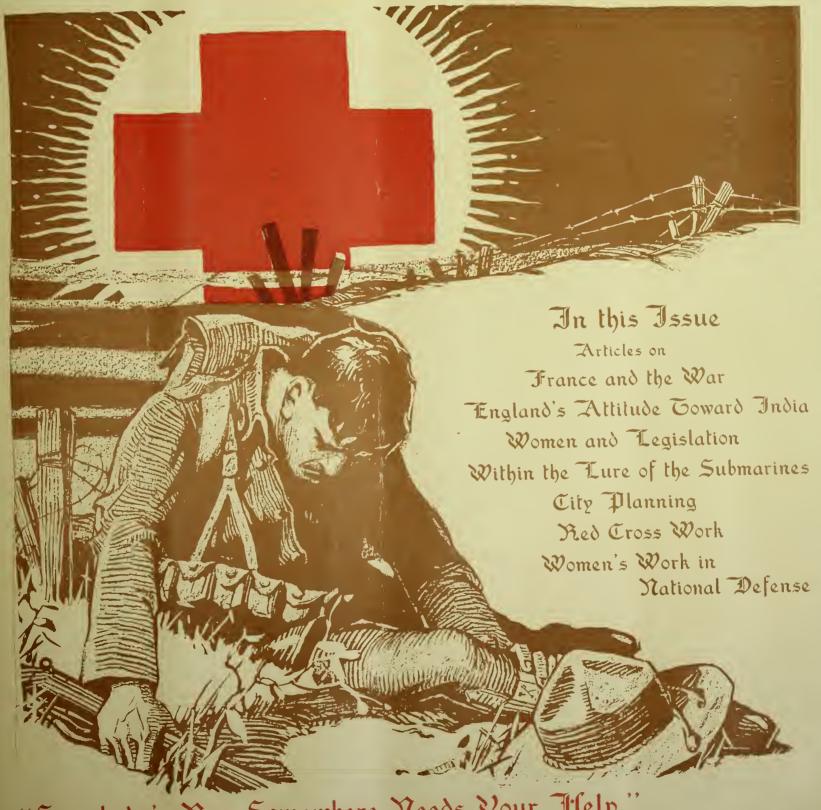




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Red Cross

Now!

It Is Always

Pro-Humanity

VOL. XI. No. 14

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INDEX

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EVERYWOMAN is the Official Organ of the National Council of Women, with which the General Federation of Women's Clubs is now affiliated. Its membership in America is 7,000,-000. The membership of the International Council, to which it belongs, is 17,000,000, thus making an organization of 24,-000,000—the largest and most powerful body of women in the

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# Red Cross Campaign

#### Marvelous Work for Soldiers and Allies

ALLED by a mightier blast than ever bugle blew in the world's history, there fared forth last month from every corner of this country and from every walk of life, male and female without distinction, a host of "soldier citizenry," volunteers all, for bloodless battle in humanity's name, their flag a scarlet cross upon a field of white, their gift their labor and their means, as offering to the only neutral army in the world, the Red Cross.

Thousands, since the entry of this country into the war, have offered themselves for the battlefield in the cause of liberty and justice, millions have opened their purses and donated their services for the Red Cross, so closely cooperating with the military branch of the government and so vital a factor.

And the gold that is poured into the coffers of this great society of mercy—for what will it be used? Here are some of the uses toward which the hundred million dollars will make a start—onty a start, alas, for the duties and opportunities confronting the Red Cross have no precedent in history and are beyond the human mind to estimate, in this the greatest war in history. New fields are constantly opening, and new ways must be found to meet new situations. Opportunities for broad, humanitarian services are unlimited.

There is first the duty to our own men, and it is hoped that, through an organization to be formed by Mr. Hurley, there will, after mobilization, be not a single camp the medical department of which will not be supplemented by the Red Cross.

Already hundreds of American doctors and nurses are at the front, and soon there will be in France 12,000 American engineers rebuilding the railroads of that stricken country.

On the battlefields, there are today 25,000 American volunteers with the French and English armies; to these there will be added shortly 25,000 regulars.

Our entire National Guard is to be mobilized, the regular army recruited to full strength, and 500,000 additional men are soon to be called to the colors.

Within a few months there will be in service a navy of 150,000 and an army of 1,000,000 men.

To prepare in advance for the needs

By Florence Heath

of these immense bodies of men is the stupendous task before the Red Cross right now. Ambulances must be made ready, vast quantities of hospital stores, linens, bandages, etc., must be prepared immediately.

As soon as the men go into camp, their dependent families will present a problem. Special cases requiring unusual assistance will be handled through local chapters.

When our men go to France, the Red Cross must not only prepare to take care of them when sick and wounded, but they must have a home in France where they can rest and find wholesome amusement when relieved temporarily from duty in the trenches, for they cannot, like the English and French soldiers, go home. The Red Cross must act as a foster parent to our soldier boys in France.

Moreover, Americans will not be content with a Red Cross organization which ministers only to our own army and navy. The needs of France cannot but stir the hearts of all Americans. Tuberculosis, due to trench warfare, has become prevalent and is spreading. The brave French people must be aided toward health, and in assisting them our own soldiers will be safeguarded.

Over 1,500 towns have been destroyed in northern France, and in these devastated regions families are homeless and lacking absolute necessities. They need the simplest essentials for beginning life anew. Clothing, agricultural implements, tools of all kinds, domestic animals, particularly horses and cows, seeds, fertilizers, bedding, stoves, are badly needed.

Then there is Russia. The earliest possible relief is planned for this disheartened and afflicted country. While France has 64,000 ambulances spread over a 400-mile war frontage, on the Russian line of 1,000 miles there are only 6,000 ambulances.

Back of the lines in Russia are millions of refugees from Lithuania, Poland and western Russia, wandering from town to town and crowded into stables, cellars and outhouses, dying from disease due to exposure and lack of food.

Russia needs our trained women to teach hers nursing, and she needs immense quantities of the elementary articles necessary to relieve the very worst cases of pain and suffering. The duty in Russia alone is without limit, and the Red Cross is the one agency which can exert itself effectively in this frightful emergency.

To maintain a supply service whereby all the contributions made by us may be properly distributed is another work of considerable scope, and the society must keep the families and friends of our soldiers and sailors informed as to the wounded and missing.

These are but a few of the greatest and most urgent needs of the moment for which the Red Cross will try to provide, and for which the \$100,000,000 is but the first installment.

Great is the generosity of the American people, and great is the Red Cross, yet greater than these is the need that calls forth the generosity of a liberal people.

# IF YOU WERE A BOY

F you were a boy this morning, I wonder what you would do. Was ever a day more perfect, Was ever the sky more blue? I'm speaking to you, grave senior; I noticed you as you went Hot-footing it into the city, To add to your cent per cent. I noticed your sober manner, Your very important looks, And I noticed your boy beside you, The schoolboy with his books. I saw-and you saw-where the river Sweeps down to the "swimmin' hole," Another boy playing "hookey"-A boy with a fishing pole.

If you were a boy this morning, I wonder what you would do. I saw you stooping to whisper A word to the boy with you. It seemed to me that you told him That the truant boy was a fool, That nothing ripens manhood Like the moments spent in school. With the fresh blue sky above you And the green fields under it, How dare you utter such nonsense, O liar and hypocrite? If you were a boy this morning, A boy with a heart and soul, You'd be, in spite of a licking, The boy with the fishing pole. -Kansas City Star.

# The Birth Of The Flag

HEN Liberty unsheathed her sword,
bright flashing in the sun,
And Freedom's dauntless children
braved the storm that made them one,

When to the god of Battle was heard the patriot's crv,

And Lexington and Bunker Hill and Concord flamed the sky,

The new-born nation of the world a standard sought to find

Whose radiant beauty typified the hopes of all mankind.

The centuries had seen with awe the flags of Greece and Rome

Flaunt in triumph o'er the brave and shadow slaves at home;

Spain's cruel golden ensign float defiant in the breeze,

And England's haughty union jack play havoc on the seas;

Not one proclaimed the rights of man for millions yet unborn,

Not one through all the darkness shot a gleam of freedom's dawn.

The symbols of a tyrant's strength gave patriot's sons no light

To blaze a path to liberty and cheer them in the fight;

A higher power must give the sign and inspiration bring

To paint the banner of the free and make the welkin ring;

The dazzling splendors of the skies, the beauties of the earth

By ROBERT FERRALL (With permission of Mrs. Ferrall)

Must blend their glories all in one to give the new flag birth.

In the summer's noontide gladness, 'mid the forest wild and grand,

The fathers met in council for the glory of the land;

They be sought divine assistance, and ere the day was done



A rainbow spanned the dome of blue with diamonds of the sun;

But of all its wondrous colors, when the bow of promise fled,

The one that lived and faded not was the battle hue of red.

It seemed to all prophetic, like a signal from the spheres,

Presaging war's grim fortunes, its triumphs, hopes and fears—

A flash of steel and gory fields and hosts of heroes slain,

On Revolution's holy ground ere peace could come again.

But the crimson of its luster on land and sky and sea

Gave the rich broad stripe of carnage to the emblem of the free.

Again in suppliance kneeling on the New World's hallowed sod,

In the moonlight's mystic brightness they seek the help of God;

Fair Luna's full-orbed radiance imparadised the night,

The white light of a myriad stars shone beautiful and bright,

The azure banners of the clouds, like battleships on high,

Around the constellations sailed in grandeur through the sky.

In awe and wonder gazing on the Master's work above.

The moon seemed like the ruler of a universe of love;

The stars, her bright-eyed subjects, in happiness serene.

The ideal free republic, where justice reigns supreme.

The sages knew that Heaven itself made answer to their prayer—

Behold God's spangled firmament: our Flag is shining there!

#### VERSES FROM A CANADIAN MOTHER

(To her son, born Montreal, Feb, 5, 1895; killed at St. Eloi, April 9, 1916.)

A WINTRY day of snow-clad splendour— Yet on my heart doth a blossom

> lie, God's own gift from a far-off Hea-

Dropped by an angel passing by.

Oh! little flower I loved and cherished!

(He that hath given can take away!)
Oh! little feet whose steps I guided!
Oh! little hands that I taught to pray!
Where are you now? You never faltered,

But bravely followed the Spirit's call
That led to the heights of crimson battle—
In taking him, God took my all.

—M. K. in Overseas Magazine.

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LORD, SPEED THE LIGHT!

By CARO TAYLOR

EARY the soul as it rests through
the night—
Watch o'er our slumbers, O In-

finite Might!
Out through the darkness, show us the

way!
We plead now with Thee
For more perfect day—
Bright be the dawn

Through darkest night!
O Lord, speed the light!

Let not the hate of our brothers prevail; Let not the darkness our loved ones assail; Guide and protect by land and o'er sea!

Lord, in Thy mercy,

We plead now with Thee!

Give us sweet peace,

Peace without fear,

And loved ones so dear.

THE EGOTIST

Here's to the man who knows it all! He bores his friends beyond recall. But still, amid pain, grief and strife, He's always satisfied with life.

-Richmond Times-Dispatch.

# Welfare Work

# Its Possibility In New Industries

Dear Everywoman:

THOUGHTS crowd so that I am tempted to adopt the old-time sermon plan for this letter.

First—My excuse for writing is, being a Californian temporarily transplanted to "Little old New York," I want nothing overlooked, withheld or neglected that can increase California's great usefulness.

Second—"Welfare work" is a phrase embracing much. There is a fine example of it in the Emporium of San Francisco

Several California women are engaged in various forms of this work here in the East. Miss Jane Seymour Klink is an authority on the subject. It would take a very long letter to tell of the democracy she so ably manages. She will not let me say she leads it.

A newer work of a different type, but very important, is that of the "Committee on Occupations for Patients and Inmates of Municipal Hospitals and Homes (alms houses) for New York city."

This committee is composed of, and so far financed by, private citizens, to demonstrate the possibility of turning to account the potential labor of handicapped people—the chronic sick, the cripples, convalescents, aged and infirm, by providing occupations graded to their capacities, the proceeds of such labor to be used for the benefit of the patient.

Trained teachers are provided by the committee, and the work itself is supervised by another California woman, Miss Susan C. Johnson, formerly of the Berkeley school department, and later Government worker in saving and improving native designs in textiles, basketry and so on in the Philippine Islands. Another long letter would be needed for details of this interesting effort.

Third—Hearing Miss Johnson talk of her work at once sent my thoughts to the individuals and groups, male and female, in the public institutions throughout our own State, whose lives are colorless burdens to themselves and to every one else. The beneficent effect of occupation to these people, aside from any money standpoint, is inestimable, and the earning capacity would become an aid to their regeneration. It is true I first thought of inebriates and drug users who have been, under protest—and

By Mary Delano Fletcher Welfare Manager of the Champlain Silk Mills

very proper protest—quartered in the over-full insane asylums.

A farm is to be started for these last, and this is a long step in the right direction, but they need not wait for that. They could all be busy, earning now, though I would suggest that one-half their earnings go to the maintenance of the institution and the balance be placed to their credit, so that when they leave, cured, we hope, they need not be penniless. I know some inmates have duties about the premises, yet the veriest drudgery becomes less distasteful if it is made a means to an end, or is followed by some pleasurable pursuit.

Fourth—An industry that has had to languish in our versatile California, because of the expense of labor, is one that could be pursued by the inmates of all the institutions I have mentioned. This is the culture of silk worms to supply the home demand of our factories for silk fibre.

While skill is required for the culture of the highest grade of cocoons, there is a neglected part of the industry that requires little skill.

Up to a few years ago, only unpierced cocoons of the silkworm were salable. Then a wise Englishman awakened to the possible use of what had always been called "waste," found in many forms in all silk factories, and since that time the pierced cocoons are in demand, though not, of course, at the price of unpierced ones.

To perpetuate the species, a proportion of cocoons must be pierced, that the chrysalis develop into the moth, "have wings and flutter and fly." Great skill is needed to understand when to prevent this development, but that may be left to the entirely efficient. In the early efforts in the State to build up the silk industry, I know that children of 12 years old received prizes for unpierced cocoons, so the less difficult work should be easily learned.

Today nothing is wasted. About seven firms are using only pierced cocoons. Waste is used to prepare "soft silk," silk yarns of many weights, sweaters of some grades, crepes, dental floss and electric wire coverings. These mills have their

waste, but this is sold and becomes the filling of the most delightful of comfortables.

These silk yarn mills are depending largely upon China and Japan for their supplies of cocoons, and California should have a share in this production.

It is conceded that if silk growing is ever to be a commercial success in America, it must be along lines where our people can compete with those who raise the cocoons in the Orient. In those countries the labor involved is the unconsidered labor of women and children, for the sericulture of the Orient is a cottage industry.

Who among ourselves correspond most nearly to those who care for the silkworms across the Pacific? Suppose we say it is our dependents in public and semi-public institutions, what then? Could they raise the high grade raw silk that constitutes the chief article of export of China and Japan? Hardly, but they can easily with a little guidance, raise silk waste—the fiber from unpierced and imperfect cocoons. The demand for it at our spinning mills is constant and unsatisfied. Anyone that can pick mulberry and certain other kinds of leaves can raise ordinary cocoons.

"I know California can raise cocoons, but it's the labor question," said the president of one of our mills to me.

"Will you promise to buy all I can offer at your present price?" I asked.

"Not only promise, but want you to promise to sell to me," was his reply.

The market is therefore assured. It remains to put the people to work. Besides the many institutions referred to, there are the school children all over the State, with whom it might be worked out through their nature study classes.

The whole silk industry is immense. Make it a club study. Get in touch with the Agricultural College of the State University and find out how promptly your inquiries will be met.

I can send you the name of a gentleman who knows all about the matter, and who is going to the Orient in quest of more silk fiber. He will gladly arrange to talk with any club that will take up the subject. It is worth considering.

# Council of National Defense

# Co-ordination and Efficiency of Women's Organizations

Members of the National Council of Women:

I N THE June number of Everywoman you received notice of the appointment of a committee of women by the Council of National Defense whose function is to co-ordinate the work of women and be a clearing house for women's organizations.

A tremendous responsibility has been placed on this committee, to secure greater efficiency in women's defense work for the nation.

The committee appointed at once a temporary chairman in each of the forty-eight states, as well as in the territories under the charge of the United States.

The temporary chairman received, with her appointment, a plan of organization covering the call of all the organized women of the State in conference, the formation of a permanent State committee, election of permanent chairman and officers, and the immediate appointment of competent women in each city, county and town, and extending into the rural communities of the State.

Further instructions directed the officers of the State division to departmentalize the work, with a competent head for each department, co-ordinating the work with the national departments, under registration for service, relief, both home and allied, largely under the Red

By Mrs. Philip N. Moore

Cross, increase of food supply, conservation and distribution, protection of women workers, as to wages, hours and general living conditions, courses of instruction and training classes, where not



Mrs. I hilip North Moore

otherwise provided, and safeguarding the moral and spiritual forces, to keep a sane and normal outlook on life.

This entire plan merely links in complete working co-operation existing organizations of women and the affiliation of all women not members of organizations.

The object of this plan is to fulfill the object of their appointment, to enlist at once the greatest possible number in the service, which the national crisis demands.

Work already started toward these same ends is investigated and utilized in order to avoid duplication and overlapping. The committee desires to conserve everything useful in the way of work and organization, and the form advised is in the interest of higher efficiency.

The patriotism that this implies is higher than any one organization; all are uniting in this service and we hope to see large results before the biennial meeting of the National Council of Women in Washington in December.

It will interest our members to know that the board, at its recent meeting in Chicago, decided to focus all activities upon the reconstruction work of the Council after the war—the service the Council of the United States may render to our sisters across the water.

Our one hope is for permanent peace as the outcome of this great struggle—and the union of the women of the world in the activities of peace.

#### TRIBUTE

By Marion Heath Freeman

HEN. Springtime throws a mantle green

Over the earth's dark breast,

And birds chirp forth most rapturously

From field and forest's crest;

When all's abloom and fragrant

At Nature's sweet behest,

My heart beats high;

"Now, now," I cry,

"Earth is the goodliest."

When Summer, with her hand of gold,
Transforms the fields of grain,
And pasture-lands lie gleaming
After the freshening rain;
When bright nasturtiums gayly flaunt
Their color on the pane,
"Stay with us long,"
Is all my song,
"Summer! Go not again!"

When Autumn trails her auburn hair
Athwart the forest lone,
And leaves are tunned to crimson
And the reaper's toil is done;
When squirrels whish their sprightliest,
And nuts are ripe and brown,
When crickets sing
And axes ring
And bring the great trees down;

When first the frosts begin to gleam,
And cranberries are red,
And ducks sail southward o'er the sky,
And short the days are sped;
When Indian Summer'd fain reclaim
The flowers that are dead,
Then, so to me,
Earth seems to be
Most blest and hallowed.

When Winter holds the landscape
Within his icy hand,
And pine trees stand all darkling
Amid a snow-clad land;
When winds fling their defiance,
Like olden armed band,
And hissing logs
On fire dogs
Their onslaught fierce withstand;

When sleigh bells chime a melody,
And fiddles loudly sing,
And through the mazes of the reel
The merry dancers fling;
When skating's on the mill-pond,
And time is on the wing,
Then hey! for folly,
For Winter's jolly—
Hail to the seasons' king!

# CVERYWOMAN

# EDITORIAL PAGES

Jeanne E. Francoeur, Editor

#### World's Democracy the Royal Road to Peace

HE United States has sent forth her ultimatum to the world that she has entered the World War to help give the gift of freedom to persecuted and bewildered people, people who are enlightened enough to fight and sacrifice so men may be free to do their own thinking; to adjust their own affairs; to make their own laws; to live up to the best of their intelligence, and to pray to their God—in the language of their own souls, without having to do so by the prescription of royal rulers. And that no country, however small,

should be governed against the will of her people.

In the face of the brutal, murderously governed countries of a good part of Europe, anyone will admit that, in making known the desires of America, President Wilson really took on a large contract. But never, in all the history of the world, was so magnificent an undertaking necessary. And never, in history, nor in the years to come, can undertakings of magnitude become so sure of fulfillment. For such is this almighty promise of the great, young Republic, which won her own freedom against oppression and tremendous odds. That freedom for which the untrained and poorly equipped soldiers fought so fiercely at Bunker Hill, which the Frenchmen fought for on Dead Man's Hill, and for which the Britons and the Irish, Scotchmen, Canadians, Australians and New Zealanders fought for on Messines Ridge-and won-is of the same piece and pattern. Its name is Democracy. And it is the greatest thing-the only thing, worth fighting for in all the world; for, without it the world would be a semi-slave market, with "The Ruling Powers" as the master slave owners, to whom the subjects should pay idolatrous worship for the gift of living. And, "The Ruling Powers" would continue to be just as they are today in Europe, the master grabbers of all which makes life worth living.

But, there is no one man living who is fitted to safeguard and dictate the lives and the conscience of millions of men. God, alone, is fitted for such a marvelous undertaking. And, when any poor human undertakes such omnipotence, the divine powers make sport of him, and he usually goes mad, dragging his poor subjects—who were taught everything except to think—with him.

So, world Democracy is the only royal road to peace. No

man's soul or body is shoddy enough material for enslavement in the twentieth century. The day of "The Ruler" and "the subject" is passing, but passing with hideous agony and

pain.

The "twilight sleep" of free-born Democracy is here and souls cry across the broad Atlantic, the Black Sea, the Irish Sea and over most of the Seven Seas—cry to America, the great New World, to hasten to the Old World, to France, and unite the twin Republics—in a union which will drive Autocracy from the face of the earth; and which will give to every living being, and to every being yet unborn, the Godgiven right of freedom.

When Prescot set out in the night to defend Bunker Hill, he had 1,200 ragged, hungry, poorly equipped men and boys—mostly off the farms—with their old hunting rifles as weapons; but they fought and died and won freedom for their descendants. Now ten millions of these descendants, and other sons of freedom—somewhat better equipped—are

willing to follow General Pershing into France, through the devil's zone of submarines, in order to bestow that gift on all the children of women. And, they cannot fail—for, it is the gift of God.

Woman's Sphere—

Where Is the Limit Now?

OW short are the years now passed, when the woman's sphere was an every day expression on the lips of men-and even boys-who pretended to a knowledge of the world. Where is woman's sphere now? Or rather, where is the limit of her sphere now? It has none that you can see. In Russia, they draw the limit at the fighting-line. This, we regret. Although, it is doubtful if women suffer more in the anticipation and heat of battle, than they do while waiting-waiting while the heart's blood of their children is being poured forth on the battlefield, in defense of home and country. Indeed, we think not. The very excitement of defense, and the heroic facing of death, would deaden the pain for the time being. But, the deadly uncertainty; the wide-open eyes watching through the silent hours of the night; the memory of the magic voice, with, possibly, the dumb, death seal upon it; the beloved form, blotted out of all earthly existence, are a few of the things which go to make up woman's sphere today. And, these are the tragedies which are not at all counted up to her credit in the summing up of her efficiency-and efficient she must be now, or she must cease to count; and, really, it is a good thing for her in these days of man-made slaughter.
"Woman's sphere" (as men used to think of it) has

"Woman's sphere" (as men used to think of it) has faded away into the dim distance. Look at the women of today, and see what they are doing. In the centers of the Old World they have bravely taken the places of their men, who went to drive the invaders from their country, or from their Allies country. And, "the soft jobs" were not picked out for the women by any means. Women of the highest social standard are seen daily doing the most laborious and menial labor. In many cases they welcome the work, as it gives surcease or at least dulls the pain of loss, grief or suspense. These women did not make the war; they did not give the slightest cause for it either through sins of omission or of commission. They had not—nor have they today—the poorest legal say in all this hideous massacre of human life; and, yet, they have been and shall be the great sufferers. They have promises, but—well, so have had the Irish on

Home Rule.

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# Co-operation of American Women In War-Work

THE co-ordination of the activities of 7,000,000 of women, who are to be useful for the period of the war, has been the task which Mrs. Philip North Moore, President of the National Council of Women, set for herself very soon after the United States had war thrust upon her. And, when the Government felt the necessity to call upon women to render services to the country, this enormous body of women were ready to fall in line for service.

When the Council of National Defense was created,

#### Advisory Council of Everywoman

Mrs. Philip North Moore

Mrs. John F. Merrill

Mrs. John E. Millholland

Mrs. John Rothschild

Mrs. Edwin Goodall

Mrs. Eugenie Schroeder

The Countess of Aberdeen
Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst
Mrs. A. W. Scott
Mrs. James C. Jordan
Ina Coolbrith
Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper

Dr. Kate Waller Barrett
Mrs. Henry Payot
Mrs. E. Gerberding
Mrs. Georgia Sperry
Mrs. Abbie E. Krebs

by Act of Congress, Secretary Baker, its Chairman, was quick to realize the value of women's service. On April 21 he made known to a number of women of national fame, that they were appointed as a Committee on Women's Defense Work. Of this body, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, became Chairman. Already, owing to the fact that the great body of The National Council of Women was lined up for preparedness, and World Peace—following the war, the way was cleared admirably for the services to be performed by the Committee on Women's Defense Work.

It was only on May the second, at Washington, that Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, called the members together. Out of this meeting grew the plan of registration; also, the plan to avoid duplication of effort and the formation of new lines of service. The wise method of assigning women to their own particular line of work, profession or trade, was established; thus eliminating the great waste of time and labor, which would clog the economic machinery, were women to be called upon to perform work in which they had no experience.

This stroke of feminine efficiency might well be taken—and, indeed, "Everywoman" hopes it shall be taken, henceforth, by the Government of these United States, as the foundation for the only true, high standard of government service to the people, who are called upon—through overwhelming taxation—to pay the cost of the untrained multitude, who seek and obtain positions of trust, through political influence alone.

It gives us a sense of pride, as well as security, to know that the eight women in Washington, called from all over the United States by Secretary Baker, of the War Department, were so judicious and far-seeing as to form plans which cover practically every branch of service and economics, from conservation of food supply to its production; from hygiene to the demand that women receive equal pay when accomplishing equal work with men.

The plan of organization, then formed, has been received by the Chairman of the Committee on Women's Defense Work of the various States, and is being divided by them into county organizations, according to the best available local methods and materials.

Owing to the immense capital in knowledge, experience and capability, possessed by that National Committee on Women's Defense Work, Secretary Baker rendered a great service to the Nation by his choice of the following ladies, who comprise it: they are Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, Mrs. Philip North Moore, Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles, Miss Maude Wetmore, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Mrs. Antoinette Funk, Mrs. Stanley McCormack, Mrs. Joseph R. Lamar, and Miss Ida M. Tarbell.

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# Hooverize and Economize— Such Is President Wilson's Counsel

American economy. Herbert Hoover, the man whose genius in proper food distribution went a long way in saving what is left of the Belgian population, is made by President Wilson the censor of American food supply and of its distribution as well. And a mighty good thing this is for this country and for the world at large. For, however clever the food grafters may be, they will have their hands full "putting it over" on Herbert Hoover, the great California expert—whose head and heart and soul are equally well balanced.

It is certainly a most hopeful sign, as well as a guarantee to the 7,000,000 of women, formed from all the affiliated

clubs of America under the head of The National Council of Women, and thousands of women who do not belong to any club, but who are good and earnest workers, to be quite sure that this gigantic task is in the hands of a man "who knows how"—a man who has had the practical and daily experience in saving lives through right feeding and sensible economy. So many magnificent and far-reaching projects have, in the years gone by, been put into incompetent hands for politics' sake, that the fact of a proven expert being put into the right place, gives a sense of security that is close akin to gratitude.

Mr. Hoover, too, is fortunate in having the largest and most thoroughly trained and broad-minded women in the world as his aids and assistants. In fact, they did not wait to be told what to do; but, like good mothers and good house-keepers, they started in at the first call of war to prepare for the coming conflict in household economics. Now all over the country their forces are being fast mobilized into such an army of efficiency as the world has never seen.

And all the knowledge acquired in the days of stress will not pass away. It will leave America richer in the education of the stomach—on which, after all, both health and most of happiness depend. Women now, both rich and poor, will have to learn the proper combinations of various foods, their value to health and to the pocketbook, which they never fully considered before. For, among average American households, where expert cooks were unknown, cooking was a lost art.

Now Mr. Hoover offers ways and means by which we can save meats and wheats and fats, by substituting other foods, which we have in greater abundance, and of which no one—who ever tried to economize—can doubt the value and wholesomeness.

And, above and beyond all, this thorough-going efficiency expert will harness and put into proper use the superabundant energies of the American woman of leisure, who only needed the proper director.

#### The Dawning of Justice Comes to Women at Last

SMALL paragraph which came out of Washington points most strongly to the dawning of justice—as applied to women who have to work for their living. It was carelessly tucked away among other little items in some of the daily papers, and it read:

"I can assure you there is no intention on the part of this department to discriminate against women employes. All the positions in the department are graded and the same rate of pay applies to each position, regardless of the sex of the incumbent."

Such was the reply given by Secretary Daniels to Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, President of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, when she made inquiry of the Secretary of the Navy in regard to the compensation of women employed in the Navy Department.

Shades of Belva Lockwood! How we hope she had her ear to the wireless, and heard that reply. She passed out of here too soon. It was fifty years and more since she pleaded with that "stub-nosed preacher" whose influence she besought to get a raise in her salary, as a school teacher, from three dollars a week to six dollars a week, or the same pay as was given to man. His reply was: "You cannot help yourself. It is the way of the world."

But she helped change the way of the world materially before she left it.

# No Premature Peace

## France and Freedom Stand for World Democracy

RANCE, the sunny and openhearted! France, the joyous and gay! She stands now wrapped in a robe of seriousness, and for the first time in many decades is absolutely united.

In 1910, when a well-known Chicago author and lecturer, being annoyed by inattention, a long wait, and the insolence of a clerk at the Bon Marche in Paris, made comment on the lack of politeness in the young Parisienne, the retort came quick as a flash, "Madame, politness died out with the Burbons." A royalist! yes, and there were many such who had their dreams of "restoration," but note the "were" for there is no such division now. Side by side they all stand united for one end, the driving out and conquest of the Germans. Each and every one feels that a peace with that country today would be merely a truce, a respite for the soldiers of today, but a fiercer struggle for the soldiers of to-

France stands united, firmly united. At no time has the strength of this union been more clearly shown than at a recent meeting of the representative French associations held at the Sorbonne. The President of the Republic, the President of the Chamber of Deputies, every member of the Government and of the diplomatic corps, and many others were there. Representatives of every creed and every class of society in France were present to affirm the indissolubility of the union of all Frenchmen.

France is aroused! From the Alps to the Pyrences, from the ocean to the Mediterranean, every inhabitant of every city, town, village and hamlet has risen in pride, hope and wrath to oppose the Teuton aggression.

From the invaded regions, not three months since, a reputy, M. Defontaine, came back to take his seat in the Chamber of Deputies after an absence of two and a half years. His words, ringing loudly throughout the hall and galleries, found an echo in the heart of every Frenchman at home or abroad. "Whatever you do, make no premature peace, no patched-up, nor German peace." That was the message he brought to the government from the people of that section of France where the invading Germans have caused suffering and misery. He

By Edna Covert Plummer

continued, "they are suffering cruelly there both in body and soul; they are enduring the greatest humiliations; they have insufficient food; yet, full of determination, they cry out to you saying to make no patched-up German peace."

It was M. Paul Deschanel, President of the Chamber of Deputies, who stated that France had risen in the cause of right. He claimed that France was approaching the most decisive moment of all times. "This war," he said, "is the greatest of all wars, not only by the length of the battle line, the power of inventions, the number of men and the



Edua Covert Plummer

peoples engaged in it—fourteen nationa, 20,000,000 men are wrestling, amidst untold horrors—but because all the moral inheritance of mankind is at stake." It is not a duel between two countries, or two civilizations, Greece and Persia, Rome and Carthage; it is a struggle between the just and the unjust, between honor and perjury, between right and crime. The morality of the universe is at stake.

Said M. Deschanel: "Germany had guaranteed the independence and neutrality of Belgium; she called upon this country to allow her a passage through her land in order to attack France; Belgium refused, and Germany ruthlessly fell upon her and slew her. Germany has, before God, before man, and before the ages to come, stained herself with the blood of innocent Belgium. If such

a crime should triumph, the human race would be degraded. Treaties would no longer have any value, nations no security—you see that neutral countries are already endangered. All moral effort since the human race has existed would be annihilated, and man be on a level with the beasts; the strongest paw, the sharpest claw, would rule the world. The very thought of such a terrible state of existence is maddening. Anyone who has a heart would brave the worst of evils rather than sink to such degradation.

"France believes that Germany understands things, but not men, yet she (a country of 70,000,000 people) desires to assume the domination of the world. She is not abashed; she claims that privilege by right of her own "superiority," and tells you so herself. Yet she has been mistaken in her estimate of Belgium, of France, Great Britain, Russia, Italy and Japan. She puts forth the claim now that her enemies desire to annihilate her. In the words of the small boy, "Who started this fight?" Her words are idle ones. No enemy, and least of all France, desires to annihilate her. They do desire that nations may breathe freely and work in peace, but they do not wish to prevent Germany or anyone else from

M. Ernest Lavisse, of the French Academy, in a public address, stated that France would never consent to a peace which would not be assured by the victory of the allies, and added that the Frenchman had a choice between two futures.

"The future, if we forego victory.

"The future, if we persevere in the struggle until victory is achieved."

The former would not be a victory, merely a truce. It would mean continual anxiety for the morrow; the continuation of the exhausting regime of armed peace with its excessive armaments; the impossibility of defraying these costs in addition to those incurred by the war, then the revival of work and labor paralyzed. As a consequence the war will then have left France with uneasy minds, bitter, angry feelings in their hearts, which might jeopardize peace at home.

In the second instance, there would be a peace which will reduce Germany, not

(Continued on page twenty-five)

# Reflections on Manners

#### Problems of the Woman Who Works

By A Woman Who Tried

BEFORE criticising my sisters I am going to speak of my own short-comings, for I know to my discredit that my door has been hastily closed with a short answer to many who have called to interest me in their various business ventures.

My object in writing this little article is to show what we of the offending class miss in life in being in too big a hurry to give a kindly word; and what a responsibility rests with us, if we did but stop to consider.

Let every woman who reads this article stop and ask herself to which of the two classes described below does she belong, for I assure you every word of this is the truth and my own experience.

From force of circumstances my duty at present is to interview housewives with a business proposition. Sometimes I have excellent introductions; again, only my own initiative. Here are a few, only a few, of the receptions I get.

Before I have time to explain myself Madam Housewife will snap out that she never buys anything at the door on principle. Or the maid will look at my inoffensive little handbag, which is too big to be fashionable, and she will say: "She don't want anything." Then comes the housewife, who will say: "I have so many charities to attend to that I cannot do anything for anyone else." At this you naturally feel a little indignant and explain that you are supplying a need and not begging. After hearing some of the names of the people to whom you have introductions in the neighborhood Madam Climber takes notice and would be all smiles and very gracious, but the stab has been given and you begin to think seriously of Cold Charity.

In the beginning of this article I told you I was an offender. Here is an instance which happened many years ago to me which I have never forgotten, and it has been very forcibly brought home to me in the past few months. I see a lesson in it all by which I hope to benefit. One day some workmen dared to eat their lunch on my doorstep, and in my ignorance I asked them to move away—I think the thought of contagion or something else must have passed through my mind. However, with a guilty conscience I looked out of the window and saw those men enjoying a

cup of coffee and a friendly chat with my neighbor on her doorstep. Then the realization of a lost opportunity of doing a kind act came to me.

There are many ways of dispersing real charity; the charity that is kind, not the patronizing, pauperizing kind, the charity that will help men and women to uphold their spirit of independence, which is so sweet to many. Are we going to withhold those little acts of kindness at the risk of embittering other natures?

For instance, one day I had one of the disagreeable instances quoted above. It was a very hot day and I was tired and hungry. For the moment I felt discouraged and disgusted with my kind. It gave me food for reflection on my long trolley ride home. My train of thought was this: My hunger is not from lack of cash but my own neglect; my life has been successful and bright with excellent prospects for the future, so why let a few disagreeables disturb me. But what about those who have not much in their lives and perhaps have not the price of a meal, unless they close some business that day? Can you blame them if they are a little bitter towards their sisters who have more of the world's goods than they and cannot even spare a kind word? Is it not excusable if they are just a little too intrusive or insistent in trying to sell their goods? If we think of the pressure that may be at the back of their lives, do we not do well to help them on and not give cause for bitter feelings, for they have the right to try and earn their living. We are all of one clay. We might think people are very ordinary, judging by their clothes and appearance, but many a noble character is hidden in a rough exterior.

Speaking of a body of apparently down-and-out men, a friend of mine, who does a great deal of the real charity work, without any money to spend, says he feels safe to guarantee that half of those men with whom he associates, had they the helping hand and encouragement, would make excellent citizens. How does he know these men? Not by giving checks and feeling that his duty is done. Of course, check giving is excellent; but, for those who have not checks to give, there is a big field trying

to get into the lives of their fellow men by reaching for the good that is in them. Then will come the real meaning of the uplift of humanity.

Now for some of the delightful interviews I have had, which make me think that these women must be living on another plane than we of the offending class. "I never refuse to see a woman no matter what her business is; this is woman's day and I am a woman's woman." This, or something similar, is a common greeting. I wish I could quote all who have left their gardening or sewing to talk with me and give me encouragement, or, perhaps, pass me on to their friends.

There is the thinking woman who will say: "I wonder what I would do if I had to help myself; it is so lovely for women to be able to do so." She realizes that if she were put to the test she would appreciate kindness, so she puts herself in another's place and gives as she would like to receive. Then, there is the one who does not say much, but when you find yourself in her neighborhood again you know she has told her friends about you, with the result that your morning's work is easy.

There are the little children whom you speak to on the street who take you in to see their mothers. You apologize and say: "Your little girl is responsible for the intrusion." Upon which the mother replies: "My little girl brings in everyone and I always try to see them." You are thankful for the mothers who bring their children up in that sweet atmosphere.

Here are two classes which I know many cautious housewives will censure, and say it is encouraging dishonesty and running a great risk of associating with a woman who might not be all she should be—which to some people, of course, would be unpardonable. These are they who, without any suggestion of money from you, will give you hard cash for goods which they will not receive for many months, telling you they are taking you on chance but that you fill a need and that you have come at the right time.

Last is the one you have gone to by mistake and while being directed aright you find something in common, either religion, music or perhaps both, as in

(Continued on page eighteen)

# Seeing the Child Think

## Wrong Thoughts the Cause of Wrong Acts

M ANY mothers punish a child for a wrong act without attempting to right the wrong thought that caused the naughty act.

A little boy three years old had a beautiful big dog that loved him, and would endure a great deal of teasing from his little master. The child was very fond of his four-footed play-fellow; but, like all small boys, and girls, he loved a noise, and he loved to make the big dog bark. He would often shake a stick at the dog, and sometimes hit him, just for the fun of seeing him back into a corner and bark furiously. The little boy's mother punished her boy in many ways; she spanked him, she put him to bed, she deprived him of his toys; but he still persisted in teasing the dog.

One day the mother, who had always punished her boy for his cruelty without looking for the thought that prompted it, noticed the mischief in her son's eyes as he waved a tiny rake over the dog's head. She restrained her impatience, quietly took the rake from him, and, laying his little hand on the sharp points, said:

"Suppose, son, some little boy, who didn't know any better, should hit your dog with those sharp points. Of course, he wouldn't do it if he loved the dog, for he wouldn't want to hurt a dog he loved, and those points are very sharp. Would you let that little boy hit your dog and make his head sore, just to hear him bark?"

The child was quiet; he was thinking. The mother continued, gently rubbing her son's hands over the prongs:

"You know, son, if that little boy should really hit Jack with those sharp points, Jack wouldn't bark. He'd cry, just as you did when you hit your head this morning."

Then, having taken away the wrong thought, she supplied a right one to take its place.

"Just think how nicely Jack barks when he wants a cooky. Let's get Jack a cooky and make him say, 'Please.'"

This little boy never teased Jack any more; the right habit of thought had taken hold. However, before the novelty of making Jack say "Please" had worn off, the occasion cost the child's mother nearly three pounds of cookies.

But wasn't it worth it?

By Lillian Rea

The working of a child's mind is exactly analogous to the working of your physical body. Each little nerve center in the brain must work properly or the child will have a distorted view of life, and will act accordingly. Different kinds of thoughts govern different kinds of acts, and each class of thoughts is operated by its own distinct nerve center in the brain. Before these nerve centers acquire the habit of working as they shouldn't-these habits sometimes become so strong that when we realize it in later life we are unable to break them. A mother should be able to see clearly all these thought operations and teach her boy to form right habits of thought.

During the first seven years of life a child's mind is pliable, unprejudiced, and readily affected by outside suggestion. This period is the parents' supreme opportunity.

Years ago parents did not consider a child's thoughts. How often have we ourselves heard parents say, "Didn't mean to? I don't care what he thought; he had no business to do it. Just wait until he gets home." This method of training was much easier than "seeing him think." It required little study on the part of the parents, and the normal child soon learned, through fear of punishment, that there were cetain things he must not do.

From the very day a child is born a mother should begin to study "seeing him think." At first his little animal needs are easy to interpret and satisfy. As he grows older there is still a reason for every trivial thing he says and does, a thought back of every expression.

A mother should never punish until she is sure her punishment will eradicate the wrong thought and substitute the right one. She must remember that there are two points-of-view to every act, a wrong one and a right one. She must know which prompts her son's act. If she has more than one child she will soon realize that they all do the same naughty act from entirely different thought motives, and in such a case each must be treated individualy.

A mother who has never trained her boy by altering his habit of thought must not expect to revolutionize his already established mental processes in a short trial. The child will seldom try to hide his first evidence of an unlovely thought or trait, because he will have had no experience that will make him want to conceal it. Nevertheless, mothers do not often notice the signs of wrong thoughts until they have become a habit, and the habit has probably been strengthened by many misunderstood punishments.

Always begin by encouraging your boy to tell his thoughts frankly. Do not hesitate to let him know when he is wrong; the truth told quietly and firmly will always encourage frankness. Be very careful not to say or do anything that causes him to turn away with a reserved opinion visible on his face.

If you take away a wrong thought be sure to put a right one in its place; you cannot train a child not to think. If you show him where he is wrong don't leave him puzzled, wondering what to think. Substitute the right thought and satisfy him.

The best way to change a wrong thought into a right one is by altering the child's point of view. Help him to consider his own act as he would if another child were concerned, as in the little incident told above.

Learning to see him think requires a great deal of self-control on the mother's part. If she is lacking in this, she may punish wrongly, and the fear of punishment may prevent the child from repeating the same act, but it will not make the wrong thought right, nor hinder its expressing itself in some other form.

If we think right, we do right; and the time to learn to think right is early childhood when our methods of thought are forming.

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HOUSEHOLD HINTS FOR BRIDES

Everything's gone up in price. This is very good advice:

Think of bills, and save the rice!

-Mary Carolyn Davies.

# FOR PRESENT MERCIES

"There are some loves that fade away when other loves come on.

So be content with love today, nor dream of love that's gone.

And eat your tasty rice, my child, and do not let me hear

You whisper more about how nice potatoes were last year."

-Kansas City Star.

# What Is City Planning?

### Some Explanations of a Neglected Art

plan, for future city growth. It is the science and art of first planning out, and then securing the best business requirements—health, safety, convenience and beauty in the city—recently given a new direction and much more vital purpose. Cities and towns have always grown according to some plan. Mostly it has been one of imme-

diate expediency or necessity.

Many people think, when we ask for a city planning commission—or one has been appointed and one is placed as a member of that commission—that the full duty is to beautify. It is to provide not only for the present requirements of the city, but also for what is to be the need in the future. Evidence of the necessity of this is given in almost every city in the world, and particularly in the United States, where cities have grown much faster than in the old world, and much faster than their own inhabitants realized it was possible to do.

By building to a well thought-out plan, the city co-ordinates all suggestions from the various departments of the city government, civic organizations, or private citizens, and secures uniformity.

Every American city carries a heavy burden, in abandoned good residential sections, where homes are offered for a mere fraction of their original cost, because the neighborhood has been spoiled by the intrusion of scattered and unsuitable business and industry, and in its immense percentage of unproductive, vacant land in carrying charges far greater than the average increase in value. Its shifting and declining downtown business centers entail gigantic loss in rents and property values, and render speculative and unstable the highest land values of the city.

These burdens are now found to be unnecessary, and can be controlled by a carefully studied-out municipal zone ordinance. It will be the first work of the city planning commission to prepare and recommend to the Board of Supervisors such an ordinance for San Francisco.

The usual suburban property just beyond the city limits has been practically uncontrolled and almost impossible of later conversion into a unified, efficient city. But under the new State map filing act, no new subdivision can be legally

By Mrs. Abbie E. Krebs

sold up to three miles outside the city limits, unless the map of this tract is first approved by the nearest city planning commission.

Capital refuses to lend more than 50 per cent of the value of improved city property while it lends 90 per cent on good stocks. We all admit the slowness of real estate in times of stress. There



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is a general lack of civic order, civic individuality, and civic beauty, and a deplorable lack of public spirit in the making of private gifts to our American cities. An adopted city plan stimulates greater civic bequests, because it assures the donors that the funds bequeathed will go to an appropriate and acceptable use.

All these bad conditions, and many

more, could have been saved our cities by the adoption of an intelligent city plan.

The continuous shifting of the uses and values of large sections of city property, and the inadequacy of many large cities to perform their functions and serve their people in a convenient and efficient manner, tend to create insecurity of real estate values. Private and selfish exploitation of the use of land under practically no municipal control, for the interest of the community as a whole, has created a crying need for an effective city plan.

With the population of our city growing in greatly increasing proportions, while we are spending large sums in the endeavor to correct a few of the past mistakes of city making, and while we have evidence that the haphazard, piecemeal, short-sighted city building is inefficient and wasteful, is not the planning of cities on broad, business-like and economic lines a most vital subject for the consideration of those on whom this grave responsibility rests? No department of the city government now performs this work for San Francisco. It is urgent that it be done as a matter of economy, particularly in this war time.

The time has come when we must cease to feel that city planning means the making of a few parks and a boulevard or two, and that the placing of a monument or the lighting of the streets is all that it involves. We must now realize that in the fundamental, practical scope of actual planning and replanning of cities as they should be, we must not accept the lack of planning and hopeless jumble or unrelated and conflicting parts as unavoidable.

Efficient city planning involves vitally every industry and every individual of our cities. It is the insistent demand of business and human instinct for the use of reason, fairness and foresight in the organic construction of a city, according to a carefully prepared plan, with exactly the same principles as govern any commercial undertaking, the building of any house, the laying out of any farm, or the intelligent execution of any human activity.

An intelligent city plan considers impartially all parts of the city at the same time, and does not forget the greater

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# Women's Legislative Work Substantial Progress Being Made

T would depend very largely upon one's point of view as to whether or not the women of the State succeeded in getting through the recent Legislature very many laws, or rather, laws worth while, in their favor. One would have to take into consideration past conditions, past prejudices and then the general trend of matters relating to the status of women. Personally, I think the women of the State are to be congratulated upon the advance made during the recent Legislature. They did better than I had anticipated.

Of course, I was mainly concerned in securing the exemption of the wife's half of the community property from the inheritance tax, and placing the wife in this respect upon an equality with the husband. This particular amendment I had included in S. B. 992, which Senator Kehoe was kind enough to introduce for me.

The bill passed both houses without a great deal of opposition. There was a little delay due to questions asked by various legislators, but I cannot say that any real objection developed; nor did the Governor show any hostility to the measure. He talked with me about it a number of times and seemed a little concerned in the loss of revenue the State would suffer should he sign the bill. In answer to this particular objection I told him that the State was not entitled to this particular revenue, that it was an unjust burden and an unjust tax upon women, and therefore should be abandoned, whether or not the State suffered materially. It is to be assumed, of course, that he agreed with my view, inasmuch as he finally signed the bill.

Mrs. H. A. Cable, now President of the Women's Federation of Clubs, and who was in Sacramento during the legislative session as a representative of the Women's Legislative Council, had six bills relating to the rights of women introduced by Senator Luce. One of those bills related to the exemption of the wife's half of the community property from the inheritance tax, but it was not pushed because it was clearly understood that this particular exemption would get through in my bill, which was a revision of the general inheritance tax act of the State and where such an amendment properly belonged, or that it would not get through at all.

Of the other five Luce bills, 359 was

By Hon. John S. Chambers
State Controller

the only one passed by both houses and signed by the Governor. It amends section 172 of the civil code and provides that both husband and wife shall have the management and control of the community property. Under the law, as it stood, the husband had the management and control. The amended section also takes away from the husband the absolute power of testamentary disposition, and presumably it is the intention to leave this particular matter to other sections of the code.



Hon. John S. Chambers

S. B. 32, introduced by Senator Benson, gives women the right and privilege of jury service. Heretofore, under the wording of section 190 of the code of civil procedure, juries were composed of men.

S. B. 143, by Senator Jones, was signed by the Governor, and its purpose is to amend Section 164 of the civil code by adding the following, to indicate what shall be considered as community property: "Including real property situated in this State and personal property wherever situated, acquired while domiciled elsewhere." This law is designed to overcome decisions of the courts which have held that where the husband and wife, during the marriage, have acquired property in another State which does not have a community law, and subsequently

have come to California, then the title of such property that said persons shall bring with them shall remain as it was when they entered the State. The fact of their becoming residents of California does not change the property from a separate estate of the husband to community property merely because said married couple have subjected themselves to the jurisdiction of this State.

A. B. 65, by Assemblyman Bartlett, is,—or will be on July 27th,—a law of the land, and relates to temporary alimony and the permanent support and maintenance of the wife.

Thus briefly 1 have reviewed the legislation achieved in behalf of women during the 1917 Legislature. It may be that 1 have overlooked some measures, but I think not.

Owing to the demands upon this office because of war conditions, and the fact that I am greatly interested in Red Cross matters, which take a great deal of my time, I have not been able to go into the new legislation as thoroughly as I shall a little later on. But I think I have covered the bills affecting women, certainly the most important bills, and I wish to reiterate that, in my judgment, they have made substantial progress.

It may be recalled that in former articles of mine and speeches upon this subject, I warned the women not to ask too much, that whether they liked it or not I feared they would have to advance trench by trench rather than by one big drive, and the result has borne me out. But I see no reason why women should feel other than encouraged, and I believe with the progress made in 1917 that like progress will be made two years hence, if not even greater progress.

# An Eastern Joke

Ferdie—That London chappie who just passed me on the street didn't seem to recognize me.

Mabel—That's because he's English. You know how bard it is for an Englishman to see a joke.

# Reason Is Accepted

Mrs. Kawler—l'm just glad to hear you say you wish the war was over, son. It's a very cruel business.

Son—'Tain't that. War makes history, and there's more of that alreaty than I can ever learn.—Boston Transcript.

# Council of Jewish Women

# A Broad Scope of Service for Race Benefit

By Annie S. Knapp

HE Council of Jewish Women was the result of the Religious Congress held during the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893, and it is therefore in the twenty-fourth year of its existence. It numbers sections at this moment in seventy-seven cities, in twentynine states and in Canada, with a membership of nearly twenty thousand, and is made up of Jewish women who are concerned in all movements looking to the proper education of their children, the development of their religion, and the betterment of social conditions and humanity in general. Its objects, as stated in the Constitution, are to further united efforts in hehalf of Judaism, to bring about a closer relation among Jewish women, to furnish a medium of interchange of thought and a means of communication, of prosecuting work of common interest, and to further the work of social betterment. These various objects may be realized in the activities that have been developed under the three large departments of religion, education and philanthropy, each one of which has been extended to embrace activities that modern social conditions increasingly have created, and is under the direction of various committees described in detail in the program of work issued by the Council in the first year of each triennial period. Briefly these are:

Religion—The development of Judaism in so far as Council work outlines it, depends largely upon study classes, that the Jewish women may know the religious history of their people.

Religious Schools-The duty of this committee is to advocate and organize religious schools in communities where there are no congregational schools, or where those schools fail to provide religious instruction for all the children in the community. With the exception of small communities, where the congregational schools take in all Jewish children of school age, the field for religious schools is unbelievably large and unworked; the congregational schools in large cities do not begin to give all Jewish children, or even half, opportunities for religious instruction. This committee further recommends the placing on religious school board of women. Thirty-four Council schools are reported; these are religious schools maintained in communities exclusive of those established by other agencies.

Philanthropy—Philanthropies initiated by the Council comprise nearly every phase of social and charitable endeavor. Work for girls is undertaken primarily. This has brought into being clubs for improvement and recreation for girls, censorship for moving picture shows and regulation of dance halls, that their recreation may be proper; athletics; the establishment of homes for working girls and vacation and convalescent homes; care of girls after leaving institutions; noonday lunches; industrial training; employment bureaus; travelers' aid; correctional work with provisions for wayward and delinquent girls; prisoners' aid and juvenile court work; personal service, under which there is hospital visiting; district and social nurses; work for invalids and the shut-in; dispensaries; housing; baby welfare; dental clinics; work for the blind; tuberculosis propaganda, and the list can go on indefinitely. There is no phase of proper social and philanthropic work that the Council has not recommended and outlined, and which does not actively continue in some sections.

In Brooklyn a series of monthly dances in a Settlement House was begun in the most congested district, but the quarters were small and soon were outgrown. The Council then obtained permission to use the courtyard of a public school for a weekly dance on Saturday night and paid for a supervisor, attendant, janitor and musicians, one of the Council board acting as chaperon. Yiddish cards of invitation were distributed in the evening schools and factories, announcing the opening of the school with an admission fee of 5 cents. One summer twelve dances were given with a total attendance of more than 2,000, and at the close of the season there was a surplus in The next winter the the treasury. dances were given in the gynasium of the school and the following summer the second season of dances wase begun. That year the attendance was nearly 6,000, with substantial proceeds at the end of the year. Through this demonstration of the need and desirability of using the schools for public recreation, the board oof education was induced to take this work under their auspices and under the direct control of the board of education in Brooklyn, N. Y., four schools in this district are now open for weekly dances and as general recreation centers. In this same connection must also be mentioned the organization under the Council of a home-making center and model flat to teach the immigrant girls in Brooklyn American methods of homemaking and housekeeping.

In San Francisco the Council maintains a Settlement Home for the uplift of Jewish immigrants of the section of the city where this home is located. Classes are operated in English, sewing, domestic science, singing and dancing. Nashville, Portland and Seattle maintain settlements which are centers for all philanthropic activities. Industrial classes are conducted and clubs for girls and boys for reading, dancing, games and dramatics. Dental clinics and dispensaries are also operated, as well as employment bureaus.

In Pittsburg the Labor Bureau maintained by the Council in their own head-quarters has established a club for those girls for whom they have secured employment and helps them to maintain a summer camp. This club also enables the Labor Bureau and its superintendent to do the follow-up work for girls it has placed.

The Lakeview Home, established and maintained by the New York section for wayard girls and unmarried mothers, provides a temporary refuge for them and offers opportunities for industrial training, especially in domestic science work; secures positions for these girls and endeavors to supervise them personally after they are discharged from the institution.

Philadelphia maintains a home to rescue and protect Jewish girls and also a bureau for personal service for the care of Jewish girls and women committed to them by the court, hospitals and other organizations. The Providence section maintains a dispensary.

Work for the Jewish blind, fortunately finding no great field for activity in small cities, has been extremely effective in others. Workshops have been organized by the Council, notably in Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, giving to the afflicted in those cities a means of livelihood. These work-

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# Clashing Ideals England's Attitude Towards India

RUTH is said to be at the bottom of a well," remarks Lowell in his essay on Democracy, "for the very reason perhaps that whosoever looks down in search of her sees his own image." It is because of this tendency of human nature to adopt the partisan attitude towards history that it is so very difficult to estimate the merits of the British rule in India.

The three hundred millions of Hindustan are governed by a handful of two hundred thousand white men. This seems strange to one who does not realize that India is merely a collection of countries where fifty different languages are spoken, where the races and customs are more varied than those of the European continent, and where the prejudices of thousands of years, the deeply rooted caste system and undying religious hatreds seem an insuperable barrier to national unity. Yet in spite of everything, there was a time, five or six hundred years before the coming of the white man, when the civilization of India far outranked that of Europe. When the Anglo-Saxon was only a brutal savage, there were great universities throughout India where philosophy, logic, science, rhetoric and history were taught.

The rule of the English over the three hundred millions in India has been well described as a "government from the top down." That is, the officials' responsibility is owed to the British government and not to the people of Hindustan. While the imperial policy is controlled in London by the secretary of state for India, the general conduct of affairs is in the hands of the viceroy, assisted by the council. He gives his orders to the heads of the various provincial governments, such as the governors of the presidencies of Madras and Bombay, and these heads oversee the commissionerships into which the provinces are divided, for the administration of which local officers are responsible. Each province has its legislative councils containing an elective element of natives who make the local laws, while laws for the empire of India, as a whole, are made by the grand legislative council of which the vicerov is a member.

The result is an immense and wonderfully efficient organization, which extends from the viceroy in Delhi to the lowest coolie and protects all equally.

By Margaret P. Hayne, M. A.

As a matter of fact, the percentage of crime in India in late years is less than what it is in England itself. One cause for regret is, however, that under this system of government from the "top down," the village organizations have been wiped out. These, in the old days, when the people would gather in their councils and elect their head man, constituted a germ of self-government similar, though in far cruder way, to the New England town meetings.



This is a Hindu woman with her twin children, the girl on her right, the boy on her left. All her care is lavished on the boy. From the appearance of the girl it is evident India is not a Paradise for women children. Notice that it is the boy who is given the necklace, bracelets and ankle rings, while the little girl is lucky to be allowed to live at all.

The attitude of the British to the nine great religions of India has been one of fair-minded toleration, and they have interfered only with such customs as were inhumane and cruel. The "sati," or burning of the widow on the funeral pile of her husband, was long made one of the tenets of the Brahmin priests, who claimed that the death of the widow was exacted by the Vedas.

A very interesting writer on India, C. H. Forbes-Lindsay, tells us that recent Sanskrit scholars have found that the Vedic scriptures contained no such reference with "the single exception of a passage which has been corrupted by the substitution of an 'n' for an 'r,' making the word agreh (house) read agneh

(fire). On the other hand, the ancient books are filled with references to the life of the widow after the death of her husband."

As the priest caste interpreted the Vedas to the people, and as the fees and donations given by the family to the attendant Brahmin priest were always required to be very substantial, millions of women, down through the ages, have fallen victims to one of the most horrifying deceptions of history.

If the widow, only too often some poor child of 12 or 14 years, remained deaf to the frantic prayers of her relatives that she commit herself to the fire, and so not only enter into bliss with her husband, but purify three generations, her father's, her mother's and her husband's side; and if the delirium brought on by drugs, sedulously administered when she seemed obstinate, failed to draw from her the fatal words of consent, "Sath! Sath!", which were absolutely irrevocable; if, contrary to all traditions of the Brahmin honor, she still refused to be burned on the funeral pile, her life was granted her, but it was a life of perpetual slavery. The object of the scorn and gibes of her friends, it was for her a life infinitely worse than death.

The rite of "sati" had been for so long one of the most sacred of the Brahmin institutions that it was only uprooted with the greatest difficulty and watchfulness, and for a long time it was impossible to prevent its secret performance in some of the remote provinces.

Infanticide, the destruction of the aged, and human sacrifice have, to the surprise and wonder of many a Hindu, been made crimes punishable by death. The English have reduced the pitiful child marriages to a certain extent by forbidding the wife to go to her husband's home until she is twelve, although the formal ceremony of marriage is performed at any age. It is to be regretted that this law is not more strictly enforced. The ancient Hindu code provides that girls should be married between the ages of eight and twelve, though parents often bound their children at three or five years. Girl babies, if they were at all weak or unpromising, used to be thrown on the banks of the rivers to die, but as this is now inconveniently forbidden, they have to be tolerated as a necessary evil.

The great bar to all progress in India

# Clashing Ideals

is the Hindu religion and its caste system which, with its resultant fatalism, deadens all ambition. Two hundred and eight millions of the natives of India are Brahmins, and the whole system of Brahminism rests on caste. The original four were the priest caste, the warrior, the merchant and farmer, and the servant. These have become so subdivided that today official statistics show that there are 2378 castes, which are never allowed to intermarry, to eat together or even to touch one another. As a man's father was, so shall he be, and his son after him.

No low caste man would presume to become a great warrior or a lawyer, and the noble Aryan of the higher castes is protected by his ancestors from all menial work. Lowest of all human beings is the pariah, accursed of gods and men, who cannot worship in the temples or even approach them. Before the British came the lower castes possessed no legal rights, while under modern legislation they are given full protection by the law and can bring suit against their high caste masters, or even the British government.

There is one caste, however, that the white men have interfered with to the extent of utter annihiliation; and that is the brotherhood of Thagi, an hereditary and quite honored caste of murderers, devoted to the strangling of human beings for the pleasure of their patroness, Kali, goddess of murder. They possessed an immense organization extending over the whole country, but particularly prosperous in south India, and, although originally a peculiar caste of Brahma, they gradually admitted other castes, even many among the Mahommedans. When not engaged in their plundering expeditions, they lived at home, following peaceful vocations. Often they were trusted with the care of the children in English families in the region about Madras.

The Thagi used a slip with a running noose, which they would throw over a wayfarer's neck and strangle him instantaneously. Children were trained in this profession from earliest years, looked upon murder as a religious duty, and it was a proud day when they were advanced to the honorable position of strangler.

They would resort to every trick and to every known disguise to win the confidence of the traveler. A set of secret signs assisted the brotherhood in all parts of the country, while a share in the portion of the plunder taken from the victims would be sure to pacify the landholders and the native police in the good days of old. Certain classes were exempt from the attacks of the Thagi; it was a very bad piece of luck to kill a washerman, a poet, a musician or a carpenter.

As a result of the energy of the government, between 1826 and 1835 records show that 1400 men were convicted of strangling for the Goddess Kali. Now, even in that former hotbed of Thagi, southern India, there has been no evidence of them for many years.

One reform that has bound the small farmer to the government is the cooperative credit society organized to protect the small landowner from the native usurers who actually used to charge him 60 to 70 per centum a year, so that father handed to son an ever increasing load of hopeless debt. Under the English system, the government will lend at 40 per centum to the members of the cooperative union, and, as a result of its practical management, thousands of farmers have been freed from debt and own their land.

England's greatest gift to India is without doubt the irrigation system which waters 17,000,000 acres with canals so that one in every seven acres is under irrigation.

If the monsoon fails to blow and bring the rain-laden clouds in the late spring, it is a matter of life and death to the millions of Hindus who cultivate the soil. Since the beginning of its history, the country, in approximately two seasons out of every seven, has been dry, and the terrible famines have swept out millions of human lives.

The irrigating system has done a great deal; but there is a tremendous work still unfinished, for, in spite of it, in the last forty years, fifteen million people have died of starvation.

All through the reign of Queen Victoria, when England was straining every nerve, bent on following out the greedy imperialistic policy which the nineteenth century saw her embarked on, eight tremendous famines devastated India. One million people lost their lives in 1866; in 1875-77 over five million. In the great famine of 1899-1900, the white rulers of India in London were too busy with the Boer war to give unlimited donations or very thorough practical help. The government allowed tons of grain to be ex-

ported from a famished land, that the merchants might profit by foreign markets, merchants of the same class as the British traders who forced the war on China in 1840 to compel the Chinese to open their ports to opium.

In the matter of Indian education, the English have not shown the interest evinced by the Americans in the Philippines. There are colleges, to be sure, and they are fairly popular with the higher caste Hindu, even if they only teach him to enter the overcrowded clerical and legal professions. Degrees are respected in India, for an A. B. commands a dowry of 20,000 rupees while an M. A. values himself as being worthy of a wife with at least 40,000 silver coins. Four out of five of the village districts are without schools; and but one out of ten men and one out of one hundred and forty women can read or write their own tongue.

The modern spirit of England towards India differs from that of the old days. Then the men that went out to India made it their life work. Now the Englishman comes to India, resolved to get through his work as quickly as possible and be home in England by the time he is forty, to take up a new career.

It has been said that the injustice of England to India is social rather than political or legal. The white man looks upon the Hindu as a member of an inferior and subject race. At almost every station there are separate waiting rooms, one for the white man, the other very inferior one for the Hindu, whether he be Brahmin prince, Mohammedan soldier, day laborer or pariah. It is all one to the English, who class them all contemptuously under the term "native" or "nigger." It is rather galling to the higher Brahmins whose ancestors were distinguished scholars, philosophers and princes at a time when the white man was an ignorant, brutal savage.

But, after all, many Hindus feel that the English rule is the lesser of two evils, and that if the white troops were withdrawn, the races would be at one another's throats and the old jealousies and hatreds would rage unrestrained. Many feel as did the old Maharajah, who, hating England, was asked what his country would do if left to itself.

"The day after they are withdrawn," he replied, "there would not be a virgin or a rupee left in Bengal."

In spite of the jealousies of the castes, pan-Hinduism is growing. Because of (Continued on page twenty-four)

# In the War Zone

#### Within the Lure of the Submarines

A LITTLE while ago it was my good fortune to meet Louis W. Meherin, a young officer who served several years on one of our merchant vessels—before going into the navy, and he is still under twenty-five. His enthusiasm, and pride in his profession, is

thusiasm, and pride in his profession, is fully as great, however—when he warmed up to his subject—as if he had been half a century in the service.

All of the following experiences came to him while he was in the steamship service; and boy-like, he enjoyed them to the limit. Of course his friends could not wait to learn of the trips from San Francisco Bay-where his ship embarked from-to Iquique, in South America. Everyone believed that part of the voyage was tame; although, as it turned out, there was much of interest just in that trip alone. So our thoughts jumped from the Golden Gate to the Panama Canal in one bound, in search of what we took to be the War Zone, as far as looking out for danger signals were concerned—and, strangely enough, we hit upon the first danger that came his way.

#### Look Out for the Canal

"Oh, yes," said the young officer of the Merchant Marine, in reply to inquiries; "the Panama Canal Zone gave us the first reminder of war we encountered. Indeed, after twenty days of steady steaming, through the best of weather, enjoying every hour of it, before we reached Chili, we had almost forgotten that there was war anywhere. As we approached the Canal, however, our first reminder came without warning. The De Soto was sailing along under a slow breeze, when a shot boomed out across her path; then, another, and another. When curiosity crept in over surprise, we discovered that a United States man-of-war was guarding the Canal; and it was our business to explain. We did and welcome!" was the way the young officer told of his first taste of fire.

"Were we shocked?" he asked in answer to our inquiries. "Well, to tell the truth—now that the boys are not around—I'm sure we were. Though no power could drag such an admission from any one of us, at that moment. But, as I recall how the tan faded from the faces of the boys, I remember thinking: Why, Bill and Henry and Mike are scared. Then, I threw back my shoulders, took a

By Jeanne E. Francoeur

long breath and said: 'It's all right, boys; just one of Uncle Sam's war-dogs guarding the Zone.' You see I was a little older than the other boys, and felt I had to set a good example. But, when I went below, a little later, and caught a glimpse of my own face in the mirror, and discovered that I, too, was rather blonde, 1 concluded that our first taste of war was something of a shock." That was the way the sailor-boy told of his first encounter with shot and shell, while the clear, blue-gray Irish eves, of a naturalborn fighter, looked straight out at you, as much as to say: "That could not happen now." And you quite believed that it could not, for he comes of the fighting race.

#### An Introduction to the Submarine

"Having passed through the Canal Zone, the long trip was quiet, though not entirely monotonous; for, it was well understood, that as we neared England's shores, dangers of many kinds were liable to be encountered." As if looking back over an unpleasant memory, the young man continued: "When we got into the real War Zone, a feeling of unrest was in the air. No man seemed to show it; and, indeed, it must have been psychological; but in some way we all knew the thoughts which were running through one another's minds. Some impressed you with the feeling that they were worried, while others were on the alert, as if they forgot all fear and were ready for any adventure.

"Not changing the subject exactly," the young fellow said, with a laugh; "but you will be surprised, considering the location in which we were in at this time was one well known to be strewn with mines, as well as frequented by submarines; still, the thing that worried us most was the intense cold which so soon followed our tropical voyage. In this discomfort we about forgot the mines and the subs; for the temperature had dropped to five above zero, while the sea was capped with ice about twelve inches thick—as we neared the Orkney Islands. Very soon we discovered, while thinking of the unpleasantness of the cold, just fifty minutes ahead of us, a Swedish vessel was torpedoed, and two German submarines were cruising in the immediate vicinity. Luckily, however, we arrived at Kirkwall, Scotland, under

escort and found numerous ships there for inspection; and, also, learned of our lucky escape. Two days later, we really had some excitement. The S. S. Belgium—a Danish steamer—barely escaped being torpedoed through the watchfulness and activity of one of the newly adopted sea-wasps, which gave chase. She was saved. The subs, in some way, seem to scent danger in those lightning streaks of little chasers.

"Having discharged our cargo at Kirkwall, we enjoyed our stay in Scotland immensely. For days we wandered about, viewing the old castles, which seemed to jump out at us from storybooks and histories, and which never seemed quite real before. What fine old fighters must have lived and died within those grim, forbidding walls. As we were indulging in dreams about some of those among the hills of Scotland-as if in answer to our thoughts, a terrific bombardment, which lasted forty-five minutes, was plainly heard coming from the direction of a naval base. For a moment we had an uncanny feeling that the old chaps were having it out again, until it became plain that it was all taking place across the water in France," he concluded, in a tone of disappointment, for he was still boy enough to feel that he had been cheated out of a good fight.

However, pretty soon there were chances enough for the forty American boys aboard that steamer to have considerable knowledge of what it meant to be at sea in war times.

"In about five days," he resumed, "after having passed inspection, one night we started across the North Sea for the coast of Norway-with all lights out and engines running at top speed. We knew we were passing through a mined sea, as many had been floated there by the Germans, and we made as near ready for any emergency as one can under such conditions. But it was the unexpected that happened, and it came out of the blackness of the sea. It was about ten o'clock that night when two searchlights were thrown upon us; one from either side; they played all over the ship, from stem to stern, again and again. All stood ready for the torpedo. When it seemed as if every nerve was stretched to the snapping point, we were again plunged into pitch blackness. To this day we do not know from what country came the Page seventeen JULY, 1917

# In the War Zone

ships whose searchlights swept us with such scrutiny—but we concluded they could not have been from Germany, for they would never have passed us up in that way. For forty-two hours we were on our good behavior; fully dressed, and on the watch for anything that might come our way.

"Upon nearing the coast of Norway, we were not at all displeased when we were escorted and piloted into harbor—because of the mines. Two Norwegian submarines cruised around us with about two feet of their periscopes showing, and a torpedo boat destroyer stood guard until we were safe inside. Per-

haps, you think we did not feel grateful to Norway for the finest sleep we ever had in our lives.

"Five days of Norway, however, with the De Soto beautifully decorated with ice, was enough for most Californians; so we carefully made our way back through the War Zone. While in the



QUNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

A Group of Submarines in an American Port

North Sea, we passed three mines, two of which were chained together. Creepy feelings? Well, yes; but somehow you get used to them. In the North Atlantic we were stopped and boarded by a two-funnel English raider—formerly a trans-Atlantic liner—and we were given a number a fly, which was a signal in case of further interference from other English raiders. This would serve to show we had passed inspection.

"Now we were headed for home, but snowstorms and general rough weather accompanied us for a long part of the way until we finally reached Halifax, Nova Scotia, where all types of war vessels and transports were doing duty. After another inspection we were allowed to proceed to Mexico, where we loaded again for South America. From there we sailed for Vancouver, B. C., and then back to San Francisco, completing a trip of almost 38,000 miles, during which time we crossed six different seas; went through the War Zone twice; touched within 120 miles of the North Pole; passed through the Panama Canal twice, and visited nine different countries. So you will see that San Francisco looked very like Heaven to all who were on that ship—when we arrived here.

"And now? Well, now; personally, I am bound for another kind of ship altogether. It will be the real thing this time. No slipping through. When I start, and where I go—Who can tell? But when I return I shall not forget any of the interesting events of which I may tell. Meantime, our country calls me now—and I must say: Adios, Everywoman!"

And the young American with the courageous eyes and quiet, forceful personality, was gone out and into the night and into the blackness of the war world, at the call of his country. May he return as wholesome and brave as when he started.

#### Reflections On Manners

(Continued from page nine)

this particular case, a friendship is formed and you are invited to lunch. My hostess, who is a very fine musician, and I both realize what we would have missed had she been too busy to spare me a few minutes, or I too commercial to give a little time to the higher things of life. I know there are people who think that religion and business should be kept miles apart, but along with the other good things that are coming with the world's advancement let us hope in the future that it will be an acknowl-

edged fact that business and religion can go hand in hand.

To me all these little observations I have made in the past few months are but the forerunner of a better civilization, when every man's hand will not be against his brother, and women will have a better attitude towards each other. Then the time and money spent in protecting ourselves from being cheated could be used for much higher purposes.

Every woman, no matter how humble her station, or how slim her pocketbook,

has the golden opportunity to help the great movement on, for surely as we are in the right attitude towards our neighbors in our own land, the contagion must spread to the warring nations. Do we not all want to say that we gave a little help to the dawn of the Great White Day now approaching, when we can all feel and say with sincerity: "We desire but the good of the world and the happiness of the nations. Let not a man glory in this, that he loves his country; but let him rather glory in this, that he loves his kind."

## What Is City Planning?

(Continued from page eleven)

needs of tomorrow in the press of today. It is simply good, practical, hard sense.

On account of the lack of the use of proper plans, British cities spent \$150,-000,000 in the ten years from 1898 to 1908 in the effort to correct partially a few mistakes in their physical structure.

In the last fifty years, Chicago has spent \$275,000,000, and New York city \$400,000,000 in municipal work that could have been saved by a good business-like city plan.

A scientific plan should be prepared, after a most comprehensive survey by city planning specialists working under a well balanced permanent advisory commission of citizens, representing all

phases of civic life, and all co-operating with the administrative officers of the city.

We have had in our city a wonderful industrial survey, under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce, by Dr. B. M. Rastall, who is considered the nation's foremost business expert. He has told us many plain facts. He has been a true friend, because he has shown us what we lack, as well as praised us for what we have that is good.

Dr. Rastall says:

"It is a highly, scientific and accurate study of our community and its values cannot be overstated. \* \* \* Statistics show that San Francisco has the highest average wage rates of all American cities. \* \* \* Great variations are shown, but the high rate is maintained in all the great groups, manufacturing trades, building trades, transportation, clerical service, etc. \* \*

"The city is therefore able to show that it offers the greatest opportunity for success and the highest remuneration for success to every class."

This brings to mind the necessity of the housing of industrial workers that we wish to make comfortable and happy in our midst, and we believe the new garden city plan will help and benefit us in that way.

#### A TOAST FROM THE TRENCHES

By THOMAS P. D. GRAY

HERE'S to the end of kings and queens
And general staffs and submarines!
Here's to the day when men, grown
wiser,

Refuse to bow to Czar or Kaiser!

Here's to the end of shrapnel shell! Here's to the end of war and hell, The wrecks of men, the hate, the fears, The wounds, the mighty flood of tears!

Here's to the end of exploitation, Poverty's grinding degradation, The waste of competition dead, And one great commonwealth instead!

Here's to the end of all autocracy!
Here's to the coming world democracy!
Here's to the day that is to be,
With man and child and woman free!
—San Francisco Chronicle.
[EVERYWOMAN seconds the motion!]

#### THE ARMY OF THE PINES

HE pines go marching, marching up the hill
In long and serried lines;
By dawn and dusk I see them marching still,
The army of the pines.

And be there searching cold or scorching heat Upon their close confines,

Yet they seem marching on with measured beat, The army of the pines.

Though storms assail with their tempestuous flaws,

The gazer's eye divines

How they go marching, marching without

The army of the pines.

pause,

Hark! 'tis as though there rang some virile lay
Down their embattled lines!

'Cainst human wrong may we march stanch as they,

The army of the pines!

-Clinton Scollard.

#### For This They Are Lawyers

If a man were to give another an orange he would simply say, "I give you this orange," but when the transaction is intrusted to the hands of a lawyer to put in writing he adopts this form: "I hereby give and convey to you, all and singular, my estate and interests, right, title, claim and advantage of and in said orange, together with all its rind, juice, pulp and pips, and all rights and advantages therein with full power to bite, cut, suck and otherwise eat the same, or give the same away with or without the rind, skin, juice, pulp or pips, anything hereinbefore or hereinafter or in any other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments of whatever nature or kind soever to the contrary in any wise, notwithstanding." -Latkin (Ala.) News.

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#### An Inconsiderate Iowa Club

A general good time was had by all until about 11 o'clock, when fruit salad and cake was served by the B. B. E. Club.—Prescott Argus.

# Art Galleries and Studios

ITH an appropriate, patriotic program, "The Houdon Statue of George Washington" was presented to the San Francisco Art Institute on May 30. The fine bronze, the gift of the Daughters of the American Revolution in co-operation with the Sons of the American Revolution, is one of the first expressions of the enthusiastic support various organization are giving the directors of the Art Institute.

Houdon had the privilege of taking the death mask of Washington, and, with his compasses, took the measurements of the body, and from these notes modeled the most exact portrait in existence of the Father of Our Country. The shortness of stature for such a gigantic ability was at first a surprise, but the fine patrician modeling of the head and figure gave instant proof of inborn greatness.

The original, from which the San Francisco replica was made, stands in the state house of West Virginia. For many years all requests for copies have been refused, but lately it was decided to permit the casting of a limited number of replicas. State Regent Mrs. John Conant Lynch in her address spoke of the societies' just pride in procuring one of these for the Pacific Coast, an achievement which the people of San Francisco most gratefully acknowledge.

The presentation program was splendidly planned, with inspiring music and speeches. Although long, it went with absolute precision and smoothness. The Boy Scouts were most able assistants to the committee of arrangements, assistants whom the fighter of the olden days would have been proud could he have seen them.

#### The Armfield Exhibition

Coincident with the presentation, the Art Association opened an exhibition of paintings and embroideries by Maxwell Armfield. The fame of this Englishman, who is at once artist, decorator and writer, had long preceded him, and the present exhibition, though small, is so delightfully varied that one feels well acquainted with his work at last. His handling is original, the choppy, square strokes being made with rather a small brush, not too much paint, and a glint of canvas here and there to assist the effect. His three western canvases, "The Californian," a breezy, out-of-doors portrait of a fellow artist, "The Golden Gate," our own harbor entrance, done at a magic hour when the crescent moon is overhead, and "The Rim, Grand CanBy Elisabeth Taft

yon," are Mr. Armfield's very charming compliments to western America.

To speak of these merely as canvases is an impossibility, for, though moderate in size, and suitable to any home, each has an enormous decorative value; in fact, is modern art at its highest standard.

His English series is also delightful. A glimpse of a "Pink Cottage," caught through straggling branches of pussy willow, is entrancing, while "A Dorset

American sculptors is being shown at the Gump galleries. Here are exquisite small replicas of "The Rising Sun" and "Descending Night," the masterpieces of Adolph Alexander Weinman, which were the crowning glory of the Court of the Universe at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Seeing these beautiful figures again revives the wish that, since San Francisco has a civic center of great beauty, and facing east and west, the fountains might be reproduced as one of the permanent beauties for our city. Readers of "Everywoman," can you not



THE
HUNTING
GROUNDS
OF
THE
PAST.
By
Theodore
Wores.





Cliff" brought one admiringly back to to its corner many times.

One wall was devoted to paintings on silk. Here was fine attention to detail and line, yet splendid, broad, colorful effects. A swimmer, with attendant fishes and sea weed, formed a most attractive panel, while the "Blue Persians" won the cat lovers' instant appreciation, both for fidelity and artistry.

The embroideries, all too few in number, were most attractive. What a pleasure it would be to see them in the environment for which they are designed, rather than on the gallery walls! Effectively original, the pieces should find places in many fine homes.

#### American Sculptures

A most attractive group of bronzes by

devise ways and means?

From the peace of the Weinman figures one turns to the masterful, active "Scalp" and "The Outlaw" of Frederick Remington. Remington is a name which, signed to painting, bronze, or book, at once stimulates American imagination. Phimister Proctor is represented by an "Indian on Horseback" and a "Panther." Charles Harry Homphries shows the "Scout," de Francisci and Joseph Maywell Miller have delightfully dainty imaginative examples of their work, while E. McCartons' candlesticks combine artistry and practicability.

On the whole it is a well selected, interesting group, worth study and consideration. Now that the French bronzes are almost an impossibility, it is a pleas-

(Continued on page twenty-nine)

# Music and Musicians

HEN, during the summer months, the struggle to keep cool begins, when everybody, no matter how well or how poorly educated in philosophy, wants to know how hot it is, and men talk over the glass of mercury as freely as over any other glass, without demanding to know each other, the time has come for a general exodus to the summer resorts.

Notwithstanding the war conditions many of our most prominent musicians have closed their studios for the summer months, while others return to the city for a few days of teaching during the week, from near by resorts.

Picturesque Carmel-by-the-Sea has attracted more devotees of the musical profession than ever before. The musical family includes among its members the leader of the Symphony concerts, Alfred Hertz, the capable pianist Tina Lerner, Louis Persinger, concert master of the Symphony orchestra, Allen Bier, Redfern Mason, Elias Hecht and others. Many musicians are conducting summer classes which hold them more confined to the city, as, for example, Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt, Leandro Campanari, Georg von Hage and Arthur Conradi, who are kept busy in the city.

Of Eastern celebrities, Paderewski will spend his vacation on his ranch at Paso Robles, Mme. Schumann-Heink is recovering from the effects of her recent accident in St. Louis at her beautiful home in Southern California, near San Diego.

Many of the music lovers, who are compelled to stay at home, find among the multifarious pleasures of the summer months not the least enjoyment in the People's Orchestra, conducted by Nicolai Sokoloff, the excellent organ recitals of Edwin Lemare and the Municipal concerts under the direction of Frederick Schiller. All these entertainments are well patronized and much appreciated. Through these orchestral concerts our musicians are kept busy and aside from the immense value which this continual drill of the orchestra has in keeping up its executive perfection, there is no doubt that these concerts contribute largely to bear fully as large a share in the cultivation of the public taste.

#### The Music Teachers' Association

The State Convention will take place this year at Sacramento from June 29th to July 3rd, and a rich program of educational value will entertain those present. Daniel Gregory Mason will lecture, By Joseph George Jacobson

besides presenting some of his compositions, and delegates will be sent from San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, Riverside, San Jose, Oakland and many other towns. The Sacramento Association is backed by the Chamber of Commerce of that city.



Joseph George Jacobson

#### The Passing of Two Great Artists

It is sad to note how our great artists pass one by one from our busy presence to the silence of immortality. The world of music is called on to lament the loss of two of its most distinguished ornaments: Teresa Carreno, one of the most renowned women-pianists of the world, and Edouard de Reszke, the eminent operatic basso, two names that recall a brilliant constellation of gifted spirits. To have known Mme. Carreno was to have come under her magnetic spell at once. She had the heart of a woman and the brains of a man, and played the piano like a man. She possessed the requisites necessary to an artist: talent, emotion, intelligence and technique and her love for the beautiful made her career so successful. All her life she remembered and followed the words Liszt spoke to her when she played to him as a child: "Little girl, with time you will be one of us. Don't imitate anyone. Keep yourself true to yourself. Cultivate your individuality and do not follow in the paths of others."

The admiration and love that were tendered Edouard de Reszke speak for the greatness of his art. Who can forget him as Leoporello in "Don Juan" or his Hagen in the "Gotterdammerung?" Together with his brother Jean, the tenor, they were for many years the leaders on the operatic stage.

OSSINI has been accused of a want of energy in his latter years, but the injustice of that accusation is manifest when glancing over the extremely long list of compositions which were created during those years, and of which the following resume will be of interest: An Album containing twelve songs, solos, duets, quartets; an Album Français with twelve songs, solos, duets and choruses; an Album Ollapodrida comprising twelve pieces sacred and secular, among which is the famous "Chant des Titans;" a book, "Un peu de tout," of fifty-six piano compositions. Four other albums, containing each twelve pieces. Finally, under the general title of "Miscellanies," twenty songs and twenty-four compositions for piano and other instruments. Besides these there are several "Grandes Oeuvres," a cantata, "Jeanne d'Arc," and a cantata written for the Exposition Universelle and the "Messe Solennelle." A respectable list.

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NEW aspirant to that fickle treasure, "public favor," made her initial bow on the concert platform May 30 at Sorosis Hall. Miss Frances Poser, who holds the Conradi scholarship of the year, gave her first recital. The young lady is a capable artist who will be well advised to continue her chosen field of work. She possesses power and seeks for musical expression and there is good reason to believe that she will satisfy the high standard of performance required of a virtuoso today. If she possesses, besides her talent, iron discipline and sets a lofty standard, if she will not heed interferences and obstacles, will overcome disappointments and make unceasing sacrifices she will achieve success and reach the goal.

#### ्री क्रि क्रि Grateful

"I'm glad Billy had the sense to marry an old maid," said grandma at the wedding.

"Why, grandma?" asked the son.

"Well, gals is hity-tity, and widders is kinder overrulin' an upsettin'. But old maids is thankful and willin' to please." —London Tit-Bits.

#### LEANDRO CAMPANARI

VOCAL STUDIO

SCOTTISH RITE TEMPLE SUTTER STREET

AT VAN NESS

# Clubs and Clublights

OS ANGELES is a woman's club city. Its civic, social, and literary activities are carried on largely and enthusiastically by its clever, ambitious, clear-thinking women. The literary element is notably represented by the Southern California Women's Press Club, an association of active writers and journalists numbering about one fundred.

This club was originally a branch of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association of San Francisco, founded by a member of that association, Mrs. E. S. Marshall, and Mrs. Ed. T. Ellis. Later it became an independent organization, with various sections devoted to serious study and literary production.

A very clever one-act drama, written by Dr. Lottie Park, a member of the club, was recently read before an appreciative audience of club members and guests.

The club has a well established reputation for cordial hospitality extended to the stranger-writer within its gates, and entertains all such persons of note who chance to be in the city, on the second Tuesday of each month, at the monthly dinner.

The last dinner of this club season, given on May 22nd, taxed the capacity of Christopher's large banquet room and the program was even more interesting than usual; and, as the president, Miss Rose Ellerbee, said, "Circled the globe, caught the spirit of poetry and music, as represented by various races, ran the gamut of the emotions, and returned to California for a brief practical discussion of vital local problems."

C. L. Schufeldt discussed gardening from many viewpoints and suggested how the weeding-out process might be used to advantage in other professions as well, the art of judicious cutting out of superfluous matter being especially applicable to the writer of verse or prose.

Richard Walton Tully, dramatist, furnished a pleasant surprise by introducing a band of Hawaiian musicians, who assisted him in his talk on the history and music of that country by demonstrating the use of their primitive musical instruments, giving also a number of their picturesque native dances.

Mr. Tully is himself an expert interpreter of both the music and the dancing of this interesting race.

Wadsworth Harris, formerly leading support of the late Madam Modjeska, gave an artistic rendition of the Fall of Henry VIII. By Mrs. Ina B. Weston

Alfred Kreymborg, free verse writer, read a number of his own poems, and Dhan Gabal Mukeiji, a talented young Hindu poet and lecturer, spoke of Indian poetry, reciting in his native tongue and afterward interpreting the beautiful, heart-touching verses.

Senator Brown of Los Angeles contributed a terse, practical argument in favor of a one-house legislature, backing up his well presented theory with personal experiences.



Richard Walton Tully

Mrs. James E. Boroff, formerly Blanche Constance Foster, Indiana suffragist leader and president of the Indiana Women's Press Club, and Mrs. Ina Bradstreet Weston, vice-president of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association, San Francisco, presented greetings from their respective associations. The president, Miss Ellerbee, announced the result of the primary balloting for club officers. The presidential nominees are Mrs. Hector Alliot and Mrs. Eva Hamilton Young.

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The West Side Ebell Club has had a phenomenal growth. Established in February of this year to meet the increasing needs of that residential district, it has already a membership of two hundred and two, with many applications waiting for approval. Sections have been formed for work in music, drama, civics, lan-

guages, parliamentary law and Red Cross work. The club has been recently federated.

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The club women of Los Angeles are generally and individually interested in the war being waged for the elimination of the billboard, a woman in the City Council and her stand in the matter, being the subject of heated debate. She and her colleagues are said to be openly defying the press and public opinion in the interests of the billboard trust.

A A A SHUTTLES

I AM a shuttle, and I go,
Now slipping fast, now dragging slow,
Each morning down
Along the town,
And reach my pitch,
And take my stitch;
Then back at night to start
Next day anew. This is my part
Day in, day out—
An atom in the rout.

Yet am I saved that cold distress Which thought of such drab littleness Would stir, when crowding close I see The millions who are like me, And think, What if we held aloof, If we wove not the warp and woof, The real fabric of the thing We call New York? The glittering And rainbow threads, the tinseled scrap, Light, color—what they are? Mere nap, Fluff, thistledown.

Drone, shuttles, drone—Weave a pattern all your own!
—Maurice Morris.

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His Ailment

First surgeon: What did you operate on patient Number Two for?

Second surgeon: Five hundred dollars.

First surgeon: You don't understand. I mean what did the patient have?

"Five hundred dollars."—Life.

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Some Tale

"I say, mamma," said little Johnny, "do fairy tales always begin with 'Once upon a time'?"

"No, dear, not always," replied his mother. "They sometimes begin with, 'My love, I have been detained at the office again tonight.'"

# Salt Babies

#### Our Kiddies' Corner --- In Fairy Land

Part I

JUST at the setting of the sun, every evening, little gusts of salt rise out of the sea and settle upon the ocean shore. As the sky gradually grows dark, and the stars and moon come into the sky, the gusts of salt form into funny little creatures. They look something like snow babies, but they are not—they are made of salt, so we must call them "Salt Babies."

They are happy little people and play by the light of the moon, because, when day breaks, they disappear and melt again into the ocean.

They all have very funny names. First, I want to tell you about three little playmates—Dodo, Soso, and Toto. They all looked so very much alike, that in order to tell each other apart, they wore different colored seaweed tied around their wrists: Dodo wore white, Soso red, and Toto blue. Red, white and blue! When they stood together they looked very patriotic indeed.

Toto (who was the littlest) had been behaving very mysteriously; he was digging a big hole in the sand. When Dodo and Soso were not looking, he would disappear in the hole. The other Salt Babies were so afraid that little Toto would be lost, or something dreadful might happen to him, for sometimes he stayed down there so long, that they all began to cry. In fact, once he was gone for such a long time that they gave up hope of ever seeing him again, when lo and behold, Toto came up half dead out of the hole, dragging with him an enormous shell!

Then Toto fell on the ground—he was so tired from his long journey-and cried: "I wanted to surprise you! The sand sprites, that live underneath the sand, became very angry with me for taking this shell, but the Sand Fairies said I could have it. Oh, it was so very heavy, because the sand sprites filled it with sand in hopes it would be too heavy for me to bring out, but I would not give up, and the good sand fairies helped me most of the way out with it, and scolded the sand sprites for being so very bad. Oh, I am so very tired, I just must sleep." And then little Toto lav in the sand and fell fast asleep.

The other Salt Babies were amazed, and climbed in and out of the shell. They had never seen one quite like it before. It was very pink inside, and very, very deep, and it seemed as though the whole

By Ruth Florence

ocean was inside of it, it roared so.

Said Dodo: "Someone must be crying in there. Let's go in and see."

"Oh, no," replied Soso. "We might get lost, because I'm sure we'd go on and on forever; it's so big."

Toto sat up and rubbed his eyes, to see what all the noise was about; then, suddenly remembering, he jumped up and joined Dodo and Soso, gazing into the shell. "Oh, I will tell you why there is such a noise inside!" he commenced. "There is a naughty little fairy



Ruth Florence

in there. She will always cry in the seashell, because she was disobedient, and as long as the ocean is salty, she must stay in there, so I think she will be in there forever, as the ocean will always be salty. She was very, very naughty.

"Once upon a time she was a beautiful mermaid fairy, and was warned many times that if she was not good she would be turned into a noise in a sea-shell, and would roar forever more."

Soso and Dodo, and, in fact, all of the other Salt Babies who stood around listening, felt so sorry for the mermaid fairy that they all cried. They agreed one and all to take good care of this beautiful shell, and not be frightened again by the big sad roar on the inside.

The shell was very big, and the Salt Badies were very little, so Dodo, Soso and Toto made this shell their home. They decorated it with seaweed, and it

was a very lovely home for the three of them.

After they had become accustomed to the roar in the shell, they did not mind; indeed, it was just like music to them, because it taught them a beautiful lesson, and they grew to love it. And that is why, my dear little readers, there is a roar in the sea-shell.

One time when they were listening, it all of a sudden seemed to stop roaring. They were so amazed that they all drew up closer to the shell, when they heard a tiny little voice from the inside say: "My dear Salt Babies, you have been so good to me that I am going to try very hard to come out and pay you a visit."

The voice suddenly stopped, for a ray of light was stealing across the sky—it was daylight, and the shell, the Salt Babies and the seaweed had disappeared, perhaps to slumber in the ocean until the moon again beckoned them to the shore.

#### Part II

NADINE—What the Voice Told the Salt Babies.

THE stars were dancing in the sky and the moon shone brightly as Dodo, Toto and Soso rubbed their sleepy eyes, and began to recall what the tiny voice in the shell had been saying.

"Little Salt Babies," continued the Voice, getting a bit stronger, "you have cared for me so tenderly, that you kindness has restored my power of speech. Oh, I am such a tired little mermaid fairy," the Voice continued, wearily. "My name is Nadine. No one has called me by name for so long, that I almost forgot it. Perhaps sometime I may be able to come out of my shell and then you will see me, but that can't be for some time yet. And then, of course, you must not be unhappy if I stay but for a short while, as I am bewitched in the shell forever. Still, one can find comfort in being in a shell, when one knows that even the wee Salt Babies love one."

"Oh," said Dodo anxiously, "the voice is growing weaker. Perhaps, though, it may come back." Sure enough, the Voice was heard again. The Salt Babies gatherer around—soon a vapor seemed to rise before them—for a few minutes they could see nothing but a great white cloud; then it cleared away, and in its place was a beautiful mermaid fairy. Her body was very silvery, and her face, oh so kind and sweet. Her eyes were

# Salt Babies

large and blue, but with a sad expression. Perhaps she had been crying.

"I am Nadine," she commenced. "I want my dear Salt Babies to see me, if only for once, so that they will remember me, and perhaps still be kind to me, even after they know that I was once very wicked. But I am so very sorry, and am still repenting, and must go on doing so forever.

"I am the daughter of the Good Prince and Princess Contentment, who ruled a kingdom that was known as the Kingdom of Happiness, as everyone there was good and happy. Right next to ours, was the kingdom of the Black Prince and Princess, where much wickedness was known to prevail. The children were impudent, and the grown folk were always fighting and at war with one another. The children of the good kingdom were warned not to go near the gates of the wicked city—if we did associate with them, a great misfortune was doomed to come upon us, and the guilty one was

to be punished in a manner worse than death.

"Well, it seemed to me I just must peep through the gates and see what those wicked children were doing. It was tantalizing to hear them laugh, and watch the great flames of fire come from their mouths as they did so—(every wicked thought was a flash of fire—I knew it, for I had often been told so by my dear princess month).

"Dear Salt Babies, you can almost guess the rest. When no one was looking, I went to the gates of the wicked city, and looked in; they grabbed me quickly—all I remember now, is the hot flames of fire all around me. Soon I seemed to be no more—I was only a voice—in a sea-shell, down in that part of the ocean where the wicked sand sprites dwell. Oh, how I longed for the light and the sun, and to be all myself again! It was there I was, in all that darkness, when dear little Toto discovered me. You see, when I went to the

bad city, it meant that the good kingdom would be destroyed. Just one error—oh, dear Salt Babies—what a terrible thing I did—I am so lonesome for the Happy Kingdom—I must go—" the little fairy was crying as she vanished—soon she was only a sad moan in the sea-shell, and Soso, Dodo and Toto gathered around it.

"We are going to love you so much, that you will be able to come out of the shell forever," they said to the Voice, but there was no reply, but the sad moan.

The Salt Babies have been watching for many, many years, but Nadine has never come out of the shell again. But when the stars are shining and the moonbeams dance on the shore at night, the faithful Salt Babies can be seen dancing around a beautiful shell, listening to the noise on the inside, and they smile and look so contented. Possibly Nadine is telling them sweet things, that only they can understand.

#### Studios and Galleries

(Continued from page nineteen)
ure to find our American men filling in
the lack. Make a point of getting acquainted with them.

#### Theodore Wores' Exhibition

Theodore Wores is exhibiting his Indian canvases at the Park museum for the coming month. Mr. Wores spent part of last year in the Indian country again, showing what a powerful fascination the fast disappearing types have for him. The pictures have great value ethnologically, as well as artistically, deserving study from both points of view. But only to consider this side of his art is unfair to Mr. Wores, for he is an artist of great ability. His portraits have won much praise, especially a wonderful, loving portrayal of Edwin Markham. His Japanese works, done in that most poetic of countries, are equally valuable as a study of people and country as his Indian; while his fascinating, colorful sand dunes sketched around San Francisco are highly prized in all collections of California art. So, while you admire "The Hunting Grounds of the Past," "The Navajo Rug Makers," and the many other Indian canvases, remember what a versatile, studious man has given us these interesting and intensely American types.

Frank Brangwyn Etchings

An entire gallery of Frank Brangwyn

etchings greet one at the Hill Tollerton print rooms this month. Powerfully characteristic, even in the smallest examples, each etching is a veritable treat. Brangwyn finds the world marvelously full of pictures, peopled by characters, actual and elemental, worthy of study and consideration. Let us all give thanks that we are living in the Brangwyn age and that the exposition introduced San Francisco to Brangwyn and Brangwyn to San Francisco.

#### Oriental Rugs

At Vickery, Atkins and Torrey's, one has the opportunity to study Oriental rugs, practicing the knowledge Mr. Pope's recent lectures have given us. The rugs are unique and attractive—different from those most people have on their floors, and nearly achieving the rarity so valued by collectors.

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A Jersey man of benevolent turn of mind encountered a small boy in his neighborhood, who gave evidence of having emerged but lately from a severe battle.

"I am sorry," said the man, "to see that you have a black eye, Sammy."

Whereupon Sammy retorted:

"You go home and be sorry for your own little boy—he's got two!"—Everybody's Magazine.

#### THE MAN OF HABIT

By MARGARET ADELAIDE WILSON

THAT is so wonderful as dying? The man that's lying here has year by placid year Slept, eaten, worked and taken ease, On habit, use and clocks relying, Until each act outrode volition, And only in accurate repetition Could he find peace. He carped at draughts, Hating even a wayward breeze about him; Avoided argument; Let new movements go on without him, Loving the grooves that had worn so deep, He could rise and work and eat and sleep, Could love and hate and laugh and weep, Only by habit's prompting.

Well, he, the habit bound,
The man of dull, meticulous round,
Has risked the great adventure now.
I almost think his narrow brow
Has taken on more breadth since dying.
What do his eyes see, the white lids under,
That the lips should be curved with such fugitive wonder,

Lips that in life were pinched and shrunken?

Do they see, perhaps, the spirit drunken

With shoreless night?

With unhoused light?

Ah, by the one vast chartless road

Small souls, like great, go home to God!

—The Atlantic Monthly.

# Uncle Sam! What's the Matter With the Osteopaths?

S an osteopathic doctor, I ask the Government of the United States, not only in the name of justice and fair play, but for the honor, the good and the infinite service which we, as osteopathists, would take with us, to let us join forces with the medicos in placing our profession in a position to serve our country in its time of need, and I ask it in the name of every osteopathist as our just due.

We will gladly waive all differences, all prejudices, and give the best of our professional knowledge at any and all times that will conserve the best interest of markind

We grant the surgeon full credit,

By Dr. Harriet Gillespie

when successful, but we know also that we can work with him in relieving the distress of the nerve-shattered soldier, suffering from shock due to bursting bombs, accidents, falls and the rigors of trench life causing dysentery and fevers, which our profession has most successfully treated.

This country deserves every assistance along all channels that tend to the alleviation of our boys at the front. We osteopathists are not shirking duty nor the desire to be up and doing. Give us a position side by side with our medical brethren in the army and navy and we

will earnestly strive for co-operation and the survival of the fittest! Yet—stop not the "fittest," but the union of the fit!

However, we are willing to enlist as a unit, prove our worth and show that we are a compelling force in the practice of applied anatomy and physiology, which are the basic principles of true medical science. This is a war for and of humanity. Therefore, all differences of opinion should be eliminated.

In essentials—Unity.
In non-essentials—Liberty.
In all things—Harmony.

#### Clashing Ideals

(Continued from page fifteen)

the easy communication between the provinces, and the increased number of native newspapers, there is coming to be a sentiment of union among the peoples which never existed before—the feeling that they are all Asiatics and that they should govern their own land without foreign exploitation. This feeling was first shown at the time of the Russo-Japanese war, which was followed with the greatest interest on the part of the educated Hindus. There was open rejoicing at Japanese victories and at the loss of prestige of a great white power. In the present European war, because of the strict censorship, it is hard to say what the opinion of India is.

The Hindu students at the American universities have the bitterness that any young men would feel who appreciate the great past and wonderful possibilities of their country and who resent its domination and exploitation by a foreign power. Fixed in the hearts of most people is the belief that it is better to have a poor ruler of their own blood than the efficient sovereignty of another race.

Those among the Hindus who realize the grave dangers that would attend a revolt against England, and who are convinced of the impossibility of a stable and successful pan-Hinduism, are suggesting the reformation of the Anglo-Indian government on the model of the commonwealth of Australia — an India made into a federation of autonomous states attached to the empire by a governor-general.

If the Allies are victorious in this war, something of this sort may come about; for England, even if victorious, will emerge from the conflict chastened and more alive to the responsibilities which her imperialistic policies have laid upon her. She will have to realize that the three hundred millions of India are waking up, that they will have to be taken care of more efficiently and more tactfully, if she wishes to retain the country as her own.

# DENTAL FRATERNITY ADMITS FIRST WOMAN

ISS PAULINE McDONALD, senior in the dental college, Ohio State University, has been honored by being named a member of Omicron Kappa Upsilon Fraternity, Beta Chapter, says the Boston Woman's Journal.

It is the first time in the history of the university that a woman has been admitted to this honorary body, and there are only twenty-five faculty members and alumni members that have attained the distinction. Out of the senior class of 44, Miss McDonald is one of four who will be made members of the fraternity during commencement week.

Miss McDonald has led her class all through the course and is regarded as one of the best students the dental school has known.

# HUNDREDS OF WOMEN ARE EMPLOYED BY LLOYDS

OMEN are already employed in the secretarial department of the Corporation of Lloyds, and they form a very large proportion of the staffs of brokers' offices in the neighborhood, and also of all the marine insurance companies in the city, says the London Times. A new bureau was established outside Lloyds early last year for the stamping of policies, with a staff which at first numbered fifty women, and has since been very largely augmented. Altogether over 1,600 women are now employed by the Corporation of Lloyds and by the broking firms, as compared with 230 at the outbreak of war, and they have released 2,400 men for the forces.

On Life

How foolish for us to be mean to each

other here on earth where we mingle for but a few years, take ourselves too seriously, and then pass away, to be forever forgotten! The greatest achievement in life is just being pleasant.

Did you ever sit and ponder, sit and wonder, sit and think,

Why we're here and what this life is all about?

It's a problem that has driven many brainy men to drink—

It's the weirdest thing they've tried to figure out.

About a thousand different theories the scientists all know,

But never yet have proved a reason why,

With all our thought and all we're taught and all we seem to know—

We're born—we live awhile—and then we die.

#### No Premature Peace

(Continued from page eight)

to the extent of preventing her from living, but from doing harm. It will mean the establishing in Europe of a regime which will prevent the recurrence of a catastrophe like this, which, today, has smitten the whole of the human race. It will mean freedom in living, security for the morrow, a rapid revival of work and labor and prompt reparation for ruin. It will also mean honor and pride at having triumphed in a just and holy cause; and as all Frenchmen shall have struggled, toiled and suffered together, so shall all France rejoice. Then, and only then, under a regime of liberty and mutual respect of opinions and creeds, civic fraternity will perpetuate the fraternity of the battle fields.

What Frenchman could hesitate between the two futures?

It was early in December that the central powers stated that they had proposals of peace to offer—a premature peace—and asked for a conference; but they made no statement as to what the proposals might be. If Germany expected the allied powers to put their heads into this noose, with her holding the rope end, she met with a disappointment. Mr. Asquith's reply was to the effect that before favorable consideration of such an invitation could be given, they wanted to know if Germany was prepared to accede to the only terms on which it was possible for peace to be ob-

tained and maintained in Europe, namely: "Restitution, reparation and guarantee against repetition, so that there shall be no mistake, and it is important that there should be no mistake in a matter of life or death to millions." France stands with England there, and echoes "Complete restitution, full reparation, effectual guarantee."

General Mangin, after the reconquering of Vacherauville and Louvemont, about the time the peace overtures were made, addressing his victorious troops, exclaimed:

"Friends, our savage aggressors, realizing their inability to defeat us upon the field of battle, have dared to set a clumsy snare by suggestion of a premature peace. While preparing new weapons, they are calling out 'Kamerad.' You are already familiar with this cry. Our fathers of the Revolution refused to treat with the enemy as long as he defiled the sacred soil of the country, as long as he was not driven beyond the natural boundaries and as long as the triumph of right and liberty are not definitely assured against tyranny. We, ourselves, will never treat with a government guilty of perjury, in whose eyes treaties are mere scraps of paper, nor with murderers and executioners of women and children. After the final victory, which will render them incapable of doing further harm, we shall dictate

to them according to our will; but to the present hypocritical overtures of peace, France has replied by your guns and your bayonets. You have been the faithful ambassadors of the Republic, which is grateful to you."

When Germany came forward and said "we are victorious and we propose peace," she handled truth carelessly. She was not victorious. Had she been, would she, after her other terrible acts of intimidation and aggression, fail to force that victory upon the world? France does not forget the frenzy of pride with which the Teuton chancellor answered them when war was in its early stages and the Germans were convinced that they would be victorious. "Yes, we have signed and guaranteed upon our honor, the neutrality of Belgium and of Luxembourg; but there are times when great nations like our own, wishing to expand and dominate, may ignore signatures, even if our honor is pledged, and treat them as scraps of paper."

Those words rang not only throughout France but throughout the entire civilized world, and, as M. Briand, the Prime Minister of France, puts it, they may try to conceal those words now with other utterances, just as we endeavor to hide certain colors by placing layers of others over them, but they persist in coming to the surface.

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#### Making Himself at Home

Doris was radiant over a recent addition to the family and rushed out of the house to tell the news to a passing neighbor.

"Oh, you don't know what we've got upstairs."

"What is it?" the neighbor asked.

"A new baby brother," said Doris and she watched very closely the effect of her announcement.

"You don't say so," the neighbor exclaimed. "Is he going to stay?"

"I think so," said Doris, "He's got his things off."

# The World's Women

# WOMEN TO FINANCE PERSHING MEMORIAL

HE Darrach Ambulance Fund, which is under the official authorization of the American Ambulance Field Service Fund in France, announces a section of ambulances will be shortly be sent to France, the section to be a memorial to Mrs. Frances Warren Pershing, wife of Major-General John J. Pershing, U. S. A., the commander of the American expeditionary force soon to arrive in France, says an item in the New York Times. The dedication of the newest of the ambulance sections to the memory of Mrs. Pershing, who perished in a fire which destroyed the Pershing home at the Presidio of San Francisco, two years ago, has been, it is stated, "feelingly accepted by General Pershing."

The amount of money which will be required to purchase and equip the unit is \$20,000, the raising of which has been undertaken by the Darrach Fund, of which fund Mrs. Marie L. Darrach, who was a lifelong friend of Mrs. Pershing, is the head.

"The subscription list to the Frances Pershing Fund," says the statement issued, "is open only to the women of the United States, who are to be privileged to pay this tribute to the memory of the splendid woman who was the wife of the officer who will lead the American troops who are to fight the enemy on foreign soil."

The address of the Darrach Fund is the Fifth Avenue Bank, New York city.

# WOMEN GET INTO WIRELESS SERVICE

THE "wireless" class at Hunter College, maintained by the National League for Woman's Service, is now ready to graduate the first two of its 103 women students of "wireless," says an article in the New York Times. The graduation in this case means taking the regular Government examination for the "grade A commercial" license. Six months is the time allotted for turning out a "grade A" wireless man, but the class at Hunter, opened in March, is already beating the record. Miss Elizabeth Rickart, one of two young women completing the course, entered in April, thus doing the work almost in half time.

Captain L. R. Krumm, formerly head inspector of wireless in the Bureau of Navigation, is enthusiastic over his women pupils. "As compared with men I have taught," he said, "I find they rank

very well. At the mechanical end they are slower; on code they are much quicker, and then how they work! They work in class and out of class in a way no men I've taught ever did."

This estimate of women's capacity for wireless was agreed to by Lieutenant Redfern, the code instructor.

#### ♣ ♣ ♠ WASHINGTON WOMEN HONORED BY PRESIDENT

RS. FRANCES C. AXTELL, a director in the Suffrage Federation, has recently been appointed by President Wilson as one of the three commissioners to administer the Federal Employees' Compensation Law passed by Congress last September, says the Woman's Journal of Boston.

While a member of the Washington State Commission, she helped fix the minimum wage for women and apprentices and worked on other similar commissions and committees of the Legislature; and last fall she ran for Congress from her district on the Progressive ticket, and was also nominated by the Democrats, and, while not elected, she achieved the remarkable result of being defeated by less than 3000 votes in a district nominally giving a Republican plurality of nearly \$10,000.

Her work in her home town was recognized by the voters in her district in sending her to the State Legislature for the 1913 session, where she made a brilliant record for obtaining laws that benefited the people rather than the special interests, to which she is an uncompromising foe; and she has to her credit a hostile element of which any worker for the public good may justly be proud. When appointed to the Federal Commission, Mrs. Axtell, with her characteristic wit, declared that there were two classes of persons in her State, who were deeply interested in her appointment: those who were glad that she received the appointment but sorry she had to leave; and those who were sorry she was appointed but exceedingly glad she had to leave the State.

# A WOMAN ALTER EGO OF PREMIER GEORGE

M ISS F. L. STEVENSON, private secretary to David Lloyd George, is the first woman to hold a position of such responsibility in the British empire.

Next to the Prime Minister himself, she is perhaps the most important person in Great Britain.

Everything that reaches Lloyd George necessarily passes through Miss Stevenson's hands. The private secretary of the Prime Minister is his chief confidant, his tactful counselor and, in a sense, even the keeper of his conscience.

Some Prime Ministers, as, for instance, Lord Beaconfield, have caused peerages to be bestowed on their private secretaries. Herbert Asquith not only rewarded his private secretary with a knighthood of the Order of the Bath, but with the hand of one of his daughters.

The nomination created a sensation, being particularly welcome in the ranks of those who are working to broaden the estate of women in the realm.

The woman who now occupies the spacious private secretary's room at No. 10 Downing street, the historic official residence of the Prime Minister of England, is London born, the daughter of a Scotch father and a French mother.

As the chief private secretary of the Prime Minister, Miss Stevenson receives a salary of \$4,000 to \$5,000 a year.

She is a graduate of London University and the Royal Holloway College.

# WOMEN IN THE REAL ESTATE WORLD

HE \$250,000 trade of properties in the Bronx and Brooklyn negotiated last week by Lillian G. Johnson directed attention once again to the manifold opportunities in the real estate world for capable women, says a writer in a recent issue of the New York Tribune.

This swap of parcels netted the broker the tidy commission of \$2,500.

You will not have to go outside of the realty sphere to find large numbers of women who have had sufficient training to assume the responsible duties of sales agents, and managers of properties, especially of the dwelling and apartment house class. Look about your office and you will perhaps discover that the woman who is your private secretary or general stenographer and typewriter can take up the realty work of this or that young man, or certain work done by your partner or yourself, and do the task most creditably. I have no misgivings on this score.

There are numerous branches of the realty business where the rewards for clever and successful work are rich, in which women ought to be very prominent. Why they are not more prominent is a question with an answer that is

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# Their Accomplishments Everywhere

satisfactory answer. Maybe realty is one of those sciences in which women are willing to do a great part of the manual and much of the mental work, content in receiving a small weekly pay and letting nearly all of the praise for the progress go to others. The success of many big brokerage houses is in a large measure due to the service rendered by their staff of women office workers. How many such offices will readily acknowledge that fact?

In the renting department of the big companies, those that specialize in apartments and private houses, there should have been long ago twice as many women as were employed. For here is a field of usefulness for which women appear to be especially suited. It is usually the women of the household that go house hunting, and who can better understand their home needs than a female renting agent?

#### al al al AGED LADY OFFERS AS SHARP-SHOOTER

RS. HELEN E. TAYLOR, 89 years old, walked into the headquarters of the National League for Women's Service in the Cobb building, Seattle, and said she wanted to register under the head of sharpshooter.

"I am a woman experienced in service for my country in war as well as in peace," she said. "I can qualify for nurse, cook or sharpshooter. I can hit the bull's-eye as often as most men, and know how to handle a rifle."

The registry revealed that Mrs. Taylor was born in East Durham, Green county, New York. Her husband was killed in the Civil War. She went to Washington twenty years ago and lives at Ballard, in that State. She taught school for a few months when she was fifteen years old, she has worked as a nurse, is an experienced horsewoman and can hold the reins over a four-horse team.

#### ्री की की WOMAN OFF TO CHINA TO STUDY SOY BEAN

TO LESS a personage than Browning sang of the bean, and Dr. Yamei Kin, the only Chinese woman graduate of an American medical college, made it the burden of her good-bye song on the day she left New York a few days ago for the Orient to gather data on that humble but nutritious food for the Department of Agriculture at Washington, says a writer in the New York Times. The call for sustaining

tantalizingly elusive; in fact, with no food is imperious; the cuisine of China is one of the toothsome cuisines of the world. Of more than sentimental interest is the circumstance that the appointment of Dr. Kin marks the first time the United States Government has given so much authority to a Chinese. That it is a woman in whom such extraordinary confidence is now reposed detracts nothing from the interest of the story.

> Dr. Kin is going to see if her native land can teach the United States how to develop a taste for the soy bean in its numerous disguiises.

> "The world is in need of tissue-building foods," said Dr. Kin, "and cannot very well afford to wait to grow animals in order to obtain the necessary percentage of protein

> "The chief reason why people can live so cheaply in China and yet produce for that nation a man power so tremendous that this country must pass an exclusion act against them is that they eat beans instead of meat; but nothing like the navy bean, which by many people who do not get much exercise is considered a rather heavy food.

> "But human nature is about the same everywhere, and the Chinese don't care for a monotonous bean diet any more than other people. So they have taken this soy bean and managed to invent a great many kinds of products.'

> Dr. Kin is a graduate of the Woman's Medical College of New York, and her great interests have been always domestic sanitation, civic hygiene, the conservation of life, and questions of nutrition. She is the head of the Imperial Peiyang Woman's Medical School and Hospital, near Peking, which sends out district nurses to Chinese slums to teach the people right living and ways of keeping well. The Imperial Infant Asylum in Tientsin, the Widows' Home and the Girls' Refuge all come under her supervision as head of the woman's hospital work of Northern China. She will return to this country in October, bringing to our Government the detailed results of her study of the uses of the soy bean as a foodstutt needed by this country and by the world in the campaign of food raising and conservation.

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#### WOMAN PRESIDES OVER LOS ANGELES COURT

TON. JEAN SHONTZ, Juvenile Referee, Los Angeles, California, was the woman who, for the first time in the history of California, presided at a regular session of the Superior Court, says Marion Weston Cottle in the Women Lawyers' Journal. She took the place of Judge Sidney N. Reeve.

"It was much easier and simpler than I thought it would be, and the boys didn't seem very bad," said "Judge" Shontz, following the court session, during which she directed that two erring youths, Leonard and Lawrence Johnson, should be committed to the George Junior Republic during their minority for automobile stealing.

While the young woman exercised all of the rights and prerogatives and authority and dignity of a Superior Court Judge, before her orders can become final, they must be ratified by Judge Reeve upon his return. Instead of orders and decrees, she in fact made recommendations in each case. Thus far Judge Reeve has upheld her in every decision she has made.

Since her appointment as referee, more than a year ago, Miss Shontz has been handling the cases of the wayward, delinquent and other girls who are brought under the jurisdiction of the Juvenile Court.

#### ्रीव ्रीव ्रीव SWEDISH PARLIAMENT AD-DRESSED BY WOMAN

ISS EVA ANDEN, LL.B., a barrister with an office of her own, was invited by some Liberal members of the second chamber of the Swedish Parliament to give a lecture to the chamber on the demands of the women with regard to the government's bill concerning children born out of wedloock, says an exchange. She was allowed but forty-five minutes, but in this short time managed to give a very good exposition of the women's wishes. She especially urged that unmarried mothers are to get support from the community without its being considered poor relief during the time next before and after their confinement; that the children be allowed to take the name of their father or their mother; that they inherit from their father and father's relatives, and that the father's name be registered together with the child's as well as the mother's.

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#### Inexplicable Thompson

Sometime when some of the hidden things have been revealed, and we really know whether it was the Kaiser or the Crown Prince that brought on the war, and why the Germans won at Tannenberg, and whether Kitchener was really drowned or is a prisoner in Germany, it may be explained how it happens that William Hale Thompson, the Yankee Mayor of Chicago, is a militant pro-German who never lets a chance slip to root for the Kaiser and flout the Allies and all their friends.

Thompson was born in Boston, of New England stock, and raised on a cattle ranch in Wyoming. Nothing German about him but his feelings .-Life.

#### Where Ignorance Is Bliss

Thus, seeking to be kind and fraternal, but at the same time perfectly honest, if we make mistakes, we may still comfort ourselves with the assurance which his Irish Catholic servant once expressed to the devout and learned Bishop Whately.

"Do you really believe," he asked her, "that there is no salvation outside of the Roman Catholic Church?"

"Shure an' I do," she replied, "for that's what the praist ses.'

"Well, then, what is going to become of me?"

"Oh, that's all right," she answered, with an Irish twinkle in her eyes. "Yer riverence will be saved by yer ignorince." -New York Churchman.

#### On Deceptive Appearances

Appearances are sometimes deceiving. I recall that once my wife became interested in missionary work and one afternoon brought home from a meeting a little five-year-old colored girl who had to be cared for temporarily. That night after she had been put to bed, wife and I visited her room to see if she was all right. In the dim light we saw the little white-robed figure groping on its knees in the cot, and wife whispered to me:

"The little darling is saying her prayers."

And then we heard the little girl ex-

"Where the debbil's my dolly?"

#### **IMPERIAL**

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The minister was shocked to see the young lad with a fishing outfit on Sunday. "My dear lad, what will your father say about your fishing on the Sabbath?

"Well, last time he said: "Where the 'ell's your fish?'" replied the youngster. —Life.

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tion.

#### Council of Jewish Women

(Continued from page thirteen) shops were later taken over by the proper public agencies. Preventive and educational work under this committee, however, may be done everywhere, in the way of making the use of nitrate of silver in the eyes of new-born infants compulsory. Eighty per cent of preventable blindness is due to neglect of this precau-

Reciprocity—This committee seeks to encourage an interchange of thought and experience between sections and clubs through papers and the like, preferably however through personal contact, where that is practicable. A bureau is maintained from which papers and slides may be procured.

Purity of the Press—In this we were pioneers. This committee aims to correct the misuse of the press; endeavors to suppress sensational and indecent detail in the publication of news; to keep out of the public print names of juvenile offenders; to discourage the caricature of the Jew in the press and on the stage and such characterization as places him contemptuously before the public.

Peace and Arbitration—This committee has sought to stimulate an interest in the question of Peace.

Department of Immigrant Aid-This has to do with girls and women who come unattended to this country. The work begins before the girls leave their homes, endeavoring to give them information, friendly aid, and advice. The girls are met when they arrive and are looked after until they reach their final destinations. Even then, they are followed up, and the intention is to see that they have proper homes; that they may find employment, and that social and educational connections may be made for them, and their condition generally investigated. The value of an organization that safeguards young and ignorant women in a strang country is inestimable and the necessity imperative.

In making the welfare of unprotected girls and women its special concern, developing a system of moral protection, affording prompt educational opportunities and Americanizing influences, the Council helps to economic independence, ambition and self-respect and does constructive work of the highest type, unique and important to a degree. It must not be thought that the war with the attendant decrease in immigration has lessened the work of the department of immigrant aid. On the contrary, it has changed conditions and complicated them. Girls

arriving, who would ordinarily be deported, cannot now be returned to their homes in the war zones. If they are undesirable because of disease they are held in the Emergency Hospital on Ellis Island, which is taxed beyond its capacity now. Some are admitted temporarily under the supervision of relatives or friends. The Council has to meet this unusual problem; has had to give decent clothes where necessary; has had to provide material to be made upon into garments so those detained on the island may have work, and new garments to replace what has been worn out or unsuitable on account of change of season and give those deported suitable clothes and some small amount of money.

The character of immigration is changed. Now, coming from the Orient. are Turkish and Greek girls, as greatly alien to Russian and Galician immigrants as these latter are to us. Second cabin girls are now also being met, and many, who ordinarily would have come steerage, now come second cabin for safety. There were more than 300 girls met and assisted in the month of September; the problem is as nothing to what it will be after the war. We must make ready now for the flood of immigration that will come here by developing a knowledge of vocational and employment conditions, the need of better housing conditions and better educational advantages.

Education—Under this committee are advocated special schools for backward children; open air schools for those who are tubercular or anemic; preparatory schools for immigrant children; for those who are crippled, blind, deaf and feebleminded. Then we have the penny lunches, industrial and vócation training; wider use of the schools for social centers; home and school gardens; playgrounds; visiting and school inspection and a sub-committee on social hygiene. The committee which does the work of school inspection follows it up by friendly visiting in the home, and does extremely effective work. This work is directly responsible for municipal regulations in regard to school inspection. Schools where there are Jewish children are regularly visited. Neglected and truant children and those who need medical attention are reported to the visitors. Personal cleanliness is taught and proper clothing furnished when necessary.

A sub-committee on social hygiene finds place under this committee. This lays stress on the importance of the subject, and advocates, primarily, instruction

and enlightenment of the women, that they may fulfill their own obligations to their children and be able to co-operate intelligently when the opportunity offers for expression in larger and civic movements. Practical suggestions are offered and details for work and study.

A word as to administration. Conventions are held triennially. At the last one held in New Orleans in December, 1914, the present officers were elected; namely, President, Mrs. Nathaniel E. Harris; First Vice-President, Mrs. Eli Hertzberg; Second Vice-President, Miss Rose Brenner; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Harry Glicksman; Treasurer, Mrs. Leo H. Herz; Executive Secretary, Mrs. Ernestine B. Dreyfus. These serve for a term of three years and together with ten directors-five of whom are elected at every Triennial for a term of six vears-and ten chairmen of national standing committees appointed by the President, comprise the board of managers. This board has power and authority over the affairs of the Council in the interim between triennial conventions and meets annually. The last annual meeting of the board was held in Brooklvn in April, 1916.

An exhibit of Council work was assembled and placed in the Council's booth in the Palace of Social Economy at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, which exhibit received the gold medal award under the head of Social Economy.

The Council publishes a report of the triennial proceedings, a complete program of all work undertaken, a calendar of holy days, and such other bulletins and leaflets as are desirable from time to time. Sections publish annually year books indicating their local activities. The Council is a member of the National Council of Women of the United States and through that, of the International Council of Women. Sections are co-operating members of State Federations and local non-civic and philanthropic organizations.

of the of

The Chancellor—The proletariat beg to know how much longer they are to be butchered!

The Kaiser—Fools! Why are they always butting into other people's business?—Life.

of of of

"Could you lend me five dollars?"

"No. I'm going to be married; but I'll see to it that you don't get an invitation—so you'll save at least ten dollars by that!"—Life.

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#### According to Circumstances

Visitor—What is that new building on the hill?

Farmer—If I find a tenant, it is a bungalow; if I don't, it's a barn.

# Much Needed

Crawford—I don't suppose this leak investigation will amount to anything.

Crabshaw—It's not likely. But just for a change they might have a leak down in Wall Street that would let some of the water out of the stocks.

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# FIRST LADY OF U. S. HAS HER PALM READ

RS. WOODROW WILSON, wife of the President, had her fortune told recently and the veiled seeress who read her palm was Mrs. James Hamilton Lewis, wife of the senior Senator from Illinois. The occasion was a garden fete, says a Washington item in the New York Herald.

Mrs. Wilson arrived soon after 5 o'clock, accompanied by Miss Helen Woodrow Bones, and, after making a tour of the grounds with Mr. Phillips and Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, joined Mrs. Lewis.

"You have big ideas and think big thoughts," said the palmist after a glance at the hand of the First Lady of the Land. "If you are happy in your private life you don't care whether school keeps or not," she went on; and then she made several statements almost in a whisper.

Mrs. Lewis read in Mrs. Wilson's palm that she cared little for approbation, that she was resourceful and that, come wealth or poverty, success or failure, she would always find herself calm and undaunted.

# A. A. A. Strict Neutrality

Brown—Are you strictly neutral?
Black—Of course! How do I know which side is going to win?—Boston Globe.

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#### They Fooled 'Im, You See

When the donkey saw the zebra, He began to switch his tail; "Well, I never!" was his comment: "There's a mule that's been in jail."

> की की की On Friend Wife

I don't feel like speaking this evening. I'm peeved. My wife, who accompanied me tonight, is the cause of it.

"I was reading the paper at home and came across an interesting item.

"Here's a piece," I said, "which says that a million microbes can gather on the top of a pinhead. What do you think of that?"

My wife said:

"I think you'd better put your hat on."

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me, wife," I said, "or you won't go to friend wife. You know for why. heaven"

"I don't expect to go to heaven," she

I was surprised and asked her, "Why?"

"Because," she explained, "when I married you I promised the minister I would go where you went."

I tried to get square with her. Coming to the lodge hall, we met one of the stenographers from our office building who smiled as she passed.

"See that girl smile at me?" I asked

"That's nothing," she said; "the first time I saw you I nearly laughed my head off."

of of de

#### Tips to Fraternal Orators

Be careful whom you hoch.

Stories about the blind, deaf, mute. lame or insane are never funny.

The speaker who becomes embarrassed and stammers around is the most popular one. He doesn't talk long.



# The Start of A Perfect Day



uaker Oats

#### True Tact

The heroism of France has made the French language popular.

On this head there is a story illustrating the tact of M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador.

A senator at a luncheon said to M. Jusserand:

"Taka—er—eska voo voo-ly—I mean —er—passy-moi, sill voo play—er—"

M. Jusserand laid his hand on the senator's shoulder, and in his excellent English said:

"My dear sir, my very dear sir, do,

please, stop speaking French. Your accent is so Parisian that, positively, it makes me homesick."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

#### भुः भूः भूः

#### Monotony of Work

"Say, Bill, wot ye<mark>r loo</mark>kin' so sick fer?"

"Work! Nuffink but work, work, work, from mornin' till night."

"How long have yer been at it?"

"Start in the mornin'."—Life.



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- (6) "Everywoman" has broad scope, is fearless, diversified, clean, non-sectarian and non-partisan. It has

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- (11) "Everywoman" will establish an Advertiser's Index, making quick reference to any advertisement possible to readers of this magazine.
- (10) "Everywoman," through an expert, will edit each advertisement free of charge, when desired.

The advertiser who reads the above carefully must concede that not one reason has been forced and that each and every one constitutes a real advantage, whether for results or general publicity. It is our purpose to combine the natural advantages of this magazine with an efficient service which will maintain permanent relations with all earnest and far-seeing advertisers. The law of mutual benefit is thus bound to prevail.

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It Is Always

Pro-Humanity

VOL. XI. No. 15

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST, 1917

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# The Red Cross at Work

# A Graphic Picture of the Service in Operation

American Red Cross Headquarters, Washington, D. C.

THERE is a large marble building a couple of blocks down behind the State, War and Navy building. My office is in its basement where the hot summer winds of Washington billow in like steam from the rainy streets. The Red Cross flag hangs outside and I pass a tablet over the stairs as I go down to my desk in the morning which reads:

"A Memorial Built by the Government of the United States and Patriotic Citizens to the Women of the North and the Women of the South.

"Held in Loving Memory of the Now United Country That Their Labors to Mitigate the Suffering of the Sick and Wounded in War may be Perpetuated This Memorial is Dedicated to the American Red Cross."

The hum and click of the typewriters fill the building; an endless file of human beings stirs in the upper hall. Nurses from Maine to Arizona thread their way to Miss Delano's Committee on Nursing. Doctors, sightseers, people who want to give money and small boys who want to hire out as messengers, come and go. Mr. T-- passes by to his office which has distributed over five million circulars this month. Some were appeals, some, information and stories of organization. Bags of mail are being carried to the mailing room on the other side of the hall. Reports of bandages, made in every little hamlet of the country pour in, some times in pencilled scraps from "somewhere in Tennessee." Sometimes neat printed reports of tons, literally, of work come down from the busy women of New York. Something vast and mechanical seems to bear down on me. Smooth and powerful, I am seeing the American Red Cross from its organizing center.

Then suddenly it all fades. I am in Gevgeli again. A little scattered handful of Serbian huts squat drearily back behind the shanty station on the Southern hills where the thumb of Bulgaria juts to the west.

A Red Cross doctor, a figure strangely haloed with home memories, stands there, bluff, hearty, and welcoming, under the leaden gray of a March sky in the Balkans. Back up the hill we walk to the remnants of what was a prosperous tobacco factory in the days before

By Ernestine S. Evans

Sarjevo. Five city blocks from any running water, here is a "hospital." The crude outpost of mercy shelters twelve hundred men wounded in the campaigns of the North along the Danube. Some lie wounded in beds, but more on rough straw pallets. Fevered smells and the low sounds of suffering men. The sight of a girl from Missouri unwinding a week-old bandage put on at a binding post in the north, now full of pus and maggots, unbelievably and terribly ugly! The straw rustles at my feet where a typhus patient in the black and reddish bloated heat of his fever burrows and turns with strangling breath on the floor. That picture-two years old and moreis fixed before me. That for Servia-not that, Oh! not that, ever, for America. Nor for Servia ever again.

Some one has laid on my desk a list, a bulletin for the 1637 chapters of the Red Cross. It is a list of needs:

350,000 Bath Robes or Convalescent Gowns.

100,000 pairs of Socks. 700,000 Handkerchiefs.

650,000 Hospital Bed Shirts.

450,000 suits Pajamas.

300,000 Shoulder Wraps.

800,000 pairs Socks.

250,000 pairs War Slippers.

The figures are figures one used to play with. Now, they only half count the volume of the world's want and pain

Daily the cables come from France. speaking need. An appalling famine for bandages and garments is hanging over the land. When it became known at the declaration of war that neither the Red Cross chapters already in existence nor other relief organizations like the National Surgical Dressings Committee, or the Fund for French Wounded, could begin to meet the necessities, more cruel and urgent every week, some other agency had to be invoked. A New Woman's Bureau of the American Red Cross was created. Miss Florence Marshall, principal of the Manhattan Trade School became its head. A distinguished committee of women who had borne the responsibilities of the last three years in Red Cross chapter work, stood behind her. On July 1, the bureau was opened.

The New Woman's Bureau is for all of the women of America. "All' was once almost a figure of speech. But to those who daily read the cables that report to American Red Cross headquarters the needs of whole communities in the ruined districts of Europe; "ALL" means the mobilized women of the United States. Communities stand near perishing from the earth from lack of things that American women could give them. There cannot be many women missing if the Army and Navy of the country, whose recognized relief agent the Red Cross is, and the hospital sufferers and refugees of our allies are to know justice and care. "ALL' women have the bureau as guide to their service. As fast as news of specific needs come in, the Bureau will be prepared to tell of them. For example, if knitted garments are needed, the Bureau will issue a bulletin on how to make them, where wool is available, and where finished work should be shipped. The same will be true of pajamas, of surgical dressings, of clothes for refugee children. Under Miss Marshall's direction, the greatest piece of volunteer manufacture in the world will have to be done this fall. In snowbound New England farm houses, and women's clubs under the pepper trees of Southern California, from end to end of the country, little work shops must be busy. They must have been turning out their share, if the cup of Europe's misery is not to overflow to defeat this winter. The laywomen of the country will have as clean-cut a program of what to do and how best to serve, as the professional nurses marshalled under Miss Jane

Already nearly a thousand of the best hospital-trained nurses of America have gone abroad to serve in the base hospitals operated by the war department in France. More are ready, waiting orders for sailing when the American transports go. All over the country, young women have begun to answer Miss Delano's call for probationers in the nurses training schools so that experienced nurses can be released for service abroad. A Town and Country Nursing Service has redoubled its efforts in rural communities to oversee the health of the country-side, with visiting nurses. A war, won abroad at the cost of the vital-

(Continued on page thirty-two)

# The Winning of the War

### Humanitarian Service May Decide the Struggle

FEW weeks ago, while in a prosperous little town in the northern part of the State, I had the privilege of talking to several hundred residents upon the war and the Red Cross. After the meeting, as a party of us walked down the street toward the hotel, a woman turned to me and said: "You did not bring us a comforting message, Mr. Chambers; I had hoped

to hear something more cheerful from you. You have made me feel apprehensive." I replied that if the situation was such as to justify comforting messages and cheerful speeches, neither myself nor the thousands of others who are going about the country trying to awaken the people to a realization of the seriousness of the situation would be doing so, but that we would be at home attending to our private affairs. And I added that this was no time for selfdelusion, for encouraging a sense of false security, but that it was a time for straight thinking and straight talking, as well as straight shooting.

Prior to the memorable message sent by the President to Congress on April 2, 1917, a message which recited in part the grievous wrongs this country had suffered at the hands of the Imperial German Government, and then went on to outline eloquently and clearly the fundamental issues involved-that of democracy against autocracy being the chief-there were thousands and thousands of the President's fellow-countrymen who were not in accord with his policy of watchful waiting.

But I can say without fear of contradiction there is not anywhere on the face of the earth today a red-blooded American who is not in hearty sympathy with him, who does not admire and love him for his attitude, and who is not ready and willing to go the limit in his support and the support of the Flag. Now that a definite stand has been taken, no fault can be found with our President because of the manner in

By Hon. John S. Chambers State Controller

which he is prosecuting the war and the manner in which he is laying before the peoples of the earth the motives of the war-mad lords of Germany.

In his great war message the President told of some of the aggressions of

the free peoples of the earth and to make possible the extension of this freedom to all the world. A wonderful document, a wonderful message to mankind!

And he followed this up with a ringing note to the people of Russia, in which he reiterated many of the things he set forth on April 2, and in which he also made clear that there would be and could be no peace until the military rule.

ers of Germany had been subdued and the peace of the world guaranteed. A splendid, a cheering message from the greatest republic of history to a country on the verge of chaos and anarchy.

Then came his Flag Day speech in the Washington Monument grounds at the national capital. Another revo-Jution! Skillfully and unsparingly he told why the military rulers of Germany now sought peace, having accomplished temporarily what they had set out to do, so that they could justify themselves before the German people and prepare for a final and a greater war; a war having for its purpose the subjugation and the domination of all the world, including the subjugation and the domination of the free people of the United States. And he made it plain. again, that there could be no peace, that this nation could agree to no peace, until the war-mad rulers of Germany had been overthrown and the liberty of the world established and made enduring.

And these are the peace terms of America!

During the course of his Flag Day speech, the Presi-

dent referred briefly, but clearly, to the infamous teachings and doctrines of the German professors and philosophers, to the effect that the needs and aspirations of Germany were the only things in the world worthy of consideration, that in international relations, in war, there was no such thing as right or wrong, that anything done for the furtherance of the plans of Germany was proper, that no law of God or man could

#### The World's Altar

By Louise R. Waite

FRANCE! Beloved France! forevermore Thy soil shall sacred be: a holy spot, An altar to the world of sacrifice, A shrine which holdeth in its deep-carved niche A cross whereon the Christ of Peace and Love Hath, by the hand of him who bore His name Before the world, been crucified anew! Thou who hath drawn the Hosts invisible And mighty Saints angelic to thy side, Who came from heavenly realms to lend thee aid— Thou hast been baptized with the fire of pain And with the flowing blood of those who died Upon thy battlefields for Freedom's sake, Who though of different race and different tongue, Yet met as one, a Holy Brotherhood, Whose mingled blood, as Living Waters pure, Hath sanctified and given mystic power Which evermore shall cling around thy name! And men shall come to thee in future years And bow their heads, and in all reverence kneel As in a Temple, and before thy shrine, Thy altar fire and thy crucifix, Which though invisible shall e'er exist, Shall pray in silence; and thy spirit, fair, Noble and great, unconquerable and free, Shall be an inspiration, and their lives Made better, braver still, because of thee! O France! Beloved France! thou hast become A sacrificial altar for the world!

the Imperial German Government, of what this country had suffered at the hands of the military rulers of the German people, of the justification we had again and again to enter the war; and he also laid bare the fact that beyond our own grievances was the higher call to save democracy from annihilation at the hands of the Prussian autocracy, to save civiliation as we understood it and as we wanted it, to save the liberties of

# The Winning of the War

be held as superior to the wishes of the Imperial German Government, that small nations unable to defend themselves from aggression had no right to exist, that the other peoples of the world were but the pawns of Germany.

And he told how the other nations could not believe that such teachings were being taken literally, until time proved that they were, and moreover that the military rulers of Germany not only approved but fostered the promulgation of these infamous doctrines as helpful to their own hellish schemes.

In the papers left by the cruel German governor of Belgium-now dead, thank God; and, if our ideas and beliefs as to the hereafter are correct, paying in hell for the torments he inflicted upon the innocent and helpless women and children of the country over which he ruled-were found notes urgently advocating the absorption of Belgium and the complete enslavement of her people. He argued that Belgium could never forgive or forget the treatment to which she had been subjected, that to restore her to freedom would not win back her good will, but merely strengthen an enemy; that this fact must be borne in mind, that it would not do to show weakness, that Belgium must be absolutely crushed.

Is it any wonder that the President expresses amazement and indignation? Is it any wonder that the people of the world could not believe that the infamous teachings of the German professors were being accepted in that country at face value, that the rulers were encouraging the spread of such doctrines, and that it really was intended to carry them out if might and cruelty and brutality could do it?

It is well to talk of these things; it is well to carry them in mind. We must realize what this war means, we must realize the character and the nature of the enemy with whom we are at war, we must realize what will be our fate if we fail successfully to resist, the fate that has overtaken the heroic people of Belgium, despoiled, ravaged and enslaved.

The monstrous doctrines of the German teachers and the German rulers mean but one thing. Let us not forget! Let us carry these things in memory, that there may be no weakening upon our part, that we may steel ourselves for supreme sacrifice.

How many of us realize even now what we owe to the brave Belgians and the gallant French? Had it not been for both. One must triumph and one go for the stand the Belgians made, thus temporarily stopping the onward rush of the Germans to Paris and giving the French under Joffre time to make that wonderful stand at the river Marne. France would have fallen then, Russia next and probably long before now the power of England would have been bro-

Then would have come our turn; alone, without allies and unprepared, to face the mightiest military nation this world has ever known.

This is our third great war for Liberty. The first was fought that this nation might be born, the war of the Revolution; the second, that the nation so born might be preserved, the war of the Rebellion; and the third, the greatest of



Hon. John S. Chambers

them all, the war of the World against Prussian autocracy, which now is being fought not only to save us but civilization itself from the feudalism of the mad rulers of Germany.

We of America sowed the first real seeds of democracy in government. Our free spirit, our free institutions, our free ideals now permeate nearly all the countries of the civilized world. We represent in particular all that which is anathema to autocracy in government as defined by Prussian absolutism, by Prussian militarism.

And the issue now is squarely drawn -Freedom or Feudalism, Democracy or Autocracy, the People or Kaiserism. There is no longer room upon this earth

down to defeat.

I have read that we of America today are not as patriotic as were the Americans of '61, 1812 and '76. What better answer than the oversubscription to the Liberty Bonds and the Red Cross drive could be given? Were not those glorious manifestations? The response rang true, it came from the hearts of the people and showed beyond all doubt where we of America stand today.

I want to narrate in this connection a few incidents that have come under my observation during the past few weeks, incidents that I could multiply out of my own experience by the score, to make plain how the American people feel. And such incidents could be duplicated all over this great, big, broad, wonderful country of ours by the thousands and thousands.

A few days ago a poor woman wrote to me and said that her two boys, neither over twenty-one, had enlisted, one in the army and one in the navy; her husband, whose age precluded more active service, had enrolled in the Home Guard, and she herself now wanted to do her part by sending me \$5 for the Sacramento Red Cross Chapter, all the money she could spare at the time.

Last week a farmer from Solano county, bent by the toil of years, if not by age itself, came into my office with his son, a young man just twenty years of age, and said: "Mr. Chambers, I have read in the papers that you are one of the officers of the Sacramento Red Cross and that you have in hand the organization of a Sacramento Red Cross Ambulance Company for service in France. I want my boy here to go, if he can, and the best of it is, he wants to go, too. My other boys have gone already; one is in Florida now and the other in New York, both with Uncle Sam. I wish to God I could go myself. I'll be left alone when this boy goes, but I'd rather be alone than see them skulk."

Our country is larger and more powerful than in '61, 1812 and '76, and the population is very much greater. But though this nation of ours has been the melting pot of the world and we have called into our blood peoples from all the races of the earth, yet despite this amalgamation, despite our growth, despite commercialism, we are as true and as loyal and as patriotic as ever we were since the Declaration of Independence was written.

(Continued on page twenty-eight)

# An Irish Patriot Woman

# Looking Through the Eyes of Tragedy

THESE are the days when bravery, or the lack of it, stands out from the surrounding scenery as plainly as a tree stands out from its shadow. Bravery is of a quality which attracts, perhaps, more forcibly than any other known quality, not excepting beauty; and, this is particularly true when a woman is its possessor. We look for it and expect it from men, doubly so in these war days, and for the most part they live up to our anticipations. But, for one small woman, through the gift of bravery, to hold an audience of over six thousand men and women and draw repeated cheers and applause from them for hours is as great a compliment as could be offered to some gifted tragedienne or prima donna. Yet, there is one little woman traveling through America who has accomplished that very thing. And her one great drawing card is bravery.

This woman, who draws immense audiences, is Mrs. Francis Sheehy-Skeffington, the widow of the Irish editor who was shot to death during the rebellion of Easter Week, in Dublin, a year ago. That story in itself would prove of sorrowful interest in this country, owing to the sudden tragic end of the rebellion and of all who took part in it. But at this particular lecture Mrs. Skeffington devoted her time to "The Ulster Problem," doubtless, because her husband was an Ulster man. And, because, she asserts, the freedom of Ireland is only opposed in Ulster by capitalists and crown politicians; not by Catholics nor by Protestants, as reported. The subject itself, however, was far from as thrilling as was the subject of the rebellion; but it served the purpose which Mrs. Skeffington is working for and that is, a republican form of government for Ireland after the

In wading through crowds of two or three thousand people into Dreamland Rink—a ramshackel old structure thrown together for shelter after the great fire—and facing six thousand men and women of all nationalities, packed together and impatiently awaiting the speaker, the first thought that took possession of one was: This lecturer must have tremendous eloquence, bravery and power to face such an audience. Added to that feeling was one of surprise when a small, slender, dark-haired woman in simple

By Jeanne E. Francoeur.

black stepped to the front of the stage—following an introduction by Attorney Walter McGovern, a rather good orator, who would have been listened to with pleasure at another time—and began her lecture at once in a clear, cool voice, the precision and poise of which re-



Boye Photo rs. Francis Sheehy-Skeffington, widow of the Irish editor shot during the uprising in Dublin a year ago.

minded one far more of an English woman than of an Irish woman. But, the message and the meaning of the lecture were entirely Irish, and dealt, principally, with the historical facts of the government of Ireland by England, and of the unceasing discontent and rebellion of the former country against the latter, and the reasons therefor, with all of which the audience was pretty well acquainted, either through history or newspaper accounts.

In the cool logical manner of a lawyer, without passion or extravagance of speech, Mrs. Skeffington made out her case, and made it clear that nothing short of a republic would, now, ever bring peace to Ireland. That with the wounds and wrongs of the late rebellion fresh in their memory, old wounds were reopened, and would remain so, rendering Home Rule, or any other rule, exer-

cised by England intolerable. In answer to hecklers, she replied that every country-even America-had two parties who held different opinions, and while a small minority in Ireland would accept Home Rule, the very large majority, to which she belonged, would not. And, as Irishmen had given their blood at all times to America, and to making this land a republic-not a colony of England-so, too, should America give its influence in the final settlement for world peace to make Ireland-together with all small nations — free to govern itself. To that one demand the little woman clung with unshaken courage and tenacity.

In Mrs. Skeffington addressing that vast audience on so momentous a subject as the freedom of a country it was not easy to place her. To the eye and to the ear, she had few of the qualities which go to make the successful lecturer. She stood there in the glaring light before a vast audience of foreigners and strangers, the picture of a thoroughly domestic. sensitive little mother, whom you could easily visualize exercising acts of loving tenderness to husband, children and friends; but, on a public platform, for any cause—never. Nor did the lecture itself, great as the subject matter was, or the calm, poised manner of delivery, give you any clue to the puzzling feeling. On the contrary, they only deepened the surprise.

Where was the emotional, magnetic, vibrant Irish spirit — which pleads its wrongs in fiery eloquence, which is as natural as flashes of lightning following a thunder-storm, and as striking in many respects? That was not there. What then could have become of this quality emotion which, above all others, is the dominating characteristic of the Irish race?

A half hour with Mrs. Skeffington and her beautiful boy made clear the puzzle. Tragedy was indelibly engraved on the young face—tragedy and courage and determination, all in one blend, as if they were chemicals cast into one mould and allowed to chill too quickly. Tragedy looked out from the blue-gray eyes, through which you could look into the soul of the woman who suffered—suffered far beyond the power of words to express. But which left there a determination far more dangerous than elo-

(Continued on page thirty)

# CVERYWOMAN

# EDITORIAL PAGES

Jeanne E. Francoeur, Editor

# Ruling the World and Ruining the World

T is less than a year ago since the Imperial German Government "offered peace" on its own terms, which was, as near as anybody could make out, to keep all the possessions on which German feet had trod, together with all which was coveted by Wilhelm and pre-empted in a partnership with "Gott," without the knowledge or consent of the Then, the Kaiser, and a few of the chosen "Scrap of Paper" men, were ruling the earth, and a large share of Heaven-according to their declarations; but, this was one time when braggarts were not taken at their own value. Their bait of, "peace-at-any-price," was not swallowed; no, not even when it was thickly plated with gold. The poor puppits, of all nations, whom they found willing to accept traitorous pay, were not of the calibre to "fool all of the people all of the time," nor even a small part of the time; so, that silly plan went into the scrap heap when France said, "No!" and England said, "No!" and Uncle Sam said, "Well, I guess not!" So, it was necessary to find another well varnished fake-when threats and fearsomeness failedand they did find another and another.

Now, with a wild bound, the Imperial German Government dropped the famous "Scrap of Paper" man, Bethmann-Hollweg, who for three years held the third interest in partnership with the Kaiser and the divine silent partner whom they so constantly advertised; and, in a few days, none were found so poor as to do the ruthless Chancellor honor. Indeed, his name might just as well have been Bopp. His efficiency was ended. But, in a highly idealistic manner and "with malice aforethought," as the lawyers would say, the Centrist party, who seem to have a good deal of the say in matters political since the retirement of Bethmann-Hollweg, would be graciously willing to make peace "without annexation and indemnities," while the Pan-Germans only want peace "with annexation and indemnities." And, no doubt, with the assistance of Uncle Sam, the Allies will accommodate both of these factions-but, not exactly as they have figured it out.

For instance: The invaded countries have no notion of surrendering their lawful possessions, battled for and drenched in their heart's blood, to any horde of infamous robbers who lay covetous eyes upon them and who instigate a reign of butchery and torture in order to acquire them. All such can rest easily, they need not bother about annexation nor about indemnities, the Allies will ask neither we believe. They would not care for the land of greed and treachery; but, they shall demand, receive and take restitution, and retribution as befit their losses and their sorrows.

Of course, there is no such thing possible as full reparation nor full restitution for the devastated countries—nor for the millions of lost and ruined lives; but, in so far as mortal men—or fiends—can be made to pay, those rule and ruin monsters, shall be made to pay. Even the most spectacular law of graft has not yet advised turning over the loot to the robbers who were caught in the act.

So all this sham battle going on between the various parties of the Imperial Government reminds one of the fights

of the tinkers of old, who would, whenever they intended to trap a stranger, raise a fight among themselves, and when they would draw the stranger into it, they would rob and murder him at their pleasure. This has happened so successfully in the past that the Imperial Government is trying it now on another and different scale; but, America has become so well acquainted with the cry of "Wolf!" that it is a waste of good howling and, of course, they do not fool the European Allies at all. It does not make a bit of difference which Chancellor-von Bethmann-Hollweg-the "scrap of paper" man, Herr Michaeles, the Junker advocate, or any other putit-over artist of the Imperial Government, it is not within the power of human credulity to have the slightest faith in their word, their bond, nor in their "sacred honor." They would rule and ruin humanity in accord with the fearsomeness of all dead souls. The only place suitable for their rule is Hades, and they can dispute that territory with Satan, who is, doubtless, too ashamed of them to accept a challenge.



#### Distorted Meanings Drawn From Plain Statements

HEN President Wilson proclaimed to Russia and the world at large, that a League of Free Nations for World Peace was the aim of the United States on entering the war, it would not seem possible that any one could misread or misunderstand the meaning of that message, given out at Washington on June the ninth last. Yet, it would seem that The Centrist Party, put a construction on the President's message, which would imply that a peace "without annexation and indemnities," would be all that President Wilson hoped for when the day of final accounting came. It is more than doubtful if one among the smallest or most helpless of the Allied Nations would consent, even though the ruthlessness of the barbarians, against whom they have fought with such divine courage for the last three years, were increased a thousand fold would consider for one moment such a monstrous overture from the assassins of their race.

What the President did say—in part was: "A league of free nations to enforce peace must arise out of the blood and ashes of the world war. \* \* \* "The United States can never accede to the declaration of the status quo ante as a basis of settlement. That, is what the Germans want. What America is fighting for and will demand are these things:

First—No transfer of territory except to give its inhabitants a better rule and larger liberty.

Second-No indemnities except to right wrongs done.

Third—No people to be forced under a sovereignty distasteful to them.

"Of course the Imperial German Government and those whom it is using for their own undoing are seeking to obtain pledges that the war will end in the restoration of the status quo ante. It was the status quo ante out of which this iniquitous war issued forth, the power of the Imperial German Government within the empire and its wide spread domination and influence outside of that empire. That status

#### Advisory Council of Everywoman

Mrs. Philip North Moore

Mrs. John F. Merrill

Mrs. John E. Millholland

Mrs. John Rothschild

Mrs. Edwin Goodall

Mrs. Eugenie Schroeder

The Countess of Aberdeen
Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst
Mrs. A. W. Scott
Mrs. James C. Jordan
Ina Coolbrith
Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper

Dr. Kate Waller Barrett
Mrs. Henry Payot
Mrs. E. Gerberding
Mrs. Georgia Sperry
Mrs. James H. Wilkins

must be altered in such fashion as to prevent any such hideous thing from ever happening again.

"We are fighting for the liberty, the self-government and the undictated development of all peoples, and every feature of the settlement that concludes this war must be conceived and executed for that purpose. \* \* No indemnities must be insisted on except those that constitute payment for manifest wrongs done. No readjustments of power must be made except such as will tend to secure the future peace of the world and the future welfare and happiness of its peoples. \* \* And then the free peoples of the world must draw together in some common covenant, some genuine and practical co-operation that will in effect combine their force to secure peace and justice in the dealings of nations with one another.

"\* \* For these things we can afford to pour out blood and treasure. For these are the things we have always professed to desire, and unless we pour out blood and treasure now and succeed, we may never be able to unite or show conquering force again in the great cause of human liberty. The day has come to conquer or submit. If the forces of autocracy can divide us, they will overcome us; if we stand together, victory is certain and the liberty which victory will secure. We can afford, then, to be generous, but we cannot afford then or now to be weak or omit any single guarantee of justice and security."

The few paragraphs quoted above will recall to the reader's memory that nothing could be farther from the mind of President Wilson, when making his splendid proclamation, which brought hope and help to the tormented Russian people, than the deliberately false and distorted meanings which the Imperial followers are trying to weave into his clear-cut, comprehensive message of June the ninth. A message that is as sure of fulfillment as is the coming in of the tide, if we are true to God, to our country and to ourselves.



#### A Prophecy and a Defiance by the Last and the Least of Kings

York Times in a special cabled from The Hague, the German Crown Prince relieves his mind and sends forth a prophesy and a defiance to the world. In this threat he outstrips his father by some distance, for he does not even take God into partnership. In what he terms, "The Last Argument of Kings," he simply pins his faith to the submarines; and, in the following words throws his challenge in the face of the world saying:

"Borne upon the nation's confidence with warmest wishes for favoring gales, upon their bridges the nation's best, for their ships are served by crews despising death; hated and feared by our foe and ready ever for deeds of daring, may our submarines ever float the German flag victoriously through the seven seas and teach respect for them as the last argument of Kings."

Now, that is something of an argument from a "King" who has not so far done anything along the King or the soldier line. But, to talk of "hated and feared by our foe" is mere bragadocia. Disgusted perhaps, yes, when one thinks of the fearful slaughter such an imitation of manhood, can bring about, when given an army—the very cream of his father's subjects—to hurdle, in unlimited numbers to their death. But, feared (?) by that small band of heroes, who have led him on, and thrown him back, for the greater part of three years, while defending the Chemin des Dames—oh, never!

However, as a fifteen-cent-hero in melodramatic movies, he may be able to earn an honest living, in the days to come. For, "The Last Argument of Kings" is fully as treacherous and cowardly as its weapon. A submarine can no more inspire respect than can a scorpion; to strike, and dive to safety, is merely murderer's work—as is dropping bombs on women and children and hospitals.

Still, the Crown Prince of all the Germans, did offer something to inspire thought: He made a prophesy. The submarine is undoubtedly, not only "The Last Argument of Kings"—but, it is, also, the invention which will make the last of Kings!



#### The Woman of Today— Her Value to the World

HE month of July, in the year of our Lord, 1917, has brought to the surface most of the deep, fine qualities of women—all over the world. Qualities, which we always knew they possessed if necessity voiced her demands in unmistakable terms. Necessity does so now, and the women are not found wanting in any country of which we know anything about.

Under the July heat of a Chicago sun The Woman's Association of America was formed at the closing session of The First National Convention of Business Women. "Did these women waste any time on the fribbles of a few years back, which usually acted as time absorbers?" .They did not! They went straight to the core of life values. Among the resolutions which passed were: unified co-operation for food conservation, enforcement of child-labor law, eight hour day for women, equal pay with men, no night work, better conditions for women; and, an urgent resolution to congress to pass the Susan B. Anthony Amendment, creating National Suffrage for women, all of which were sent to President Wilson and all members of congress.

Of course one and all of these measures are of the utmost importance; but, if we have a choice it would be that The Susan B. Anthony Amendment would receive immediate attention, not only for the peace and dignity of our country, for the sake of the genuine Democracy which is the ideal of all true Americans, but, for the indisputable fact, that it leads all other legal act necessary to the full development of women. It is, indeed, the very foundation of their genuineness, of their usefulness. From that would spring all the other activities which are needed to make a clean and wholesome world for all children, boys and girls alike, and for men and women who are only the bigger children.

Everywoman hopes to see the day, very soon, when every man's convention will, also, make the same plea to Washington, and to all men in power therein, that women who shall have to bear the full share in the struggles and sorrows of our government shall lawfully participate in its triumphs, without having to descend to the tactics of the subjects of monarchical forms of government, and to be made objects of jeering crowds of alien enemies, who can vote themselves in, as the masters of cultured American women, on the strength of an oath which they openly and notoriously flout, and gladly break at the suggestion of their Kaiser or their King. Women are not slackers, even without their rights; but, denied of them, they are like flowers grown in the shadow—they never reach their full growth or strength, nor their full desire which is—the protection and salvation of mankind.

# One Touch of Nature

It will be seen from the following letters which we have received from State and Nation, (just a few of which we have been able to publish) that "One touch of Nature makes the whole world akin," as far as the Red Cross or soldiers are concerned, and we are glad of that. These are not magazine articles, but they go to show that all classes rich and poor alike, are working day and night with heart and brain and finger tips—for the boys in the trenches. "Somebody's Boy" needs your Help—Give it now!

TN December 1916, the Palo Alto Chapter of the A. B. C. was formed with boundaries including Atherton, Menlo Park and Stanford, not one of these being considered large enough to support an active organization all the year round and for a number of vears continuously. Since that time its boundaries have been largely extended by auxiliaries, asking for temporary affiliation in Mountain View, Los Altos and Mayfield. The appeal that has gone forth from the Red Cross to help in our present crisis has not fallen on deaf ears. Within a week application has been received for such a relationship from Fallen Leaf Lake-Lake Tahoé.

The board of the Palo Alto Chapter is as follows: Mrs. John W. Mitchell, Managing Director; Prof. George J. Pierce, Chairman; Mr. W. C. Thoits, Vice-Chairman; Mr. H. D. Cogdon. Treasurer; Prof. Bayley Willis, Secretary; Mr. Norman Malcolm, Counsellor. Board of Directors: Mr. R. Bullis, Mr. A. T. de Forest, Mr. J. Dumker, Mrs. J. Fowler, Miss K. Fay, Mrs. H. B. Fisher, Rev. J. M. Gleason, Mrs. D. S. Jordan, Mrs. J. D. Kreps, Mrs. C. B. Kimball, Mr. de L. Lewis, Mrs. N. Malcolm, Miss A. Meyer, Mrs. J. G. Sharp, Mr. S. W. Simkins, Mrs. F. Sterns, Dr. H. R. Stolz, Prof. R. E. Swain-

The work-rooms are open twice a week. It was estimated recently that in one afternoon at least one hundred and fifty hours, work was accomplished. Thirteen No. 1 boxes have been shipped and four of surgical dressings, two of hospital clothing. Knitting has become the rage and articles are piling up in generous quantities.

Best of all is the spirit of helpfulness which abounds among the workers. In Menlo Park much activity has been displayed. Numbers of women have banded themselves together here and there at the Public School house under Mrs. James J. O'Keefe, the Episcopal Guild under Mrs. Hugh Eglinton Montgomerv. The Menlo Country Club has been chosen as a rendezvous of about thirty women under Mrs. James A. Votger. On June first Mrs. James L. Flood opened the "Cottage" on their grounds for the use of the Red Cross and have equipped it with all the conveniences that their generosity could suggest. The Cottage is in reality a two-story house, ideally situated where one may work undisturbed. It is open daily between the hours of ten and five o'clock. Each day two of the ladies pledge themselves to superintend the rooms. A course of instruction under Miss Sophia Rutley, accredited instructress of Red Cross



Red Cross Cottage on the estate of Mrs. James D. Flood at Meulo Park.

classes is given daily, the most interesting of which is the making of drains and all gauze work. Others find it more to their liking to do the machine work on pajamas, comfort bags, and nightingales. For the woman who knits or crochets there are the sleelevess sweaters, wristlets, wash cloths, etc. For those not caring to do these things, linen handkerchiefs and tray cloths to be hemmed have been supplied. Some women excell in one thing, others in another, so that each one can certainly do her part.

GERTRUDE I. BREEDEN.

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#### SANTA BARBARA CHAPTER

THE Santa Barbara American Red Cross chapter has taken offices in The new postoffice building where the society is centrally and attractively located at Recreation Center-

A very fair division of responsibility between men and women has been secured in the chapter work, the Board of Managers consisting of seven men, the finance committee having the same number of men and the executive committee being composed of both men and women. The other committees are composed chiefly of women.

The membership of the chapter is now in the rate of 1 to 8 of the population, and it is hoped to bring it to a ratio of 1 to 5.

The British War Relief Committee has united with the Red Cross hospital supply committee so that all supplies from Santa Barbara have one source. The trained nurses of the city are co-operating splendidly with the hospital supply committee.

An excellent feature of the Santa Barbara chapter work which serves a double purpose is the employment of twentyfive or thirty needy women of the town to make hospital garments.

In the educational line Red Cross instruction courses have been organized and the Santa Barbara State Normal school will include them among their emergency courses in food conservation, diatetics, serving, etc. Special instructions will also be given in the making of hospital garments and supplies and in methods of organizing work rooms,

The program of the course will include: The Home Garden, one or two lectures; Canning, Drying and Pickling Vegetables, a demonstration by University experts; How and What to Buy, one lecture; Advice from Retailer and Practical Housewife; Nutritive Value and Manner of Preparation of Cheaper Foods, one or two demonstrations and lectures.

Food conservation is the duty of each American citizen, and many phases of the problem concern us in Santa Barbara.

As a step in the right direction, a course of practical lectures and demonstrations on Food Conservation will be given at the High School Auditorium and at the Recreation Center during the summer.

Officers of the following organizations who have shown an active interest in this problem, have been asked to co-operate and give the course under their joint auspices:

Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Wright, Treasurer of Com.; Collegiate Alumnae, Miss Chase and Miss Miller; Commercial Club, Mr. Cidney; Co. Council of Defense, Mr. Beers; Home Garden Club, Dr. Doremus; Home Garden Com. Elk's Club, Mr. Bradley; Normal School, Miss Miller and Miss Ebbetts; Public Schools, Mr. Bedford, Miss Morse; S. B. Chapter Am. Red Cross, Miss Chase, Mr. Hersey, Dr. Potter; Woman's Club, Miss Tracy and Mrs. Potter.

PEARL CHASE, Secretary of the Committee.

# Religious Aspect of Esperanto

# The Universal Language as an Aid in Spiritual Matters

THE topic covered by the title of this article is one which it is very difficult to treat adequately in the space of a magazine article, and all I can hope to do is to stimulate the readers to serious consideration of an important aspect of a movement which is destined to play a large part in the future adaptation of basic religious thought to the broad social and economic life of humanity.

Abdul Baha has said that "when a man turns his face to God he sees sunshine everywhere. All men are his brothers," and it is this idea which is so basic in the life and work of Dr. Zamenhof that one cannot escape the feeling that he was, in some sense, God-inspired, and that his work will go on and profoundly influence mankind for good, not only in a social but also in a spiritual way. None of the three hundred or more attempts to form a common international tongue has had for its founder a man who went through such a pathetic personal experience as this tender-hearted Jew, and his whole life seems to us who loved him to have been developed by the work he was doing. We are our real selves when we are at our best, for it is only then that we are more nearly at one with God. And how can we be at one with God unless we are at one with our fellow man, and how can we be at one with our fellow man if we have to judge him without the help of common thought which can more easily come through a common tongue? It is just 80 years ago that De Tocqueville said in his great book, "Democracy in America:" "The tie of language is perhaps the strongest and the most durable that can unite mankind." He was writing about our national life by itself, but since then we have learned that the world is larger than our own nation, larger even than those who speak the English tongue, large as all humanity, and we are now to consider briefly how far the use of Esperanto already has been and still more may be of service to all men in their religious and spiritual life as well as in their social welfare.

Transportation by railroad and steamboat, the use of the telegraph and telephone, cable codes and maritime signals, and things of that kind, have done more to bring men together in material matters during the last 70 years than they By Rufus W. Powell

had been unified during the 700 years preceding, and during the same 70 years men have been released from many political and religious bonds which had hampered their spiritual development, but the same progress has not yet been made in the transmission of ideas. It is the order of the day to eliminate the middlemen in the distribution of the world's goods, so why not eliminate the middleman (i. e., the interpreter and the translator) in the distribution of the best ideas, both spoken and written.

This is a time to remember the prophecy of Zephaniah where he says (III-9): "For then will I turn to the



Dr. Zamenhof.

peoples a pure language that they may all call upon the name of the Lord, to serve Him with one consent." We are told that the prophets themselves did not know the full meaning of what was put into their mouths to say, and it may be that Zephaniah could not foresee that this is the time when men may be helped to a better knowledge of the largeness of God's nature through being better able to understand their fellow men. This is the age of universals, and it is time to turn from some of our narrow conceptions of God and our mere local and inherited habits of religious thought and remember that in the hu-

man world there are two kinds of undertakings, universal and particular. The results of universal undertakings are infinite and are, therefore, limitless, and we may properly look upon Esperanto as almost limitless in its possible effects upon the minds and hearts of mankind as compared to the past use of any simply national tongue which confirmed men in their own separate interests. We can hardly imagine a family life where each child had to address his brothers and his parents in a different language. Whatever tongue he might use in his outside work or pleasure he would most certainly use in his home that language which could be fully understood by all. And how much more important that we should have for use in our higher life with our fellow man a means of communication such as Esperanto furnishes. The reader has probably heard from others about the Esperanto translation of the New Testament, said to be the best rendering, yet made from the most correct Greek version; the regard that some of the best Hebrew scholars in England have for the Esperanto rendering of the Old Testament; how the Prayer Book of the Roman Catholics and quite a number of their spiritual writings have been acceptably rendered into Esperanto; how the Swedenborgians, the Quakers. the Theosophists, the Socialists, the Scientists, the Red Cross, the Good Templars and many other organizations of that kind are using this effective tool of common thought to make known their writings to each other and to the world And the very best things regarding the Peace Movement have been written by Esperantists and published in the organ of the Universal Esperanto Association at their headquarters in Geneva.

This ought to be a sufficient answer to the question which might properly be made as to the capacity of this common language to express their higher thought. A still stronger example can be given by a statement about a very interesting matter so far known to but few. A few words said in the United States to a lady born in the Hawaiian Island led her to look into the merits of Esperanto and, while in Switzerland soon afterwards, she took the study up further with a Russian lady residing in Geneva, and, while lately in Japan, she

(Continued on page thirty-one)

# State Work of Organized Women

Do you know about the work of the comfort committees of the United States Navy League?

Colonel Robert E. Thompson, national President of the Navy League, Washington, D. C., organized a few weeks ago a San Francisco committee with Mrs. Phoebe Hearst as honorary chairman and Mrs. Charles A. Gove as general chairman.

Various influential women have associated themselves with the new committee. Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, wife of Captain R. H. Miner of the United States navy, has addressed several groups of women assembled in private houses to arouse interest in the work of the "Jackies" of the United States, and through her charm and enthusiasm succeeded in opening the hearts and purses of patriotic women already eager to do, but requiring only the indication of the avenue through which their efforts might be most effectively applied.

The California Comfort Committee, formed independently about the same time as the one organized by Colonel Thompson, is now affiliated with the former, since the organization of the branch under Mrs. Gove's leadership at the Hotel St. Francis, room 415, and is an established unit of the Navy League, working at its headquarters, room 348, Hotel Plaza, with Mrs. Ralph Prager in charge as general chairman.

Over a thousand garments for the "Jackies" have already been completed, in spite of the fact that the delivery of wool has been greatly delayed, owing to the enormous demand upon the factories; but an uninterrupted supply is promised for the future and wool is now on sale at the committee rooms at cost prices.

Not everyone is aware of the fact that the government does not supply the sleeveless sweaters, helmets, scarfs and wristlets, so necessary to complete the outfit of the "Jackies."

Sweaters, wristlets, helmets, scarfs, rubber boots, these are a few of the garments being made by the comfort committees and made in strict accord with government regulations and inspection so that there may be no disappointments through ignorance of what is best in the fashion of the garments nor through blunders in making. Neither will the time of the women desiring to help in this splendid cause, nor the wool they use be wasted.

Both committees have received generous donations for the furtherance of the work. The California Comfort Committee desires to retain the present membership fee of fifty cents a month, payable quarterly, in order to maintain a fund



Mrs. Charles Gove.

for supplying the yarn to many women who have signified their 'desire to "do their bit" for the defense of the country, but who are financially unable to meet even the cost price of the wool. Gratuitous instructions in knitting are being given the committee members by the leading shops, such as the City of Paris and the White House.



Mrs. Ralph Prager

THE club women of Southern California are joining earnestly and whole-heartedly in the American Woman's movement for Conservation.

Mrs. Herbert A. Cable, president of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, and head of the State Women's Committee of National Council of Defense has concluded her tour of Southern California made in the interest of this cause and will for some time to come devote her efforts to defense work centering in Los Angeles.

Instead of the usual vacation the Women's organizations are planning activities in the interest of the Red Cross.

The Friday Morning Club is doing practical Red Cross work and assisting their capable past president, Mrs. Seward A. Simons in plans for the enrollment of all Southern California women in practical conservation. Pledges are being circulated and signed up in astonishingly large numbers.

Mrs. Lillian B. Spannagel of Long Beach who is the newly appointed chairman of the Southern California industrial committee of the National League of Women's Service division of the Bureau of Registration and Information authorized by the Department of Labor, will start on July 15th the enrollment of all Southern California women willing to serve the government in any capacity.

The Shakespeare Club of Pasadena was chiefly behind the movement that resulted in appointment by the City Commission of a "City Mother." Mrs. E. W. Speers, recently from San Diego and engaged in social work for a number of years, is described by the terms of the ordinance creating the office as a "domestic relations worker." "While much of my work, perhaps the principal part of it, will deal with delinquent children. or rather preventing children from becoming delinquents, I expect also to be able to assist couples who don't get along well, particularly young couples," said Mrs. Speers. "A third person can often do much in this way, and as all the city organizations will co-operate with me in this work, we hope it may prevent many divorces."

# Garden City Homes

### An Ambitious Attempt at Better Housing

ARDEN CITY homes are to be built in Visitacion valley, on the bay shore at the southern limits of the city of San Francisco-a location seemingly unsurpassed for the convenience and comfort of the people for whom they are to be built.

George C. Holberton, chairman of the housing committee of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, made a report last January to that body somewhat as follows:

By Mrs. James H. Wilkins

the sole benefit of those who see fit to make their homes there.

It is attractive because the land selected is well located, well sheltered and is a reasonable distance for the industrial workers, many of whom now go across the bay and a long ways from their work.

Men who are working in such places

move into, with gardens planted, on finished streets, to be sold, and only block by block. No scattered, haphazard development. Number of houses limited per acre. crowding.

purchaser will become a member of a mutual improvement association and pay an annual tax for upkeep of gardens, streets, parks and collection of garbage, enforcement of restrictions, community buildings and tennis courts. Every house to be as carefully protected by restrictions as in St. Francis Wood. (The first poor man's opportunity—restrictions cost nothing and mean much.)

All streets, parks and community play-grounds will be deeded to the mutual im-provement association of owners and retained as private parks.



Proposed group of workingmen's homes to be built at Garden City, the model residential community in Visitacion Valley for wage-earners of moderate means. The center group shows three houses separated by vertical walls, as is ordinary in San Francisco, but designed to appear in attractive relation together, with all the finesse of the millionaire's home, though they will be sold for \$2000 to \$3000 each, on terms of \$20 to \$30 per month.

"The main objects which prompt this work are: First, the provision of healthful condi-tions of living, physical, intellectual and moral, which is fundamental for the city that would which is tundamental for the city that would achieve the highest efficiency and success; second, by creating the above condition, to attract to San Francisco, and adjacent territory to the south along the bay shore, the industrial enterprises which, as the Metropolis of the Pacific, this city is entitled to; third, to provide a reasonable return for the money invested; fourth, by this work to set an example for others who may have lands available for similar development." able for similar development.

Fathering this scheme, Mr. Holberton has set a wonderful example for all real estate development about the bay, and has called to his aid some of the best men in the city. Everyone is thoroughly interested when it is fully explained to them what the proposition is. After carefully examining all the available vacant pieces of any size in the city, this land-something like 180 to 200 acreshas been negotiated for, and the first payments have already been made upon it. The money invested is only to bring to the investors a maximum of six per cent profit, and in all other ways the property is to be bought, builded upon and put in proper living condition for as the Union Iron Works and in similar activities, want a home in a restful, attractive, quiet, home neighborhood, with flowers and trees on the streets, protected from the intrusion of stores, stables, etc., and reasonably near their work. This place will be within twenty minutes and a five cent ride of most of the industrial work in San Francisco. Every little while we hear of more propositions to erect factories and industrial buildings along the bay shore of San Francisco where many men will be employed.

The great idea of the Garden City is to provide a home that is both attractive because of location, that will be well surrounded with plenty of air and sunshine, and within reach of the workers financially.

The original and attractive features to be used in solving the industrial worker's housing problem with the first real Garden City on the Pacific Coast, are proposed to be as follows:

Every house, yard, garden, street, tree, and playground will be planned first scientifically along garden suburb lines, such as have so well succeeded in the East and in England.

Only limited homes, complete and ready to

Profits are to be fixed and limited to six per cent, all over that amount being used for betterment of the property.

Each purchaser is to be protected in case of having to abandon his contract, on account of losing or changing his job, to the full extent of his equity already paid in; the company to take back his house and give him negotiable bonds to the sum of the equity so that he cannot lose,

It is understood by the people who have subscribed for the stock in this company that they are to receive a maximum of six per cent profit on their investment, and no other benefits. Therefore, in a way, they are working toward the betterment of the city, because it is a fact that there are now many men who find it more desirable to get work on the east side of the bay on account of the fact that they can secure a better home for less money there than they can on this side of the bay.

Bungalows built in the city of Richmond across the bay for the Standard Oil employees, pottery workers, etc., gave Mr. Holberton the idea that we should have something similar on a larger and broader system for San Fran-

(Continued on page twenty-seven)

# National Council of Women

# The Organization Enlisted in Arousing Patriotism

Chautauqua, July 7, 1917.

O'R members of the National Conncil will be interested to hear of one more recognition of this great force in the United States. The committee on "Patriotism through Education" of the National Security League asked your president to be a member, on account of the remarkable influence of our organization among women. The purpose of this committee is to bring to the American people a clear understanding of national policies and problems.

An accurate knowledge of the causes, conditions and prospects of the present war is imperative; also, the conditions we may look forward to after the war—the means of securing a permanent peace.

"Wake up America," and

"Tell the People" are the watchwords in this campaign.

The whole force and energy of the plan consists in reaching, through spoken addresses, those who are not much affected by printed matter. It may all be summed up in the war cry, "To inform and to arouse."

Every individual citizen of the United States must be aroused to a realization of the meaning of the war and the importance of personal service. There is grave need for carrying into every city, town and hamlet in the country this message—the causes of the war, the reasons for our entrance into the conflict, what we must do to carry out our part, and the knowledge that, not only the existence of democracy in the abstract, but also the very life of the nation depends upon the individual in the mass.

The considerations of the committee crystallized with the decision to occupy the week of July 2-7 inclusive at Chautauqua, N. Y., with two specific programs. "One, "The Speakers' Training Camp for Education in Patriotic Service"; the other, a "Conference of Organiations engaged in Education for Patriotic Service."

The whole thing looks toward a speaking campaign, as deep as the danger, as wide as the country, as high as the patriotic spirit of the people. With this there is being prepared by the committee a "hand book," analyzing the subject, referring to the best and most

By Mrs. Philip North Moore
President of the National Council
of Women

available authorities, texts or abstracts of important speeches, diplomatic notes—in fact, a hand book for speakers, readers or writers.

At the training camp, so called, speeches were made to hypothetical audiences, sometimes of farmers and their wives, sometimes of women who had



Mrs. Philip North Moore.

sorrowfully sent their boys to the service, or to mothers who were not yet ready to make the sacrifice; sometimes to audiences demanding the ideal, or the logical plea based on facts, again to audiences responding only to an appeal to the emotions.

Discussion and criticism were full and intensely interesting. Addresses were made by leaders of thought in every branch of activity related to the war, by men and women.

The "conferences" related to the war service already undertaken by organizations, an inspiration in many cases to those which did not know how to move. The discussions were engaged in by representatives of state councils of defense and resolutions were adopted, suggesting earnestly to the state councils the

inclusion of patriotic education in their programs.

Your president had charge of most interesting programs under each division, a conference of organizations of women and a speakers' meeting holding the audiences so intensely that it could hardly break away after a two hours' session.

The results of this week, and the decision of the committee, permanently opened a nation-wide speech-making campaign for the education of the people respecting the vital issues involved in the war and the necessity of a unified American spirit in its prosecution.

We shall watch the next few weeks—possible months.

The social evenings were delightful. Mr. Thomas Wood Stevens, of Pageant fame, presented one evening "The Drawing of the Sword," a most vivid picture and dramatic rendering of the history of the participation of the peoples in the war, with speeches, flags, music and costumes, and the final entrance of the United States in the center of the stage, the beautiful Goddess of Liberty and the flag, the middies and the boys in khaki and the Red Cross nurses. Every community in the States should present this pageant.



#### Moonlight

I sent to you a kiss, dear, in a dream. Poor wanderer, all day it was afraid To speed to you, but when the shadows fell

The darkness gave it courage and it flew-

With what dear haste! to greet you, quite content

That it could lie upon your tired brow, And if you woke you would not know its name,

But think it just a glimmer of the moon.

—Leolyn Louise Everett, in Life.



#### System

Friend: Why do you maintain such a large office force?

Financier: To prevent outsiders from bothering me.

"But I thought that was what your executive secretary was for."

"Oh, no. He is here to prevent the office force from bothering me."—Life.

# The Second Soldierette Camp

### Asilomar Fixed for This Year's School

HERE is an old saying that "the third time is the charm," and this is applicable to the attempts made this year to hold the second encampment of the Woman's National Service Training School.

Before the declaration of war, Major-General Bell gave permission to use the east cantonment barracks, the same as was done last year, and San Francisco

Chapter, Woman's Section, of the Navy League, issued circulars and began enrolling students with this understanding. It was not long after the call for volunteers until the Presidio of San Francisco was designated as an officers' training camp. This made it impossible to hold the second encampment of soldierettes in the Presidio.

To add to the embarrassment of the management, this order came simultaneously with the transfer of Major-General Bell to the Eastern Department of the United States Army. During the month after General Bell's leaving, and before the arrival of Major-General Liggett, General Sibert maintained the status quo. This allowed the sewing committee of San Francisco chapter to still use the cottage headquarters in the east cantonment for the making of Red Cross garments. Here 500 garments were made and added to the San Francisco base hospital supplies. It fell to Major-General Liggett to remove the sewing committee and take complete possession of the east cantonment bar-

racks. In this dilemma, permission was given by the State Commission of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition to use the California Building. Here a second attempt was made to hold the encampment. A surprisingly large number of students hastened to enroll for residence, and then the question of beds and other equipment presented itself. The University of California Hospital and

By Mrs. Frederick H. Colburn Regent, San Francisco Chapter of the Navy League

Stanford University solved this problem.

Then the Twelfth Naval District of the United States Navy decided that they wanted the California Building for the use of the Coast Marine reserves.

(From a photograph taken during the first encampment of the Woman's National Service Training School at the Presidio, San Francisco, in 1916.)

This request came five days before the scheduled opening of the camp was to take place. The invitations to attend the opening ceremony were ready to be mailed. Then there was a hurried telegraphing to the students resident outside the State not to come. It looked as if there could be no possibility of an encampment this year. The exasperating fact that the Navy has made no

use of the California Building up to date made it none the less incumbent upon the Woman's Section of the Navy League to yield patriotically to their request—we really had no option in the matter.

As soon as the announcement of our release of the California Building had been made public, the National Committee of the Young Women's Christian

Association came forward and tendered the use of Asilomar, their thirty-acre conference retreat near Del Monte.

The month of September was the first vacancy possible at Asilomar, and San Francisco Chapter very gladly availed themselves of the opportunity afforded.

Asilomar lies between the famous Seventeen-Mile Drive and the ocean, near Hotel Del Monte, within fifteen minutes walk of Pacific Grove, between the old lighthouse and Carmelby-the-Sea. It is reached by the Southern Pacific railroad with five trains daily. During the month of September, excursion rates prevail. There is also direct local and long-distance telephone service.

Asilomar is a place of rugged beauty, of white sand dunes, blue sea, and a forest of twisted cedars that grow almost to the shore line. Its gently sloping hills end in a beautiful beach covered with the famous white sands of Monterey county which some day will have commercial value. Everywhere in this vicinity the romantic moon-

stone is found, and it is expected that hunting moonstones will be one of the recreation pleasures of our students. A hike to Pebble beach for this purpose will be another delightful feature.

Since the Pacific Improvement Company gave Asilomar to the Y. W. C. A., more than \$100,000 worth of improvements have been made on the tract. It is laid out in a most picturesue fashion,

# The Second Soldierette Camp

There are wide drives and winding walks, outlined with boulders found on the premises, and bordered with brightcolored flowers and with evergreens, and the scenery and setting are exceptionally attractive.

All the buildings are of rustic design and do credit to the architect. Miss Morgan. Since it is a woman's camping retreat, it is fitting and proper that a woman should have laid out the grounds and designed the buildings. Every thought for comfort and convenience is evidenced.

There is a big administration building which is glorified by a six-foot fireplace, where a crackling fire of pine logs adds

to the cheerfulness and literally invites one to snuggle down in one of the cozy corners and simply laze or dream, or, if needs must be, to study.

The most pretentious building is the auditorium, commodious and comfortable, where lectures and entertainments take place.

Unique tenthouses provide accommodation for over three hundred people. Each tenthouse contains fifteen rooms,

equipped with two single beds, excellent hair mattresses, abundant supply of bedding, shelves and hooks for hanging clothes. All the tent-houses have modern plumbing, and hot and cold water for showers.

The visitors' lodge, very like a Swiss hospice, has single and double rooms, steam heat and open fireplaces. Here parents and friends may come to see the girls who are taking the courses in the camp. The whole place is lighted by electricity. The water supply is pure.

Recreation grounds provide for basketball, tennis, baseball and other sports. Beach suppers, tramps along the Seventeen-Mile Drive, visits to historic old Monterey and its Presidio, to Carmel Mission, and trips in the glass-bottom boats at the marine gardens, are some of the opportunities for fun and recreation that center in this beautiful spot. Asilomar is surrounded with the lovely summer homes and cottages of those who have found in this location the perfect place for rest and pleasure.

The same management, the same corps of instructors, the same staff of Red Cross teachers, and the same general plan will be carried out at Asilomar as planned for the California Building.

The personnel of the Board of Governors will include such well known local women as Mrs. Chauncey Thomas,

liographing, wigwagging and semaphore work will be taught by men detailed from this corps. A course in dietetics will be given by

tioned at the Presidio of Monterey. He-

Miss Charlotte P. Ebbetts, while Red Cross sewing will be superintended by Mrs. Phil Kearney Gordon, a graduate of last year's encampment.

A silver cup will be added to the two bronze trophies, for which there will be sharp competition in Red Cross work and in drilling. Last year's record of 933/4% for the best Red Cross work by a squad of twenty must be beaten if the cup is to be lifted from the enterprising group of Emporium graduates

who won it last year. The drill score of 97 will be hard to beat, while the championship will go only to the squad making the highest record in Red Cross work and in drilling combined.

The fetching little cockades of red, white and blue will be awarded as usual, and the graduates who come to the camp as day students will be distinguished from the uniformed



THE SEWING CLASS
(From a photograph taken during the first encampment of the Woman's National Service
Training School at the Presidio, San Francisco, in 1916.)

wife of Rear-Admiral Thomas; Mrs. William V. Grimes, past president of the Woman's Club of Pacific Grove, and Miss Ella Deming, regent of Pacific Grove Chapter of the Woman's Section of the Navy League. The Young Women's Christian Association will have Mrs. John I. Merrill, Mrs. Lawrence Draper and Miss Ella Schooley among its representatives, while the Red Cross will have Mrs. Henry Payot, Mrs. A. W. Scott and Mrs. A. A. O'Neill.

The close proximity of the Presidio of Monterey will make it possible for the commanding officer of the post to serve as commandant of the camp. Fortunately, there is a signal corps staresident students by the wearing of an armband which has been specially designed for them.

Quaint little Dutch caps and white aprons proclaim the soldierette who has evinced a decided leaning toward the Commissary, evidence of which finds expression in her attempt to learn to cook.

The circulars and application blanks give full particulars of fees and other details of interest to would-be students. These can be had on application to me at 972 Bush Street, San Francisco.

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"The death brigade"-with its supply of prussic acid—has opened the eyes of cowards and traitors to the truth.

# Young Women "Doing Their Bit" How The Christian Association Is Guiding Them

"Realizing my nation's need, I will express my patriotism by doing to the best of my ability whatever work I have to do. I will be dignified, thoughtful of the welfare of others, including women of other nations, careful to keep such standards of living as shall make me a good citizen. I will render whatever concrete service I can at this time to my country."

This is the pledge taken by the Patriotic League of the Young Woman's Christian Association. These cards are being distributed to Y. W. C. A.'s three hundred and sixty-five thousand mem-



Miss Ella Schooley

bers and buttons are being worn by the girls to remind them of their obligations to their country.

One of the most practical services now rendered by the various associations in foreign communities is a translation bureau to which women unacquainted with the English language may come and ask the questions that worry our foreignborn citizens during war time.

"Does my man have to go and fight if he cannot understand English?"

"Do we have to go back to the old country because we are not here long enough to become citizens?"

Aside from quieting the many fears of foreign residents about their personal safety and their property, whether they are descendants of our allies or of our enemies, the Young Women's Christian Association is carrying on a definite program of Americanization.

"My people wish to know what Americans expect of us. Give us lectures by splendid Americans."

This request is answered by talks to foreign women on American ways and

By Grace Ruth Southwick Special Worker for War Work Council of the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association

customs and by friendly visits in homes.

In the Los Angeles Normal School's summer course, Miss Sue Barnwell, formerly in charge of the Young Women's Christian Association International Institute there, is giving a course of lectures to train women who wish to do this friendly work with our foreign neighbors under the direction of any of the bodies who are helping to make citizens of our aliens. This course was prepared at the request of Mrs. Mary S. Gibson, of the State Immigration Bureau.

The second sentence of the pledge above begins: "I will be dignified." Sometimes it is easier to be "thoughful of the welfare of others, including women of other nations" than it is to be merely a dignified American woman citizen. The girls along the Mexican border found it a little hard to resist the crowd spirit in expressing their patriotism and to keep their own standards with the lure of brass buttons on every side. During working hours and sleeping hours, there is no difficulty in being good-and "dignified." But when "there is nothing to do but go to the movies or sit at home and rock," somebody has to be thinking of something for a girl to do.

So the national board of the Y. W. C. A., the same body of women who built and managed the famous building on the exposition grounds, sent their most expert girls' leaders to the border when the national guard was concentrated there, and undertook to keep the girls busy and happy during their evenings. All sorts of play times and club meetings and classes in first aid to beauty, and in home nursing, good times in the swimming pool and gymnasium went on after school and office hours in Douglas, Arizona, and in San Antonio and El Paso.

The San Antonio Young Women's Christian Association building is well equipped with recreational features. A gymnasium and swimming pool make it attractive to girls. It is adapted to large social affairs and during Christmas week one thousand girls entertained national guardsmen to the number of fourteen

hundred. But all these men were not entertained at one party; it was far more homey than that! Small groups, selected by the Army Young Men's Christian Association secretary and by the officers, were invited by different clubs to special parties. In this way every girl felt a sense of responsibility to her club for the standard of its entertainment and for the reputation of herself as a part of that club with the soldier guests. Nor did the Y. W. C. A. parties interfere with a grand Christmas at camp under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. The Association entertained girls only on Christmas day, with strangers in town as their guests of honor.

At Plattsburg there is very much the same sort of boy that went to the border in the national guard, but the living conditions are quite different. Many mothers and sisters and sweethearts run up to the R. O. T. C. for a glimpse of a boy who may be quickly ordered to the front. So the national board of the Young Women's Christian Association



Miss Elizabeth Boics

was asked by the Fosdick commission to make it possible for the women who visit the camp to meet their men comfortably. Thirty minutes after this message was received from Washington over the long distance, Miss Ella Schooley took the train for Plattsburg, and in ten days she had a charming little bungalow all built and ready for guests. It contains an attractive reception room, a rest room and a little cafeteria, with other conveniences. Here boys may bring their fiancees to lunch or supper if

# Young Women "Doing Their Bit"

they have time. There is a half hour from a quarter of seven to quarter past in the morning when the men are not performing any special task of their crowded program, and during this half-hour many women visitors run over to the little bungalow to have a visit.

"I know this is a woman's building and I haven't any visiting friends to bring to eat here," said a young embryo officer as he came up on the Plattsburg porch a few days ago, "but I haven't had a chance to speak to a nice woman for seven weeks, and I wish you would just let me come in and look at you."

He was made as welcome as if all "his cousins and his sisters and his aunts" had been waiting for him inside.

"Friday one of the boys was visited by a couple of girls from the East. The girls spent most of the day looking over the camp, having dinner with the company and spending a couple of hours in chatting with the boys in the squad room, after being introduced all around, and it didn't take long to get acquainted, and we soon found out they were nice, clever girls. \* \* \* It made such a difference in the boys,—everyone was singing and whistling to himself. It seemed to take all the monotony and gloom out of the squad room for the rest of the day \* \* \* for most of them are clean young men, out of good homes, and like to talk and get acquainted with the right kind of people.'

The above letter, quoted from the Safety Valve of the San Francisco Chronicle under the date of July 6, 1917, and signed by one of the squads at the Presidio, concludes with an invitation for more nice, clever girls to visit the post. It is a perfectly natural request from the boys, and a patriotic pleasure to the girls to cheer up the lonesome soldiers, but would it not be just as much fun and more dignified for both if they could meet at a hostess bungalow like the ones at Plattsburg and Fort Riley? A little bit of home is what the barracks really want in a home built on the grounds or near the post.

In anticipation of the draft army, brigades of girls are being mobilized in various industries. In Charleston, S. C., for instance, 18,000 girls have been brought to the city since war was declared by our country. To meet this demand for decent, happy housing conditions for such a garrison of young women, two experienced association experts were invited from New York and went. An S. O. S. from France asks for

help in fitting an army of three and onehalf millions of women to their task of carrying on French industry, and the leader who was to have headed the Asilomar conference is going, instead of to a retreat of sand dunes, pines, and sea, to war-torn France. Miss Elizabeth Boies, who will be remembered in San Francisco as one of the hostesses at the zone club-house, is now in Russia with another secretary used to thinking in international terms, helping, at the request of Russian students, to direct the zeal of their women into sane, constructive organization. Wherever a chance to place its fifty years of experience in girls' problems in active service presents itself, there the Y. W. C. A. is on the

But there is plenty to do with girls right here at home if the women of America are to keep her worth dving for. The future depends on those destined to be the mothers of our next generation. How shall they be kept physically strong, mentally sure and clear, spiritually unfaltering in their "great task of happiness" in this epoch of world-agony? In every usual department of association work, physical education, business training, recreation, Bible study, a speeding up has begun, and every leader is focusing on fitting girls to meet their country's call instantly and efficiently.

And where are leaders enough to be found? Just as the Y. M. C. A. is now conducting a training course at the Presidio for special army secretaries, so the national board of the Y. W. C. A. is arranging for a special course for warworkers at Asilomar from August 14th to 24th. Miss Ernestine Friedman, now at Plattsburg, who did such distinguished work along the border, will conduct their classes. There will be talks on surveys and the planning of work, methods of enlisting all the girls in a community-wide program and on joint recreation for young women and young men. Only twenty-five women will be selected for this special training, but a great many volunteer workers may be also developed at this course.

Perhaps the mother of Geraldine will find the answer to her letter in these plans.

"My daughter is now in New York to enlist as a Red Cross nurse. She has never done any manual work in her life. She would be sick of the menial side of nursing in a month and it would prey on her until she was ill." (Geraldine comes from an old Southern family in Georgia). "She needs constructive work here in this country. Can't you offer her some work that appeals to her imagination and ability? She can work for nothing if necessary; don't let her do this fool thing for which she is not fitted at all. Please find work for her—'work for humanity and country,' as she calls it."

The Young Women's Christian Association is ready to enlist the splendid patriotism of such girls as Geraldine right in their own communities in practical ways. Many of them will be found at Asilomar in August, in the training course.

In fact the greatest claim to support that the Y. W. C. A. program makes on an ordinary citizen is its fifty years of skill in mobilizing spiritual forces. It knows how to guide the enthusiasms and impulses of youth into real and lasting forms of service. It is not suspicious of the desire of girls to show their patriotism by entertaining and cheering on the enlisted men and the volunteer army. It only proposes, with tact and expertness, to direct the tremendous forces of youth to their country's needs. The Young Women's Christian Association believes Fra Angelo's words:

"If there are any shades in God's deep love,

1 do believe His deepest love goes out To the tormented, irresponsible,

Gay, eager, burning, foolish heart of youth."

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#### He Saw Her There

He: Haven't I seen you somewhere some time?

She: Quite likely. I was there.— New York Sun.



#### A Get-Rich-Quick Scheme

Two young Irishmen in a Canadian regiment were going into the trenches for the first time, and their captain promised them five shillings each for every German they killed.

Pat lay down to rest, while Mick performed the duty of watching. Pat had not lain long when he was awakened by Mick shouting:

"They're comin'! They're comin'!"

"Who's comin'?" shouts Pat.

"The Germans," replies Mick.

"llow many are there?"

"About fifty thousand."

"Begorra," shouts Pat, jumping up and grabbing his rifle, "our fortune's made!"—London Opinion. Page seventeen AUGUST, 1917

# Music and Musicians

HAT are the principal endowments of an artist pianist? To be a great musician I would class these qualities as follows:

- (1) Emotion,
- (2) Talent,
- (3) Intellect,
- (4) Technique.



Mrs. George A. McGowan.

It seems to me that emotion should head the list. It is the "divine spark," "le feu sacre," "der gottliche Funke," that "something" given to a mortal by a higher power, a fantastic imagination, from which flow all the beautiful, moving forces which lift an audience into rapturous ecstasy and fervor and as Schiller expresses it "Himmelaufjauchsend, zum Tode betrubt."

The usual statement that music is the language of the emotions is true, if understood that music expresses not emotions exclusively, for music is also thought. It can be thought without emotion. Both should work harmoniously together to produce great results. If I am not mistaken it was the philosopher, Hegel, who said that thought is intensified by emotion, while emotion is diminshed by thought. The latter may be good, oftentimes lending more transparency and serenity to the emotions.

Talent is the next requisite, and more than that, pianistic talent is necessary to reach the top step of the ladder of fame. One may have wonderful musical talent and still not possess pianistic talent. Then again the possession of pianistic By Joseph George Jacobson

talent need not mean that one is a thorough musician; but to be a real artist he must be a thorough musician also.

Real talent will out, but hard work and diligent drill are necessary to the development of this God-given gift.

Intellect, trained thinking, controls the emotions, guides talent and technique. Through intellectual training real refinement and wise discrimination are nurtured. Culture is absolutely necessary to the modern pianistic luminary. A noble and sweeping culture which has been restless in it's incursions into all the domains of intellectual wealth adds the breadth and symmetry to playing and gives that lofty repose to art. It is the presence of this sound and universal culture which gives it's ultimate force and ripe bloom to greatness through which genius ascends to that lofty peak of fame which commands the reverence and admiration of the world not only during a lifetime but for centuries to come.

Technique is the fourth requisite mentioned and lots of it is needed. By that I mean technique controlled by thought, for without the latter it would be purely mechanism. Unfortunately the majority of our modern pianists seem to place this quality at the head of the list, and there seems to be a tendency among some of the best performers of the day both vocal and instrumental, to lose sight of soul and sentiment in mere technique. Whoever finds enjoyment in the playing of a virtuoso of the piano-player type has a faulty aesthetical theory. Old Cramer is quoted to have said: "De mon temps on jouait fort bien, anjourd hui on joue bien fort."

An anecdote is told of that great singer of whom it was said "One Farmelli, one god," that when he was exhibiting his art before Charles VI. at Vienna, the wise monarch rebuked him with these words: "Your gigantic strides, your never-ending notes, are merely astonishing; and it is now time that you should think of pleasing. You are too lavish of your gifts, and, if you wish to reach the heart, you must take a plainer and simpler way." Those who think of the playing of some of the leading pianists, for example, d'Albert, Rubinstein, de Pachmann, Paderewski will know that their technique was only the means and not the end. Rubinstein used to say

that he missed enough notes in five concerts to make up a sixth. These artists are governed by emotion. Von Bulow, Godowsky, Josef Hofmann show intellect as the stronger. But all possess the four endowments mentioned. Schiller says:

Wo das Strenge mit dem Zarten Wo Starkes sich und Mildes paarten Da giebt es einen guten Klang.

The composer gives to the interpreter the crystallized results of many individualities of thought fused in the flame of emotion. The interpreter must find the causes which produced these results; the rest must be his own individuality.

#### The San Francisco Opera and Drama Society

The above mentioned organization has just been re-organized and placed on a solid working basis. Mrs. George A. McGowan has been elected the chairman of the society. The lady is well known in our city as one devoted to the loftiest standard of art and much gratitude and admiration is due her for her unselfish work devoted to a noble end.

Mme. Frances Drake LeRoy will be



Mme. Frances Drake LeRoy

the president and director of the society. The merits of this singer are too well known to need further mention. She is very enthusiastic about the outlook and believes that the school will become an important factor in the musical life of the city. The old Pickering home at 1909 Clay Street has been rented and is being renovated for the society.

# Music and Musicians

An important factor will be a scholar- refinement, who welcome this intellecship to be given free to the pupil possessing the finest voice and musical talent. This will be decided upon by a committee of several musicians. The scholarship covers a two years' course, at the end of which time the scholar will be taken to New York and presented to the Metropolitan Opera Company under the patronage of David Bispham and Walter Damrosh both of whom are warmly interested in the work of this society. Mme. LeRoy will conduct the vocal department and be assisted by Marion Vechi. A class of girls will be trained for professional life under the supervision of Mme. LeRoy, for a very nominal fee. They will have to pass a rigid examination to prove their ability. A distinctive feature of the class will be the wearing of simple Grecian gowns and sandals, it being considered the best fitted to give freedom for artistic expression.

Mrs. Josephine M. Fernald and Mr. Joseph George Jacobson have been engaged for the piano department. Mr. Herbert Riley will conduct the 'cello and Mr. Louis Neubauer the flute class. Mr. Julius Gold will have charge of Theory and Harmony.

Miss Lucy Byrd Mock will conduct a children's class in violin and will organize a little orchestra and Miss Marjorie F. LeRoy will have the dancing class.

A music and drama study-club will be formed and weekly lectures touching on the master's thoughts of the day will be made a prominent feature. All is to be done in a co-operative spirit working with the community at large.

#### ्रीय भीत भीत Italian Opera in San Francisco

They are giving Opera in Little Italy and it's good and enjoyable. There are fine singers and a large and well-trained orchestra which consists of one piano with an artist to handle it. The scenery is not equal to the Metropolitan stage. The prices are not \$6.00 a seat, for the best orchestra seat costs only 25 cents.

The audience does not go to be seen. but to see and hear the opera. You will see no glittering diamonds, laces, madeto-order complexions, beautiful evening gowns on ladies covered with as small a quantity of these garments as the law will permit, no costly automobiles and other luxuries oftentimes transmuted from codfish or Wall street manipulations, but you will see a number of sensible persons whose purses are disproportionate to their culture and so-called

tual treat and flock there for the sake of amusement.

Mothers with infants in their arms, men with callous hands telling of hard labor, boys who prefer the noble arts after a tedious day's work to slumming or degrading company, these crowd the little Liberty Theatre on Broadway in Little Italy and listen eagerly to the strains of Italian operatic music and discuss it so intelligently as to put to shame their brothers and sisters, who measure the value of things by expense. Their hearts are moved by the masterworks of their Italian composers and their intellect is delighted. All seem



Joseph George Jacobson

to enjoy themselves and understand what they are hearing. Even pretentious purists may permit themselves to be amused and do not have to excuse themselves for having been seen there or criticise with condescending dignity.

The artistic director is A. Aratoli and the moving force of the production is Augusto Serantoni, orchestra conductor, who knows his score backwards and forwards. The members of his orchestra are his hands and fingers which produce the music, the instruments are a single piano. Sig. Serantoni's head is the baton, the conductor's stick, with which he leads the soloists and the chorus; with his voice he prompts them and his brains enable him to do all this. Viva l'Italia minore!

#### ी ी 61. Mrs. Nunan Soloist with Schumann-Heink

Madam Schumann-Heink gave during July several interesting recitals in San Diego and Los Angeles. Those in the latter city were held in the recently completed large tabernacle. For all the recitals Mme. Schumann-Heink chose Mrs. Eula Howard Nunan, wife of Thomas Nunan, the dramatic critic of

the San Francisco Examiner as soloist.

Those who attended the concerts of Mme. Schumann-Heink at the civic auditorium in San Francisco last November and December will remember the good impression Mrs. Nunan made when she appeared as soloist. This talented lady was a pupil of Hugo Mansfeldt with whom she studied for many ्रीय भीन भीन

Demand for Wagner

TT is interesting to note the choice of the general public of San Francisco in regard to music programs as exhibited by the requests sent in to the San Francisco Municipal Orchestra director, Frederick G. Schiller for concerts at the Exposition auditorium. The showing is also highly creditable as to standards set.

To date nearly 600 written requests for selections to be played at future concerts have been received. The fact that all but a bare two dozen ask for high class music, proves the municipal orchestra audiences are composed of discriminating lovers of good music. A gratifying percentage is for modern composers, although such ultra-modernists as Richard Strauss and Debussy received only one request each.

According to these requests Wagner is the most popular composer, 50 requests for various compositions by him having so far been received. Rossini received an aggregate of 33 requests, twenty-eight of which are for the "William Tell" overture, which is the most popular single selection. Tschaikowsky comes next with 31 votes scattered among six selections, the most popular being the "March Slav" and the "1812" overture. Suppe follows with twentyone, fifteen of which are for the "Poet and Peasant" overture. Verdi and Lizst received nineteen requests. Schubert received seventeen; then came Johann Strauss, the waltz king, with fourteen; Donizetti with fourteen, thirteen of which are for the "Lucia" sextette; Beethoven with twelve, Mascagni and Grieg with eleven each; Saint Saens, Henry Hadley, Massenet, Gounod and Bizet with nine each; Balfe, Puccini, and von Weber with eight each.

#### LEANDRO CAMPANARI

VOCAL STUDIO

SCOTTISH RITE TEMPLE SUTTER STREET AT VAN NESS

# Women's Symphony Orchestra

# Recognition on Equal Terms With Men Demanded

AR, which knows no distinction of race, station or profession in drafting a man for service, so long as the man is fit, is taking from the ranks of the musicians, as well as from those of the other professions, its quota of the young and hardy, with the result that, as in the case of the trades and varied industries, there will be some

By Florence Heath.

Take our Bach, Beethoven and Brahms from women? Listen to the big, musical noises of Strauss, the mighty thunder of Wagnerian exaltation, the ponderous harmonies of Elgar, through the medium of the feminine orchestra? "Yea, verily,"

oly, nature having kindly distributed them indiscriminately; and "practice makes perfect" is a rule that has found quite as many examples to prove it among women as among men. But man has, up to the present time, had most of the opportunity in the professional world, and along with it the lion's share of the shekels.



TWELVE MEMBERS OF THE WOMEN'S SYMPHONY ASSOCIATION OF SAN FRANCISCO

Reading from left to right, they are: Mme. Frances Drake LeRoy, Mrs. M. A. Lewis, Mrs. A. McHugh, Miss Sophia Akounine, Mrs. Genevra Waters Baker, Mrs. Augusta

McIntyre, Mrs. Edwin King Fernald, Mrs. L. M. Eldredge, Miss Edna Cadwalader, Miss Dorothy Pasmere, Miss Valeska Schorcht, Mrs. Violet Johnson.

gaping voids to be filled by men ineligible to the draft—and by women. And the women are going to do their share of filling in, if the feminine musicians of San Francisco know whereof they speak. Moreover, it is the intention of these women to go further, and to organize a military band of soldier girls, in keeping with the patriotic spirit of the times.

It is just a year since Mrs. Edwin King Fernald, in charge of the women's branch of the Musicians' Union, organized the Women's Symphony Association of San Francisco, "to maintain on a permanent basis," as one of the articles of the constitution reads, "a woman's symphony orchestra, for the purpose of producing each year a number of concerts of the highest character; and to have a representative, organized body, ready at any time to take concerted action on any musical measure that vitally affects the community."

A symphony orchestra of women! At first blush the thing seems preposterous,

say these women, "even so." And they say it unabashed. Musically, the symphony is their goal; a lofty aspiration and one requiring greater opportunity and more universal recognition than has thus far been accorded the sex as instrumentalists.

Women singers, to be sure, have long shared honors with the men; and occasionally recognition is accorded a woman solo pianist or violinist who must, indeed, be gifted of the gods, to win the confidence, approval, and last but not least to many a struggling artist, the money necessary for subsistence. But let there be a call for an orchestra, a trio or quartet and the demand is for men in nine cases out of ten, and in the tenth the women are expected to give their services for less pay than men. And the smaller pay means very few women in the Musicians' Union, whose support it is desirable and highly essential they should have.

Musical talent and musical ability are gifts of which neither sex has a monop-

Now, far be it from the woman musician to wish to deprive her brother in the profession of his just due-and dues. She knows only too well, from her own experience, that the musician, male or female, as a rule, is both over-worked (from the standpoint of practice required to keep in training) and underpaid, from a monetary standpoint. She likewise knows that the musician's love of his art is great and that the dear public too often fancies this overpowering devotion sufficient for all earthly needs. What the women want is to share, and share alike, in recognition; and they, too, require that which feeds the body as well as the soul.

The Women's Symphony Association asks simply equal opportunity with men to show what they can do, and an equal quantity of the wherewithal for doing it. Not an unfair demand, it would seem; and the women musicians of San Francisco purpose getting it. They argue that where equal suffrage prevails, there, also, belong equality of opportunity and

# Women's Symphony Orchestra

an equal wage for equal service. The vote has helped the men and it is going to help the women.

When the women musicians of San Francisco banded together a year ago it was with no thought of filling war vacancies left by their brother musicians, since the United States at that time was at peace with the world, insofar as this was possible, and making every effort to maintain a strict neutrality. The Association proceeded to center its efforts on securing recognition and positions for women musicians and giving an occasional program as an earnest of their ability and determination, in connection with the executive meetings of the organization. No mushroomlike over-night growth was contemplated in the movement nor did they look for any get-richquick affair-

This spring the movement received fresh impetus by the entrance of Mrs. George A. McGowan on the duties of President of the Association, and it is as the result of her active participation in the work of the Symphony Association that the difficult pioneer work of Mrs. Fernald has been turned to excellent account through the introduction of eight women into the People's Philharmonic Orchestra of seventy-five players.

The women were chosen from the best available material of the association. As it was necessary for them to belong to the Musicians' Union in order to identify themselves with the orchestra and there were two or three who were not members and could ill afford to pay the large initiation fee and dues, Mrs. McGowan came to the rescue in this regard, enabling them to avail themselves of the Symphony Orchestra rehearsals and concerts and gain experience to be utilized this fall, when rehearsals of the Women's Symphony Orchestra are to begin.

The women players with the orchestra are distributed as follows: Two first violins, two second violins, two violas and two 'cellos. Their number will be augmented as soon as others have fitted themselves by practice and rehearsals for places in the orchestra.

The Women's Symphony Association today numbers, all told, two hundred members and there are seventy-two professional players enrolled. Some of these, as in the case of Miss Dorothy Pasmore, 'cellist, who is well known through the State, and Mrs. Genevra Waters Baker, violinist, both of whom are playing in the People's Philharmonic

Orchestra, have had considerable practice in ensemble playing, Mrs. Baker having done some creditable work in Denver, if memory serves, in connection with chamber music recitals, as well as having played with Cavallo's Symphony Orchestra there.

But it is not alone in the matter of the Symphony Orchestra that the players are making advancement. Through the movement to introduce women into the professional music field on an equality with men, they have secured some very good engagements for small orchestras and during Red Cross week a dozen of them, including that sweet singer, Frances Drake LeRoy, entertained the hundreds gathered at the Fairmont hotel in San Francisco at the brilliant military tea given by the management for the benefit of the Red Cross Association.

On the few occasions when women have played in orchestras with men one of the minor objections raised has been that of the costumes worn by them. The promiscuous appearance of women in various colors and styles of dress among a body of men clothed in suits all of one cut and color has been criticized as unpleasant, if not worse, to the eye, and therefore detracting from the enjoyment of the music. And to a certain extent there is truth and reason in the criticism.

The Women's Symphony Association has given this subject careful attention and this summer hit upon the idea of a military uniform of khaki as most appropriate for present day activities. In this uniform, consisting of short skirt and coat of khaki with felt hat to match, made after the fashion of the G. A. R. hats of the civil war days, no one can accuse these soldier-girl musicians of that vanity supposed to be so inseparable from the sex. Neither can they be accused of extravagance at a time when economy and self-denial are desirable above all else among the civil population.

Also some of the women have families to support from the contents of small pay envelopes, so that expensive uniforms were not to be thought of in their cases; thus the khaki suits were donned at something like \$5.00 per uniform and made a very favorable impression at the Fairmont military tea, where, inexpensive as they were, they nevertheless harmonized with the military uniforms of the officers and privates from the Presidio and other reservations who deigned to sip tea and nibble a biscuit for the

Red Cross' sake, in tow of their women folk.

These first uniforms, incidentally, were the gift of the President, Mrs. McGowan, who was instrumental in securing the engagement of the trim-appearing women's orchestra and who is negotiating other engagements for the women musicians with hotels and high-class amusement houses.

This seems the psychological moment for the women, whose cause, as Mrs. Mc-Gowan points out, is a patriotic and practical one, as many of them have dependents; and now that women are rapidly filling so many position vacated by men off for the war, why should not the women musicians receive recognition and meet with the success they have long deserved?

There have been times in San Francisco when as many as ten calls came in to the association in a single day for instrumentalists, and everyone of them for men; and no amount of persuasion could induce those making the requests to try women. But when the call came for the great mass meeting of the Red Cross campaign in the Exposition Auditorium of San Francisco and there was needed every inducement to lure money from the purses of the multitude then it was that men of prominence sent for little Mme. LeRoy, the Secretary of the Women's Symphony Association, and Mme. LeRoy lifted up her voice in the "Marseillaise" and followed that grand old national air with our own "Star-Spangled Banner"-and the trick was done.

But the women of this association will not be satisfied until they see the instrumentalist ensemble player on a par with the occasional soloist of their sex. They have within the past fortnight taken permanent quarters in the old Pickering home, which is being fitted up by the San Francisco Opera and Drama Society, also a new organization backed by women, and here they will rehearse symphonies and form a brass band as well, as rapidly as they can get the proper equivalent or reeds and brasses, this being one of their problems since these instruments are difficult of manipulation for women and also less attractive than string instruments, which women generally prefer because yielding to every shade of feeling.

The association keeps in touch with activities of other women's organizations through affiliation with the District and State Federation of Women's Clubs.

# Art Galleries and Studios

ESTERN art progress has received an additional stimulus this year in the reorganization of the California School of Fine Arts by the board of directors of the San Francisco Art Institute. Since the foundation of the "Mark Hopkins Institute" in 1872, the school has always been a factor in Western art development, but

its affiliation with the University of California in 1893 and the appointment of the present faculty, with its balance of radical and conservative artists, have immeasurably strengthened the power of the school.

Lee F. Randolph, the new director, though born in Ohio, became acquainted with "Mark Hopkins Institute in San Francisco" during his student days in Paris. Now, finding himself the head of this institution, he feels that he and his faculty have a great deal to do to live up to this background of tradition and accomplishment, but he hopes, by enlarging its scope of usefulness and increasing its activities, to meet the situation. Working in harmony with his faculty, as well as with the other artists, Mr. Randolph expects to accomplish a closer union of the artistic colony, with the art institute as the center socially as well as artistically.

In addition to his duties as director, Mr. Randolph will conduct, with the assistance of Henry V. Poor, the classes in painting and drawing from life and the antique, as well as the anatomy classes. Mr. Poor, who will also conduct the classes in still life, was born in Kansas. He was art instructor at Stanford University before joining the California School of Fine Arts. A review of his work, in connection with the spring ex-

hibition of his canvases, was given in "Everywoman's" readers in May.

The merging of the Macky school with the California School of Fine Arts is possibly the most important step taken by the board. This removes the most prominent competitor from the field and adds two of the ablest por-

By Elisabeth Taft

trait painters of the West to the faculty.

Constance Macky was born in Melbourne, Australia, and studied in London, Paris, and Italy after her first lessons in the islands. E. Spencer Macky, born in New Zealand, also followed his



Portrait of Roubaix de l'Abrie-Richey By E. Spencer Macky

Melbourne education with study in Europe. Their work has great spontaneity and dash, with a color sense subtle even in its brilliancy.

The school is to be congratulated on having Leo Lentelli as director of the classes in modeling. He filled the same position last season, and the students' work displayed at the close of the term was a delightful surprise to art lovers and a promise of even bigger results in the future. Mr. Randolph's appreciation of Mr. Lentelli is so well and aptly put that I can not resist quoting it: "Mr. Lentelli has the overflowing enthusiasm of the truly sincere artist, and the fine and noble

work he has shown at various times in San Francisco, notably at the Exposition, is a proof of his mastery of the sculptor's art."

The very important and practical course in illustration has been placed in the hands of Maynard Dixon, a native Californian-in fact, a graduate of the school. Since he designed the magnificent Indian posters for "Sunset", San Franciscans have been keenly alive to the signature of Maynard Dixon, with its accompanying raven crest, signed not only to superb canvases but to illustrations both for eastern and western magazines. Combined with his artistic ability, Mr. Dixon has a personality which will inspire his pupils, making his classes an enthusiastic success.

Gertrude Partington, a talented Englishwoman, who has adopted California for her home, will have charge of the sketch classes and the etching, and Alice B. Chittenden will have charge of the Saturday classes. This department, a most important one, giving the children the foundation of their artistic appreciation throughout their entire life, has been most successfully directed by Mrs. Chittenden for several years, and it is a pleasure to know she is to continue her fine work.

And now we come to the new department, interior decoration. For director of this department

the board has secured Hermann Rosse, the young Hollander who decorated the Peace palace at The Hague. He came to San Francisco to have charge of the mural work and decorating of the Netherlands building at the exposition, and has since executed many murals for new houses here, notably those for the Nap-

# Serbia's Heroic Women What the South Slav Owes To His Womenkind

GALLANT little Serbia has a threefold claim on Americans: Because of the democracy of its institutions and people; because of the simplicity of life as it is lived there; and because of its centuries of struggle for political independence.

Most of us know very little of Serbia's past. We are apt to think of her as emerging for the first time into the sunlight of the world when she cast off the tyrannous yoke of the Turk. We find it hard to realize that she was a great country, with a civilization of her own, long before she came under Turkish domination. And women have always occupied an exceptionally important place in the Serbian national life. The fundamental characteristic of the Southern Slav is love of home, and about the central hearth-fire group all the more intimate personal ideals of life, and of the relation of human beings to one another. The Serbian proverb, "The house does not stand upon the soil, but upon the wife," is a quaint but true expression of the duties and responsibilities of our smallest, though not least valiant,

The nation lives in a land that stretches from the Carinthian Alps into the heart of Macedonia, and again from the Danube through the Serbian and Bosnian forest lands, over the Dalmatian mountain ridge to the blue waters of the Adriatic. And all this nation speaks but one language-the beautiful Serbian tongue. And all who speak that language, by whatever name they are called Croatians, Slovenes, Dalmatians, and what not-are indeed one nation and share, not only one language, but one tradition of the past and hope of the future; and the guardians of these traditions and hopes and language are the women.

Serbia's history is not only a history of crushed hopes, and unspeakable sadness, and sacrifice without end, but it is a history of great women. In the full daylight of her prosperity and promise, Serbia's notable women distinguished themselves in much the same way as their contemporaries in other European countries, and a remarkably large share in the building up of her well developed civilization was borne by the prominent Serbian women of the day.

The princesses and great ladies of mediaeval Serbia regarded the care of

By Anne Gray Maclennan

instruction and religion as their special province. A wonderful school of design established during that period still expresses itself in lovely embroideries and exquisite fabrics. Queen Helen, the mother of St. Sava, the founder of the Serbian church, spent the eve of her life in a convent. Almost all the queens of mediaeval Serbia followed her example in this, so that they might spend their declining years in meditation and devote themselves to study and scholarship.

Serbian princes took a pride in having their daughters well educated, and the Serbian princesses were not only accomplished needlewomen, like all great ladies of their time, but they were capable helpmates for their brave husbands, and well able, if necessary, to hold the reins of government themselves during their widowhood or the minority of their sons.

There is a distinctly modern touch about the schools founded by Queen Helen. She established two educational institutions, large and flourishing, one for the daughters of the nobility and one for those not of noble birth; but there was no distinction made between the quality of the education provided in both schools.

The greatest event, and at the same time the greatest tragedy, in Serbian history was the overthrow of the empire by the Turks. Very soon after the beginning of the Fourteenth century, the Turks began to batter at the gates of Europe. Bulgaria was quickly conquered, then the outlying province of Macedonia, and finally Serbia, in the fatal battle of Kossovo (the "field of blackbirds"), on June 28, 1389, when the defeated Serbian army covered itself with an undying glory, which illumined the centuries of slavery that followed and is shedding its undimmed light even over the horrible struggle of today. In this battle perished Prince Lazar and all his army.

A few sorrowful messengers carried the terrible news to the wives and mothers who were waiting at home. Of the wife of one of the great lords of the empire it was told that she shed no tears, nor did she wait or even bow her head, and all marvelled at her. Another type of womanhood, remembered for-

ever with the tragedy of Kossovo, seems like an elder sister of so many of our devoted women who are ministering to the wounded and dying in the war-torn countries today. For she took store of bread and red wine and fresh cold water, and went down to the battlefield to assuage the torments of the dying and refresh and save the wounded. She is always spoken of as the Maiden of Kossovo.

It is an interesting piece of historical psychology that after this crushing calamity which at one blow deprived the country of practically all its great men, several great women of the land strove to save what was left of the wreckage. Prince Lazar's widow bravely took up the task of governing what was left of the realm, nor did she relinquish what she felt to be her duty when humiliation after humiliation was imposed upon her by the Turkish conqueror. When she could no longer face the anxieties and strain of the worldly life, she founded the beautiful convent of Krusevac and died there as its abbess.

A few years later, Serbia was ruled once more by a woman, Jerina, who was possessed of much strategic ability, and utterly fearless. She boldly attempted to reorganize and fortify Serbia which the Turks were now seeking to enslave completely. She dotted the country with strongholds, constructed highways and roads throughout the country, built fortresses and in every way proved herself to be a strong-minded patriot.

Whenever a blow was struck for freedom, whenever there was a forward movement in art or intellect, we find the Southern Slav woman fighting shoulder to shoulder with the men- In Serbia there were girls among the guerilla warriors who made the Turks feel that their conquest of Serbia was never too secure. In Montenegro, which was a fortress, and in Croatia, which was a wall against the Turks, life through centuries is best summed up thus: The men were the garrison and the army, and the women were the supply corps. Never has the Montenegrin army been provisioned in any other way. Even now, in the days of their supreme agony, the women carry the food across the mountains to their men in the fighting line.

It is a boast of the Serbians that their race is now as pure as it was before the (Continued on page twenty-six)

# Our Kiddies' Corner The Salt Babies' Patriotic Party

THE raindrops were pitter-pattering from the sky, and the stars were most hidden from sight, but the Salt Babies were having a great frolic on the shore. It wasn't as light as most evenings, as a big dark cloud almost hid the moon from view. It was a pity, because the Salt Babies had planned many little gaieties on this night. They were about to celebrate the completion of a beautiful flag they had made, with the assistance of the little mermaid fairy Nadine, who, as you know, was bewitched in the shell that Dodo, Toto and Soso lived in. They never could see her, but she still retained her fairy power to assist others in deeds of goodness and kindness.

It all happened this way: One time those three wise little fellows, Dodo, Toto and Soso, noticed many huge battleships out in the ocean, and on the foremost mast of each waved "Old Glory"—the stars and stripes. Those ships and the flags were very inspiring to the Salt Babies, because they themselves were the salt of the ocean, and they felt that the big warships were partly theirs, too!

They went into their shell and had a private consultation with the Voice (Nadine). (Oh, I forgot to tell you that Dodo, Soso and Toto could talk to the Voice whenever they wanted to, so they told her about the big ships out there in the sea.)

Then Nadine told them all about the wars that were taking place in many parts of the world, and that the big grey ships were protecting America's shores. It made the Salt Babies cry to think that real human beings were at war with one another, and Nadine said she was very sorry, too. She also told them they had better take it as a lesson, and that they should gather together and train and become real little soldiers, in case something might happen to them, and it was well that they be prepared. And, then, one did not know at what moment the wicked sand-sprites might come out of the sand and try to vanguish them! Wouldn't that be dreadful! Of course, righteousness must win in the end, but, even so, it would be a pity to lose any good little Salt Baby soldiers.

Dodo, Soso and Toto immediately proceeded to collect all the little Salt Babies along the shore—oh, about three miles of them—and trained them to

By Ruth Florence

march and drill like real soldiers. Then together they made a huge flag, with stars and stripes, like those on the battleships. Now, they were in great difficulty about this flag, as it was all one color (it was made of seaweed), and, of course, a flag is really not a flag if it is not red, white and blue. They were very puzzled as to what to do about it, so Dodo, Soso and Toto decided to consult Nadine.

"Nadine," commenced Soso, as he climbed into the big shell they loved so, "We have just made a flag. It has stars



Ruth Florence

and stripes, just like those on the battleships, but it is not the right color. I thought you could tell us what we might do."

"Yes," replied their beloved fairy, "I will see what I can do. Don't you worry any more about it, and tomorrow evening it will be the proper color."

The Salt Babies clapped their hands in delight, and the Voice (Nadine) told them she was glad to be of service to them all.

Well, the next evening, when the Salt Babies had gathered around their flag, it was — Red, White and Blue! And, oh, how gorgeous it looked in the light of the moon! The stars in it sparkled, and the stripes glistened also.

Dodo, Soso and Toto ran to their shell in joy.

"Oh, dear Nadine, how did you do it?" they exclaimed.

"I will tell you," she replied. "The blue I got from the sky, and the white from a pure, snowy cloud; the crimson, from one of the most glorious sunsets one could ever see. And the stars well. they are bits from the stars themselves. They were all very happy to contribute, so you see, my dear Salt Babies, your flag is a heavenly thing, so you must love and take care of it. It will never wear out and the stars in it will always sparkle. I know you will guard it faithfully with all the little Salt Baby soldiers you have in training. You must not let the wicked sand sprites come near it."

"Oh, indeed not," they replied. "We are going to have a big party to celebrate this wonderful event. We will sing patriotic songs and think of patriotic things. And, Nadine, we are going to sing a song of praise to you, for being so good to us and making our flag so beautiful. And wouldn't it be lovely if the blue soldier boys on the ships could see our flag!"

They heard Nadine laugh. Again she spoke to them: "Be satisfied, little Salt Babies, and think how wonderful it is that you can see them, even if they can't see you. And you can do your part on the shore at night, just by sending them many good thoughts and wishes. That will help them a lot."

And this was the night chosen for their celebration—this rainy evening. Of course, the rain did not hurt them, but it was a bit unpleasant. Presently, just as if the heavens wanted to favor the little fellows, the rain ceased, the clouds rolled away and the stars gradually appeared. The Salt Babies clapped their hands in joy, and were most thankful.

Then a most delightful surprise awaited them. Just think!—placed all around the flag were rows of tables, set with fruits, cookies, and candies and all kinds of good things to eat. They could scarcely understand, but Dodo, Soso and Toto knew that their own Nadine had something to do with it. Upon going to the tables, they found at each place a surprise package. Toto discovered a note in his package, which he read aloud:

(Continued on page thirty-two)

# The World's Women:

Danish Women Active in Politics.

ANY delegates to the Scandinavian Women's Congress were present at the autumn meeting of the Stockholm Society for Woman Suffrage. Froken Thora Daugaard of Denmark described the entrance of women into Denmark's political life since the granting of equal suffrage in 1915. She said that women have been welcomed by men as their equals in every respect. Three women have already been put forward as parliamentary candidates though the war has postponed a general election. An association has been formed for the political education of women, with regular courses in economics and social administration. The association proposes candidates for parliament on a non-partisan basis, its members being free to vote as they wish and the candidates promising to stand for the promotion of Christian morality.

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Danish Woman at Stockholm Meeting.

THE Stockholm Socialist Conference had one woman member, Fru Nina Bang, a leader of the Socialist party in Denmark. She believes that full share must be given to women in the work of democratizing the nations.

"Women," she says, "must share in the work of democratization, because the war has forced women to work as never Lefore, and because the war has succeeded in doing what for many centuries capitalists have vainly striven to accomplish namely, the economic mobilization of virtually all women.

"This circumstance naturally will radically change the social position of women."

1 1 1

Woman Helps Draft Russian Constitution.

THE Council of Sixty-One, now sitting in Russia to draft the permanent constitution of the country and to prepare for elections to the Constituent Assembly which will pass on it, has one woman member, Dr. Schischkina Yavein. This preparatory council is made up of a group of constitutional specialists, deputies from the army and from all political parties, representatives of the Jews, Poles and other races, and the representative of women.

Dr. Yavein is head of the Defenders of Women's Rights, the Russian suf-

frage organization, says the Suffragist. She is a physician and at the beginning of the war she was chief of a hospital unit supported by Russian women.

The provisional government has submitted to this Council its plan for the election laws for the Constituent Assembly, to be based on "universal, equal, secret and direct voting by both sexes." The government made the first use of this principle in the recent district and municipal elections, when universal suffrage was applied for the first time in Russia, and the Council of Sixty-One will undoubtedly follow the government's lead in this matter.

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N. Y. Women Artists Offer Services

OMEN artists of New York City have asked the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense to permit them to participate in war work. At a recent meeting of the Pen and Brush Club of New York the members of that organization offered their services to the committee through a letter to Miss Ida M. Tarbell.

The artists suggested that their bit should be the making of posters visualizing the work of the Woman's Committee. They have planned a campaign to portray women in agricultural work, cooking, and social science. The Woman's Committee has determined to encourage competition among the artists in a contest for the best poster showing the constructive war work being carried on by women. According to the committee, the movement bids fair to become national in scope.

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Mcslem Women Against Polygamy

N Tomsk, Siberia, Moslem women at mass meeting held early in May demanded that polygamy, as a tenct of religion as well as a practice, cease. Moslems make up 12 per cent. of the entire Russian population, says the New York Woman Citizen. If the Siberian Mohammedans free women it is unlikely that the seraglio will continue to exist among other followers of the prophet. The Provinces of Siberia, Turkestan, Bokhara, and the Causasus, touching other parts of the Mohammedan world, may easily be points of contagion from which a new freedom will spread. Woman suffrage in Russia will do away with the harem and women's domestic enslavement.

Women's Motor Corps For Military Service

THE National League for Women's Service has for its object, to use its own words, "to co-ordinate and standardize the work of the women of America along lines of constructive patriotism; to develop the resources and to promote the efficiency of women in meeting their everyday responsibilities to home, to State, to nation, and to humanity; to provide organized, trained groups in every community prepared to co-operate with the Red Cross and other agencies in dealing with any calamityfire, flood, famine, economic disorder, etc., and in time of war to supplement the work of the Red Cross, the army and navy, and to deal with the questions of woman's work and woman's welfare."

The Motor Corps is one of the most interesting and efficient divisions of the League. A member of this division must meet a number of requirements for active service. She must have a health certificate, a State chauffffeur's license, at least two years' experience in driving, and a certificate from a motor school. Infantry drill is compulsory and is held twice a week in one of the city armories. Members are also required to take an emergency course covering first aid, given once a week at a hospital, and an additional hour each week to bandaging and dressing. All members of the Motor Corps wear a khaki uniform consisting of a short skirt, norfolk coat, and visored cap.

Child Welfare

Bureau Under Woman

ISS JULIA LATHROP, chief of the Children's Bureau in the United States Department of Labor at Washington, heads the child welfare committee in the women's advisory branch of the Council of National Defense. The Children's Bureau has recently investigated how war has affected the condition of children in Europe and Canada has pointed out how the warring governments have proved and acted upon the practical necessity for the highest standards of health and education in war-time.

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# Their Accomplishments

Wisconsin Woman Notable "Businessman"

The retirement of Mrs. E. V. Laughton as treasurer and general manager of a large manufacturing industry at Racine, Wis., has again brought to the attention of the public the interesting career of a remarkable business woman. For 24 years she has been the manager of this big concern, which now employs about 400 men and women and has capital stock of \$350,000.

Her husband, George H. Laughton, founded the company in 1879, and upon his death in 1893 she immediately took charge. Her successful handling of the affairs of the concern insured her re-election year after year by the stockholders, and it was only at her urgent request that she was permitted to resign as treasurer.

Every employee of the company was and is an ardent admirer of Mrs. Laughton. Every travelling salesman representing the company had unbounded praise for the energetic, resourceful woman who has been the backbone of the business for a third of a century. She early won the admiration and respect of her competitors, and she never lost it.

English Women In War Service

N England it is estimated that 800,000 women have gone out to work who did not do so before the war. The number of women who have been substituted for men in industries, including controlled firms, but excluding all government establishments, are 376,000. There are 139,000 women employed in government works, including arsenals, dockyards and national shell-filling and projectile factories; 23,000 are engaged in agricultural pursuits and 52,000 in transportation.

A Suffrage Leader of the Irish

OUNTESS MARKIEWICZ, who as lieutenant led troops in the Irish Revolution, was captured and sentenced to penal servitude for life, has been released from prison in England by the British government. She was recently welcomed in Dublin by a demonstration of ten thousand people, says the Suffragist. Her arrival in Ireland was the dramatic climax of the recent events that mark the new policy

England has apparently adopted toward Ireland's fight for freedom.

Countess Markiewicz, before her imprisonment, was one of the leaders of the suffrage movement in Ireland. In the Irish Revolution, as in the Russian, women planned the moves and fought shoulder to shoulder with men in a complete democracy. There can be little doubt that when the government of Ireland is settled, Irishmen, if they have independence or even home rule, will give Irish women political liberty.

Commerce Association Formed by Women

OMEN forced into industry by the war will be protected in every way possible, if the plans formulated at the closing session of the first national convention of business women held at Chicago recently are carried out. Resolutions were passed making recommendations regarding the welfare of women and children workers and the Woman's Association of Commerce of America was formed.

The resolutions concerning working women demanded the eight hour law; no night work; to one day's rest in seven; equal pay with men for equal work; equal hours of labor and equal chances for advancement. It also called for better conditions of labor for both working women and children; the strict enforcement of child labor laws "that the young life of America shall not be jeopardized."

The resolution also pledged the support of women to the limit to the Government in the war; called on the women to enter business and take the places vacated by men, and urged the conservation of food in every way possible.

Indian Woman Battles for her Race

PURE-BLOODED Indian woman of the Oncidas, Mrs. O. J. Kellogg, has worked for years for a bill proposing to save Indian tribes from extinction and to protect them from political exploitation by obtaining for them permanent independence and self-government. The bill was introduced in the United States Senate recently by Senator Husting, of Wisconsin.

Mrs. Kellogg is a graduate of several schools and is a representative of the Night Hawk tribes of Oklahoma.

Woman of France Demand Suffrage

THE Union Francaise Pour le Suffrage des Femmes has sent a delegation to the Chamber of Deputies to demand that the government at once enfranchise French women. They call to the attention of the French parliament the fact that England is enfranchising women in war time. Mme. Marguerite Duand, head of the delegation, said:

"Have the women of our country played a less glorious part in the war than those on the other side of the channel? In every war women have made terrible sacrifices and always they have been in vain, because, having no civil rights worth mentioning, they could not bring about reforms that should follow war.

"We are determined that the conclusion of this struggle shall be different and we believe our deputies must be influenced by the action of British law-makers."

Honors Shower on Dr. Anna Shaw

TONORS fall so thickly on the devoted head of Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, Honorary President of the National American Woman Suffrage Association and Chairman Woman's Committee of the National Council of Defense, that now and then a few pile up of which even the suffragists who follow her distinguished course with special interest have not been fully advised, says the New York Woman Citizen.. For instance, within the month she has been honored by being asked to preach the baccalaureate sermon at Bryn Mawr, probably the first time in the world that a woman has been asked to do this for any large college. Then Temple University of Philadelphia had her deliver the address for its graduation exercises.



# Serbia's Heroic Women

(Continued from page twenty-two)
Turkish invasion. What a record of patriotic strength and heroism on the part of the women of the nation.

By an unwritten law and national usage, a boy, from the moment that he is old enough to bear arms, becomes the natural defender of every woman and child, whether related to him by kinship or not. He is sternly taught that his first duty is to protect the woman, that his own honor is at stake with hers. "Mother" is a term of sacred significance. There exists in the Serbian language no expression for cousin in the first and second degrees. And in Serbian idealogy there is no relationship so beautiful as that between brother and sister. "Be thou my sister in God and I will be thy brother in God," and "as a sister loves a brother," are phrases one constantly finds in Serbian poetry.

The Serbians are called an automatically eugenic race, on account of their strict marriage laws, forbidding marriage under certain degrees of relationship. They marry young, and marriage is looked upon as a divine sacrament. Illegitimacy of children and divorce are practically unknown in Serbian lands. The great national beverage is spring water. What liquors they use are homemade wine and plum brandy, so the women do not have to worry about the prohibition problem which absorbs so much of the energy of the women in the western world.

Although the modern Serbian woman has not shown herself ambitious to take the lead in public or political affairs, she has always been the great conservative force in the nation and she has defended all national interests as if they were matters of the fireside. The Serbian mother is the fount of pure patriotism. In her heart the fires of devotion never die; she teaches, cherishes the old traditions and customs and religious faith, teaches her babe the old histories and tales of past achievements and inspires him or her with a determined belief in Serbian destiny.

Serbian men take a pride in having their daughters well educated, so that they may be efficient helpmates for their brave husbands. The modern Serbian woman has shared in the benefits of improved conditions. The man has opened up to her educational and other advantages, in pace with the development of opportunities. The Southern Slav is proud of any attainment by his women folk, and there are many instances today of young men who are making their way

in one calling or another who devote some part of a limited salary to paying for the education in some European school of a sister or cousin who is looking forward to teaching or some other intellectual occupation.

The Serbian woman will not take service in a strange house, though perfectly willing to do it in her own family. Neither is she found as shop assistant or in commercial positions. She will go out as teacher, doctor or in some department of the state, but never in domestic service.

The Serbians are a home loving hospitable people and devoted to their children, hence the present condition of the country is woefully tragic. Until recently, all home industries were in the hands of the women. Every scrap of stuff in a Serbian home was spun and woven by the women of the household, and the exquisite embroideries on the national costume bear witness to the skill and good taste, no less than to the patience of the embroiderers.

Modern Serbia has her woman's educational, religious and social associations and societies, like every other European country. Some fifteen years ago, the Kneginja Ljubica founded the religious society named after her, which has for its object the care of the Serbian Orthodox communities in Turkish territory, where they are greatly oppressed and harrassed. The principal woman's society goes by the pretty name of the Kolo Sestura, the Circle of Sisters. Then there is also a Mothers' Association, which takes care of the infants of the poor.

That the spirit of the plain Serbian women of today is equal to that of the heroic princesses of old is best shown by two pathetic instances. A poor woman in Belgrade had her wounded son in the house during the Austrian occupation. Fearing his discovery, she dared not go out to buy bread, but barred her door as if the house were deserted. Every day she brought him food from her scant and fast diminishing store, and when he asked her why she did not eat with him, she always answered that she had already partaken of her meal. One morning she failed to answer his call. With a great effort, the soldier rose to look for his devoted mother and he found her-dead from hunger.

Another woman, wealthy before the war, was asked: "Where is your son?" She replied quite simply: "I gave him to Serbia, and now my prayers dwell with me instead."

When the tragedy of the great flight from home and country came, a tragedy unsurpassed in its horrors, and when the mere shadows, wrecks of human beings, crowded the Adriatic shore, crying in pain, sobbing in despair, dying from hunger and exposure, it seemed as if the door of safety was only a new door to the grave. One of the darkest pages of the Serbian exodus through Albania and Montenegro is the tale of the sufferings of the children. Thousands started on that way of a nation's Golgotha, and hundreds upon hundreds found their last resting place in the wild Albanian mountains, offering up their young lives to the Moloch of war. Those whose strength sufficed to overcome the exertions, or who encountered less trying conditions on their way, won at last to safety, but as broken, helpless orphans, looking with childish eyes full of shy curiosity upon a new and unknown life. Their terrible suffering had robbed them of every human semblance, and their appearance shocked everyone who happened to be at that time in the various places where the refugees rested.

A terrific blizzard swept the land, already sorely stricken by famine and sword, and in the midst of all these terrors the nation fled southward over the mountains, and through the storm and snow. Along this Via Dolorosa, the poor peasant and her children dragged through the wilderness of sorrow, hungry but not hopeless, ragged but not forlorn, the spirit unspeakably heroic in the hour of their cruellest agony.

The calamity which the Serbians are undergoing at this moment has no equal in history. While hundreds are lying sick and dying in the enemies encampments, as prisoners of war and interned, while the last free Serbians are still fighting and dying for the liberation of their country and ours, the remaining population in Serbia is being exterminated by hunger, exposure and disease. Their desperate misery demands an urgent organization of serious philanthropic work, to meet the great need of healing and bringing Serbia into life again, and to enable the sorely tried little nation to start afresh and regain her former prosperity.

#### IMPERIAL

The Leading San Francisco
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# Garden City Homes

(Continued from page eleven)

Finding these Point Richmond homes desirable, men working in San Francisco purchased them; but finding the long trip across the bay tedious, they began to secure their work nearer home, thereby taking away from San Francisco quite a population that should be properly taken care of on this side of

With this serious point in view, Mr. Holberton solicited the assistance of the men who now compose this company, became incorporated and started its work. The plans have been drawn for one unit of ten acres, which will be very soon in process of construction. Each block will be built up complete with all yards and streets planted, all the houses built harmoniously.

While this was under consideration, the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco appointed and financed an industrial survey. Many of you have either heard or read of Dr. Rastall's report in which he pointed out many things in reference to the situation as it exists in San Francisco: and from that section of his report having to do with housing, we quote the following:

"No single thing would be so effective as the construction, upon a larger scale, of a modern workman's suburb, following the general lines of the English and German garden cities, and offering a maximum of advantage cities, and offering a maximum of advantages at a minimum of cost possible, with reason-

at a minimum of cost possione, with reasonable return on capital invested.

"The slums of the modern city are the breeding places of the contagious diseases and crime which for many such cities is permanently handicapping, and seriously, industrial efficiency."

Before arriving at this conclusion Dr. Rastall made a very elaborate survey of the present installment purchase opportunities for small homes, both in San Francisco and the metropolitan area about the bay. This developed very clearly the fact that sufficient opportun-

ity to own a small attractive home does not exist in San Francisco, mainly owing to the character of sub-divisions heretofore created, and to the high initial cost of real estate so sub-divided.

Quoting again from Dr. Rastall:

"There is a tremendous demand in San Francisco for cottages or bungalows to rent for \$25 per month or less.

"If an owner of a block of land in the Mis-

sion or Potrero, San Bruno or Bay View districts, would erect, say, fifty five-room cottages, costing about \$1,400 each, and value his land about \$600 per lot, making a total of, say, \$2,000, there would be a big demand for these cottages or bungalows at a rental from \$22.50 to \$25 per month, which would pay him handsomely on his money.

"Though the demand in Oakland for cot-

tages or bungalows under the \$25 per month is good, the demand is not nearly as great as

"In my investigation I have failed to find anyone who makes a business of building cottages or bungalows to rent in San Fran-

"The cottages to rent are ones that builders have erected and failed to sell on the easy payment plan, or cottages that have come back on their hands by the buyers failing to back on their hands by the buyers failing to payment plan, or cottages tha have come back on heir hands by the buyers failing to keep up their contracts, and the builders rent them so as to produce an income while endeavoring to sell them.
"By far the greater portion of cottages that

"By far the greater portion of cottages that are occupied are occupied by their owners.
"Low priced property, with street work completed and other necessary conveniences, such as close to car lines and close to the busy section of the city, is difficult to buy and, therefore, the property owner builds two or three flats as the income on the money invested will bring greater returns." or three flats as the income on the money invested will bring greater returns." These statements of Dr. Rastall have,

in all probability, had great weight with men who are interested in this scheme. While there may be a certain feeling of philanthropy in undertaking this work, there is no doubt that primarily it is loyalty to San Francisco in assisting to give her that which she so surely needs —that is, homes for the people of smaller means whose work is in San Fran-

These citizens neither ask nor want charity or help; but we do want the people who work in San Francisco to

live in San Francisco and those who have the interest of our city in their hearts will try to make this possible. Garden City development seems to be one of the most opportune ways of do-

At the present moment serious consideration is being given in San Francisco and elsewhere to city planning, and better housing surely is one feature that comes under the head of good city

#### ्रीत की की Inappropriate Generosity

Haight: After touring the world for fifteen years, Belva Peddleman, known among musical critics as the "woman Paderewski," went back to her home town the other evening and treated her former neighbors to a splendid classical recital.

Nuno: Did the people show any appreciation?

Haight: Oh, yes; the next day they held a meeting and voted to send the lady a thousand-dollar player-piano.— The Lamb.

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### The Winning of the War

(Continued from page four)

With the registration of our young men on June 5 came a keener appreciation of the fact that we are in war and what it will mean; when those selected leave for the training camps, this appreciation will become keener still, and when they depart for Europe to fight side by side with the sons of France and the men of England, it will become even more pronounced. But the final realization, the final appreciation, will come after the battles have been fought and there are published in our American papers the lists of the American wounded and the rolls of the American dead.

A splendid thing that is to come from this war is the accentuation of our patriotism. We are going to appreciate more keenly what the flag means, what the country means, what we mean to one another. We are going to realize that we are of one family. We are going to realize our brotherhood.

Not that we have not been more or less conscious of these things in a way, but we have not been put to the test; nothing has occurred to inflame the fires that burn within us. This war which is being waged not only for our country and our children, but for all the countries and all the children of the earth, for democracy as against autocracy, and for civilization, will purify our national spirit, will glorify our patriotism and make us rejoice as we have never rejoiced before in our common country.

I stood on a street corner not long ago, and a parade went by, one portion of which consisted of several hundred children, boys and girls, young men and women. No part of that big parade received the attention, drew forth the applause or wet the eyes of the spectators as did the part where the children marched. And by my side stood a man who remained perfectly quiet until the procession had gone by. He then turned to me and suddenly exclaimed:

"I never understood before what this war meant; I never had much sympathy with it. But I see now what it means. We are fighting for those children, those boys and girls, those young men and young women, that they may have a free country when their time comes as we have had it when our time came. From now on I am going to do everything in my power to help Uncle Sam win this fight. I am in it for the sake of the boys and the girls."

We cannot all be fighting men, we cannot all be in the trenches or aboard

the battleships. Nor can we all be men of large affairs and so in position to do great things, big things, as such things are understood. But each and every one of us can do something worth while; each and every one of us can do to the extent of his or her ability; and that done, all that could be asked has been done. Simply that each does his or her part.

And the Red Cross offers the way; there is none better outside the battle-fields themselves; and even there is found the Red Cross. It is the third arm of the military service of the United States, the humanitarian arm, the arm upon which rests the welfare of our boys, the arm which may decide the fate of the war itself.

It has been declared by men in close touch with world affairs, that the Red

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Cross would win this war. That is, that the group of allies with the best organized, the most efficient Red Cross would win the war. Whether or not this be true, certain it is and beyond contradiction that the Red Cross will play a very, very important part in this war and in deciding where the victory shall go.

(Concluded in September issue)

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#### Art Galleries

(Continued from page twenty-one)

thaly house. The local decorators are so interested in the foundation of this much needed department under such auspicious circumstances, that they are lending enthusiastic support in the way of loaning materials to make the course oft the utmost practical value. As most of the students taking this course will be practical workers, two evening lectures a week have been arranged, while his second lecture in the daytime Mr. Rosse will devote to costume designing.

Another important broadening development is the normal classes under Katherine Ball. Miss Ball's record as supervisor of drawing in the San Francisco public schools is a marvelous one. Working under every disadvantage, she has accomplished results which astonish everyone acuainted with the drawing in the public schools of America. In her new department, Miss Ball plans to give her pupils the advantage, not only of her knowledge, but of practically applying it by teaching and supervising the classes in the various schools. Every effort is being made to broaden the field of the institution and to add to the practicability of the courses. Mr. Laurvic, diretcor of the Fine Arts, has given a room at the Fine Arts that the students may have the encouragement of public exhibition and criticism. The faculty are working together as an enthusiastic unit and the prospects for the students in the 1917-18 term are very bright indeed. The Art Instittue pupils have always taken more scholarships in the various competitions than any other school. That this record will be maintained is a certainty.

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# An Irish Patriot Woman

(Continued from page five)

quence or emotion; for it is of a quality that knows not fear and cares not for consequences.

Very quickly you understood the horrors of that Easter Week in Dublin City, when the bravest and most daring—the idealists—of its population went down before the machine guns of the soldiers. You could see the handsome, brilliant editor leave his office amid the flying bullets, fired by both sides of the belligerents, and run to the aid of an English officer (Captain Pinfield), who lay wounded in the street, uncared for by either side. When remonstrated with later on, Skeffington's reply was: "I could not let anyone bleed to death while I could help." Still, though not a belligerent, before another day dawned he had been arrested and riddled with bullets at the order of Captain Bowen Colthurst, though, following his name on the register of arrests was written, "No charge.'

Then, for the little mother and her boy came nights and days of hideous nightmare (too hideous to put into words now), followed, while, careless of bullets and bayonets, amid fearsome rumors they sought the husband and father through the streets, prisons, hospitals and morgues of Dublin—and they sought in vain.

Sheehy-Skeffington, the publisher and editor of the only suffrage newspaper in Ireland, the man who labored to have women made free and equal with men, an act which was granted by the men who declared the country a republic, could not be made away with without some accounting being given, particularly when his wife never ceased her efforts until she brought the truth to the proper authorities in England. Sir Francis Vane enlisted the influence of Lord Kitchener, and Captain Colthurst was tried by courtmartial, Mrs. Skeffington being refused permission to present any evidence, Colthurst was sent as "a patient" to an asylum, and then retired on half-pay, but not dismissed from the service.

It was then the blight of injustice fell upon the widow of the martyred editor—a man who would gladly have sacrificed his life, if he believed that act would help to free his country.

Night and day, America called to her as the one place where she would find justice; but the Kaiser circumvented her and had forced the United States into war before she got here. The fact, however, that England is one of our allies

makes no difference to Mrs. Skeffington. The blight of injustice and the hand of tragedy have graven their images on her face, heart and brain and chilled her emotions to all but the voice of her martyred husband — which bids her: Fight one—and, she will fight to the death

#### · 如

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### Esperanto

(Continued from page nine)

took the matter up still further with a blind Russian who had just come from London, and this resulted in a translation into Esperanto of a part of one of the deepest books of devotion of the East, which has since been followed by a translation just completed in England of a further part of the same work from the original Persian into Esperanto, which translation was done jointly by an English physician, a Persian prince in Teheran, a Persian merchant living in London, and finally passed upon as thoroughly satisfactory by one of the best Persian scholars in England, a retired English officer of the East Indian medical service, who has made the most correct translation of Omar Khayyam into English.

This special instance ought to be a sufficient answer to any doubt as to the power of this common language to help men towards higher thought in a universal way. Esperanto does not say that any one form of thought is the only form that is the best. It is free for the use of all. It is like the sun that shines and the rain that falls alike on the just and the unjust, but why should we not use it for the highest things, and, even dissatisfied as we are because of our imperfections, try to raise our souls into the higher atmosphere of better communion with God through sympathy with the common aspirations of our fellow man, and, in this way, feel that we have done something to advance the world toward the New Day in which all peoples shall raise their faces toward Divine Light and be able to call to God and praise Him in the same tongue;

He and She

"Are you fond of literature?" he asked.

"Passionately," she replied.

"Then you must admire Sir Walter Scott," he exclaimed with sudden animation. "Is not his 'Lady of the Lake' exquisite in its flowing grace and poetic imagery?"

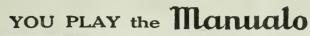
"It is perfectly lovely," she assented, clasping her hands in ecstasy. "I suppose I have read it a dozen times."

"And Scott's 'Marmion,'" he continued, " and 'Peveril of the Peak'?"

"I just dote upon them," she replied.
"And Scott's Emulsion?" he continued hastily, a faint suspicion dawning upon him.

"I think," she interrupted rashly, "that it's the best thing he ever wrote."

—The Publisher's Weekly.



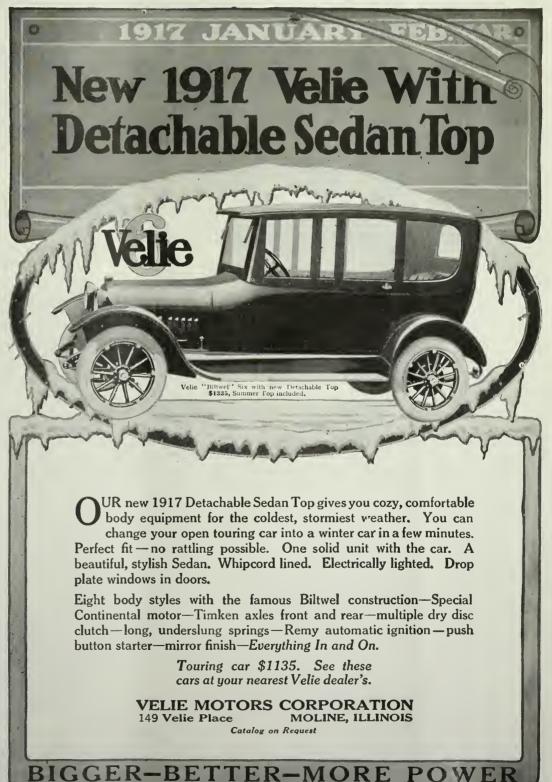
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### Red Cross at Work

(Continued from page two)

ity of the homes it was fought to serve, would be less than ashes.

Miss Helen Hay is gathering under her the business of furnishing courses of instruction in Home Dietetics and Home Care of the Sick. Miss Hay used to be head of the Illinois Training School for Nurses, and, through these last three years, was the matron of the American Red Cross hospital at Kiev, and founded a nurses' training school for the Queen of Bulgaria, in Sofia. Those women who wish to volunteer as nurses' aides to do chores in the military hospitals so that nurses with their many years of training can put that training to great professional service must take their courses under Miss Hav's Bureau. More important, all women with families who wish to take some of the strain from the hospital nurses they are accustomed to tax in emergencies, will find these courses ready for them.

In the direction of this service, the American Red Cross headquarters are busy early and late. The lights burn at night often long after the rest of Washington has gone to sleep. But the service itself must come, woman by woman, from the millions of mothers and sisters and wives of America's Army and Navy. They will ask and be given a task. There is a call for each of them to answer.

# \* \* \* Salt Babies

(Continued from page twenty-three)

"Just a little surprise from your own Nadine. A uniform for each of the Salt Baby soldiers you will find. Good luck and happiness to you all."

The Salt Babies were deeply grateful, and called themselves the "Nadine Guards" in honor of their fairy benefactor. They put on the little khaki uniforms, and had a most glorious feast. They called it their "Patriotic Party" and it lasted until daybreak, when the sleepy, but contented, Salt Baby soldiers marched back into the sea. Perhaps these dear little Salt Baby soldiers will be able to watch out for enemy submarines. Who knows what the good fairy Nadine may yet teach them!

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FOR EVERYWOMAN

September, 1917

# CUCRYUOMAN

Official Journal of The National Council of Women, Membership, 7,000,000





### In This Issue:

Enduring Peace by Hon. John S. Chambers

Aims of Warring Democracies

City Planning

National Council of Women

Women of India

Community Drama a Civic Asset

France Calls

Popular Musicians as Flooverites

Blazing the Trail

Gun Fire

Serbians' Glory

The Kaiser's Prayer

The Convicted Man

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Our Middies' Corner

Studios and Galleries

Women Inventors



The Spirit of 1917

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- (4) "Everywoman's" subscribers are proud of feminine progress. They read of this progress in our magazine. This means thorough scrutiny of its contents and advertisers secure greater benefit as a result.
- (5) "Everywoman" is printed on excellent paper and advertisements are well placed as to reading matter. These physical advantages produce a more attractive and more widely read advertisement.
- (6) "Everywoman" has broad scope, is fearless, diversified, clean, non-sectarian and non-partisan. It has

- no enemies who would discredit those who advertise in its columns.
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- (9) "Everywoman," besides estimated local readers of more than 25,000 each month, goes to 1000 clubs numbering over 100,000 women members. Local advertisers are charged for local readers only.
- (10) "Everywoman's" subscribers are busy women. They read this Magazine to the exclusion, often, of fiction and other mediums. The best way to reach them is through the publication they are sure to read.
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- (10) "Everywoman," through an expert, will edit each advertisement free of charge, when desired.

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VOL. XI. No. 16

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER, 1917

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# Enduring Peace The Only Peace Worth While

PEACE worth while is peace worth fighting for. Peace as the Pope suggests it, would be but a truce and a victory for Germany. Terrible as war is, now that the struggle is on it would be folly to conclude it until an end is put forever and a day to the Prussian menace. As long as the military masters of Germany are in control, the nations of the earth can not dwell in security. No peace that does not carry with it the elimination of Junkerism can be enduring.

Whether or not France, England and Russia fully understood the real aim and purpose of the Kaiser and his advisers when the war began four years ago, they know it now, as does our own beloved country, and all other issues are swept aside in the face of that understanding. The freedom of those nations now free must be preserved and the way prepared for the extension of freedom to all nations not now so blessed. The inevitable alignment has come to pass. Autocracy, at bay, is fighting a life and death struggle, and there must be no cessation until Democracy emerges permanently triumphant.

I do not question the good faith of Benedict, yet I marvel that no word of condemnation of German frightfulness accompanied his peace suggestions. Ravaged Belgium and devastated France call aloud to the Lord who said "vengeance is mine;" the women and the children at the bottom of the seas point in horror at the submarine; families made desolate and the old and the young maimed and crippled by the brutal Prussians, stand accusing witnesses of the barbarism of the Kaiser and his cruel war lords.

Shall peace be concluded and these things go unconsidered? God forbid! America and her allies are fighting under the banner of Liberty; they are fighting to save Democracy and to preserve Civilization; but they also are fighting because of outraged Humanity, and there must be a day of reckoning. As ye sow, so shall ve reap. The wildest savages that ever lived on the face of the earth were children in cruelty compared with the war-mad soldiers of the Emperor's army; they were mere novices in atrocity compared with the Junkers of Germany, mere amateurs in barbarity, in frightfulness.

To my mind, the Pope's proposal, pro-German in effect though not so intended By Hon. John S. Chambers
State Controller

in my judgment, is very unfortunate—almost a calamity. It will encourage the pacifist, inspire the German sympathizer and greatly influence millions of faithful Catholics throughout the world. It will make more difficult the prosecution of the war by the Allies—and yet the war must go on. I have not the slightest doubt that this will be the substance of the reply by the United



Hon, John S. Chambers

States and her allies, whether given separately by each nation or collectively. The war must go on. In the face of the statements and revelations by President Wilson and Lloyd George, and similar utterances by other high officials of America, England and France, peace terms as outlined by the Pope can not be considered. The supreme issue is not the cessation of warfare. The supreme issue is peace, but peace upon an enduring, an everlasting basis. And this can not be brought about until the power of the war lords of Germany has been broken and broken forever.

When La Follette and his kind in the Congress of the United States and others like them throughout the nation criticise the President and demand that he state the peace terms of America, or insist upon stating their own, neither this

country nor its allies need pay particular attention, need feel anything but annoyance and righteous indignation. But not so when the voice of Rome is heard. The Pope occupies a singularly unique position in world affairs. He is the spiritual leader of millions of men and women. When he speaks, his words demand respect and attention, though he talks of temporal affairs. And so his peace proposal can not be lightly dismissed. And yet it can not be accepted. Hence the tragedy of the situation.

When the malcontents in Congress have stood in the way of the efficient prosecution of the war by America, more particularly when their topic has been terms of peace, I have thought, despite a feeling of strong resentment, that perhaps out of such evil good might come; that discussion would lead to a clearer understanding of the causes that led to the war, the causes that make it imperative to prosecute the war to the bitter end, and thus would tend to unify public sentiment and strengthen the hands of the government. Perhaps, some such result will follow the appeal of the Vatican, but even so I fear far more harm than good will follow the Pope's letter to the warring nations.

While I contend that the war must go on, yet I abhor war. No one would welcome peace more heartily than would I, if the right kind of peace, But I am thoroughly and sincerely convinced that inasmuch as war rages, it is the duty of America and her allies to carry it on until not only such questions as the freedom of the seas, the right of trade, the running of boundary lines, restitution and indemnity and so on are settled, but also that the peace of the world is made secure and the sovereignty of small nations established.

Eventually, it is my belief, all nations will be democracies. They must be if an end is to be made of war. But all this will be slow in coming. The first great step—and the step which when taken will justify the ending of the present war and which will mean the gradual inauguration of rule by the people in every civilized country of the world—is the obliteration of the military masters, the war lords of Germany, the wiping out of their cruel system of government. Until that is done, there can be no security, no guarantee of peace.

(Continued on page twelve)

# Aims of Warring Democracies

## France, America and Russia Are As One

TOT among the beautiful gleaming marbles of the world-famed Pere la Chaise, not among the glorious and celebrated Frenchmen resting in the Pantheon of Paris, but lying inconspicuously in a plainly marked grave in a somewhat obscure corner in the littleknown and seldom-visited Cimitiere de Picpus, lies all that is mortal of him from whom the American revolutionists received their first encouragement and help, Marie Joseph Paul Yves Roch Gilbert du Motier, who at the age of thirteen became the Marquis de la Fayette. Although not twenty years of age at the time of our struggle for freedom, he breathed in to the hearts of the weary and discouraged soldiers of the colonies an enthusiastic courage, and brought brightness and gladness into the saddened and grief-ridden days of that grand and solitary man upon whom the fate of the struggling country rested.

That same spirit, that same high principle that urged on and aided the struggling colonists in their fierce conflict against hired Hessians, pervades France today in the war which she is waging to defend the liberty of nations against German imperialism, against Pan-Germanism. And now it is to America that she looks for renewed confidence and fresh energy to go on to the end, whenever and whatever that may be.

On the anniversary of the birthday of George Washington, Paris held a celebration, and the Minister of Munitions in an eloquent speech recalled the ideals by which the "sister democracies" were actuated. In glowing terms he paid homage to the memory of the founder of the great American republic, upon whom, in 1792, the Legislative Assembly in Paris had bestowed the title of "French citizen." As Washington stood with Lafayette upon the threshold of the history of the American democracy, so stood Lafayette, a short time later, looking backward for a moment upon the blood-stained area of the Place de Revolution, before entering into the hopeful atmosphere of the first republic of

Came France and the spirit of Lafayette again in 1917, with never-flagging hopefulness and an indomitable courage, to the aid of a burdened and czar-ridden people; a people whose sole cry was, "We want a government; we want, above

By Edna Covert Plummer

all, to restore the strictest discipline in the army, not only in the interests of Russia as a country, but in those of the revolution itself." And that the help so given was recognized and appreciated



Edna Covert Plummer

by the New Russia is best shown by the wording of the telegram sent to France by M. Terestchenko, Minister of Foreign Affairs: "Liberated Russia will never forget the generous impulse with which France, out of fidelity to her pledged word, entered the struggle. She will always remember that, at the time of the salutary crisis which has just occurred in Russia, it was again the admirable effort of the French people that drew the weight of the enemy to the west, so enabling Russia to reconstitute her forces."

It is the greatness, the nobleness, of wars inspired by a democratic ideal to arouse the enthusiasm of free races. They may be, and undoubtedly are, wars of sentiment, but they are as well conflicts of determination. The new Russian government proposes a peace without either annexation or indemnity. And against this, the German conservatives and annexationists are directing an energetic campaign. Twenty-four German federations have already issued proclamations stating that "only a peace bringing us increase of power and territorial acquisition can guarantee the national existence of our people, our place among nations, and our free economic develop-...

ment." These groups include the following:

- 1. The seven most important organizations of the agrarians and peasants of Germany;
- 2. Five of the wealthiest and most influential organizations in great and secondary manufactures;
- 3. The Pan-Germanist Union, consisting of over 100,000 members;
- 4. The Independent Executive Committee for a German Peace, to which most of the university professors belong;
  - 5. The Social Christian Conference;
  - 6. The National Union of Employees;
- 7. The Central Committee of the Workmen's Non-Strike Trades Union;
- 8. The Union of the Middle Classes of the Kingdom of Saxony;
- 9. The Union of Artisans of the Kingdom of Bavaria;
- 10. The Commercial Union of the Kingdom of Wurtemberg;
- 11. The Union of the Middle Classes of the Empire;
- 12. The Union for the Protection of the Economic Interests of the Rhine and of Westphalia.

And joining with them is a congress of 400 delegates from the Catholic and Protestant Workpeople's Associations and Religious Syndicate. At a recent meeting the above organizations and associations passed a resolution demanding peace with indemnities and annexations "completely compensating for the sacrifices Germany has made." Do not such proclamations prove that Pan-Germanism is still threatening?

How different the utterances which assert the dynastic ambitions of the Teutons are from the demands of the "free countries" among the allies! First, no annexation, but restitution.

The French feel that Bismarck, who, over forty-five years ago, in the name of Germany, laid a grasping hand on the French provinces, prepared the war of today. The peoples of Alsace and Lorraine are French, entirely French, and, although under Teuton sovereignty, have no sympathy for or with the German people. In speech, manners, temperaments and longings, they are French, purely French.

M. Ribot, referring to the lost provinces, in a speech before the French houses of parliament, early in August,

(Continued on page twenty-eight)

# City Planning

# Kansas City Points the Way for San Francisco

THE first official visit as appointee of Mayor Rolph was to Kansas City, Missouri. A letter of introduction from his honor brought us an immediate audience with Mayor Edwards of Kansas City. The latter graciously introduced Mr. Dunn, Superintendent of Parks, who, with the Mayor's secretary, Mr. Edwards, arranged for a thorough tour through their boulevard and park system.

The park commission of Kansas City holds a position, we are told, occupied by no other such commission. In fact, it is a fully equipped and qualified corporation for constructive work, having its own implements, such as crushers, wagons and everything necessary to quarry and make roads, on a very large scale. It is different from other park boards because it has done a large amount of city planning. Above all, it has planned and built the most splendid and complete system of boulevards in America.

By Abbie E. Wilkins

It also has its own greenhouses, and the parks are innumerable. One park comprises nearly 1500 acres and was given to the city by Mr. Swope, who at one time strongly opposed the boulevard proposals and other schemes of the park commissioners, but who, as he became more familiar with the results of their work, changed his mind, and in 1896 gave this wonderful playground to the city. The gift, however, carried with it no income, and the growth of the park has been slow, because, while it has been constantly increasing in favor with the public and is used to a very great extent, the money to do the things that were necessary has often not been available. A zoological park is within this property, and it seems a great attraction. They look to have, in the near future, a large botanical garden and conservatory, in addition to the present

> propagating houses, which are serving the entire system with plants and flowers.

> Kansas City's tennis courts number a hundred, and are in charge of the municipality. It also has a number of municipal golf links. The parks have been arranged to fit the different local districts as much as possible, and the betterment of health and living conditions seems to be a foremost consideration, as the commission is trying to locate parks where the industrial workers can have the greatest benefit from them.

> The boulevard system, which is the main feature in the city planning work of Kansas City, is simply a wonder. The commission has opened boulevards

GREATER KANSAS CITY

PARK AND BOULEVARD SYSTEM

BOARD OF PARK COMMISSIONERS, KANSAS CITY, MO.

Geo E Kessler, Landscape Architect, Esiph R Benedict, Acting Escensive of F Fred Gabelinan, Engineer through slum districts, through unenviable portions of the city, and has connected park with park by these wonderful parkways until there is a perfectly linked-up system.

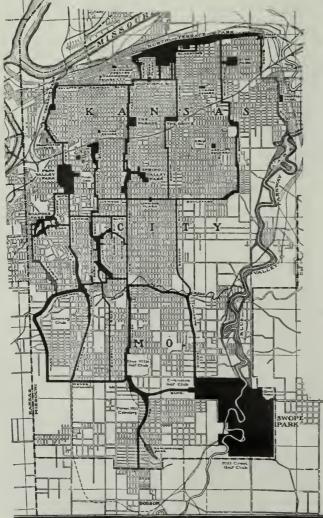
Streets where the price of property and the people living on them were degenerating have been raised from a low grade to a high grade. The commission has connected fine boulevards with boulevards of convenience. It has made ways of getting about and avoiding thereby the congestion that would otherwise result in the busy parts of the city, because some of these boulevards have gone from main boulevards right through a low, neglected part, built it up, and made a different kind of neighborhood in both business and residential districts.

Practically all the standard boulevards are one hundred feet wide, lined with double rows of trees. Let us not deceive ourselves in San Francisco: a boulevard is not a boulevard until it is completely lined with trees. The Myer boulevard has a width of 140 feet from the Ward parkway, near the state line, to the Paseo, but this is divided into 60foot roadways on either side of a 40-foot parking. In some instances, the electric street railroads run through this parkway, one one side or the other. This is a wonderful provision, because later on, if the city's growth demands more roadway or more cartracks this parkway can be cut down.

One is impressed with the closeness of the states of Missouri and Kansas. For many miles a boulevard divides them, and one may do business—as many do in Kansas City, Missouri, and live on the Kansas side of the line, or vice versa.

For investigation and information with reference to the residential districts, we are indebted to Mr. J. C. Nichols, who, as an enlightened real estate developer, has really built up square miles of the handsomest residence neighborhoods of America, particularly that part of the city called the Mission Hills, Sunset Dis-

trict and Country Club. The boulevards of this district curve to conform to the topographical lay of the land, and every advantage is taken to assist nature rather than distort it. The results accomplished by Mr. Nichols are



# City Planning

comparable, in a way, to those of Edward H. Bouton in Baltimore and Duncan McDuffie in San Francisco and Berkeley. As a national acknowledgment of this, he has justly been elected a governor of the American City Planning Institute.

In one place we found Pembroke Lane, a little avenue turning off from the main boulevard, gradually ascending, and on this lane, we were told, were to be built only houses of the same English style of architecture—not necessarily the same plan or facade, but they must be of a harmonious English design. In another block we found the houses were restricted to strictly Colonial, while still another

was to have strictly the Italian type, so that the different styles of architecture were to be encouraged, not jumbled together where they could clash, but each block in harmony, restful and orderly. The result is as tremendously satisfying as the color harmony of our great San Francisco exposition.

Mr. E. S. Judd, of Chicago, president of the National Association of Real Estate Exchanges, who has been engaged in city planning in his own community and has made tours of investigation all over the United States, says:

"After a close study of American cities of 200,000 or more population, I can say without hesitation that Kansas City ranks first in uniform beauty of homes; their ideal protection of home surroundings in the County Club district has advertised the city all over the United States."

Certainly, for wholesome homes, well protected, different, yet harmonious in design, each one calling for something in its own particular type, we must admit that the head planner did his work well.

In its better residential districts, the homes of Kansas City range from \$4,000 or \$5,000 and so on up to \$70,000 and \$100,000, or even more. We found none without a reasonable amount of surrounding garden. Every house is well set back from the street, leaving the house open to the surrounding air and sunshine. There is a healthy tonic through the windows of houses built like this.



Linwood Boulevard at the Paseo, Kansas City, Mo.

We must say that we saw the more beautiful designs grouped together in adjacent streets and boulevards entirely free from the intrusion of detrimental buildings, such as apartment houses and businesses or garages, which are good in themselves, but not desirable mixed up in single family residential districts. And in nearly every city the single family homes, we find, are in number greater than all other kinds of buildings.

And thus we call the attention of our readers to the idea of zoning the city, which must be the very first thought in constructive city planning: to zone the city by ordinance—to district\_it—to group buildings, houses and business activities so that each may have its own requirements, interfering not with others, nor being interfered with by them. Many cities now so regulate building development. San Francisco is not yet one of them, unfortunately, and there seems little reason except lack of trying. A city can restrict new building permits as carefully as the large real estate developer, and much more comprehensively, for the general welfare, convenience, comfort and health of all.

What more valuable work can one do than to plan and protect beautiful homes, located on beautiful streets and boulevards, for the children of God to live in?

(NOTE.—Mrs. Wilkins was appointed in December, 1916, by Mayor James Rolph and the Board of Supervisors of San Francisco as a special commissioner to investigate and report upon the important city-planning projects in Eastern cities which might be useful to San Francisco. This article is the second of a series outlining the more important of Mrs. Wilkins' observations.—Editor.)

### It Happened in Illinois

The time was registration day; the place was a small town in Southern Illinois. There was no girl. He was a gentleman of color, and the registrar was having considerable trouble explaining the why's and wherefor's of the registration. At last Rastus showed a faint glimmer of intelligence.

"Ds heyah registrashum fo' de draf' am a whole lite like 'lection votin', ain't it?" he asked uncertainly.

"Yes," answered the kindly registrar.
Rastus scratched his head in troubled doubt. He was thinking deeply. Presently his brow cleared and a smile spread over his face. He had come to a decision.

"Den I votes fer Julius Jackson ter be drafted," he said. "I nebah did hab no use fo' dat niggah."—Life.

### ♣ ♣ ♣ TRIUMPHANT

By M. ROBBINS LAMPSON

H, what of the clouds that dull the day,

Or what of the dark of night,

So long as my song can have its way,

And my hand, the power to write?

Oh, what if the earth is full of care, Or troubles are like the sea, Since still I can sing in the open air The joy that's alive in me?

# VERYWOMAN

# EDITORIAL PAGES

Jeanne E. Francoeur, Editor

### The Agonies of War And the Agonies of Peace

OR more than three years a large part of the world has lived and died in the agonies of war. Every few months has seen some small country drawn helplessly into the devouring conflagration. Every living soul in Europe who feels, has had this hideous nightmare thrust upon it. Finally, the same abyssmal forces of inhuman greed and tyranny sprung from out the ocean's depths, and with the betrayal of every promise of kindly feeling and justice, slaughtered our people without mercy, thereby forcing us into the mad butchery which they are pleased to call war. Our government and our people endured humiliation and injury, insult and treachery from those whom they sheltered and trusted, before they took action. Among the most patient people on earth, patience had ceased to be a virtue. And, for our own salvation and the salvation of the remnant of civilized peoples, whom the barbarians were fast slaughtering, we, very reluctantly, faced the unspeakable horrors of trench warfare, liquid fire, the scorpions of the sea, and all the other devices of the devil as a final choice between evils. We went into all those agonies of war for the sake of peace. Peace for ourselves and peace for the dying nations of Europe. We went in, knowing full well the price we would have to pay for a lasting peace, for no other kind is worth talking about.

Indeed, we in America have been through the agonies of peace (?) for almost three years. We have passed through the snares and the delusions of Kaiser-made peace until we were driven, all unprepared, into the toils of Kaiser-made war. We cannot again be baffled and deceived by the Imperial German Government's peace suggestions, which heretofore were only used to gain time for the preparation of

more fearful depredations.

Now, however, that the Pope has put forward a plea for Peace, we feel that the Austrian government, at least, may be honest in its desires to bring an end to the carnage in which it has been steeped. There is some hope there. For, in this plea which the Holy Father makes to England, he suggests, in the following sentences, that some of the sufferers have sought his help, when he says:

"Is this civilized world to be nothing more than a field of death? And Europe, so glorious and so flourishing—is it going, as if stricken by a universal madness, to run to the abyss and to lend its hand to its own suicide?

"In such a terrible situation and in the presence of menace so serious, we who have no particular political aim do not listen to suggestions or to the interests of any of the belligerent parties, but are solely impelled by a sentiment of our supreme duty as the common father of the faithful, by the solicitation of our children who implore our intervention and our pacifying work."

Of course, it is most difficult to understand why His Holiness did not make his plea for peace entirely to the powers who drenched the inoffending and unprepared countries of Belgium and France in blood, going on four years ago; but it is quite possible that his faith in any of their promises is as badly shattered as is that of the rest of the world. Certainly, it takes a Pope or an angel to have faith in such enemies-we never can. We cannot think them human at all.

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### Strike and Strike Hard! Is General Pershing's Admonition

T is quite apparent that Major-General Pershing, now in command of the Americans, somewhere in France, is more than fatigued with the welter of words indulged in by the limelight Senators who waste the time listening to their own eloquence (?) while thousands of lives are lost in waiting for the help which our Allies are entitled to, both for their salvation and our own-for, in clear-cut words, a few days ago, he said to the Associated Press:

"This war can be won only by hard and forceful blows delivered by a well trained American army working in conjunction with the allied armies."

Deploring the lukewarmness of the American people in regard to the war, General Pershing added:

"Every man, woman and child should suport the Administration in its determination to arm and equip the American army and to keep up its morale and that of the allied armies. This war will not be won by talk or by subscribing to the Red Cross. The American people must come to a full realization of what the war means. It can be won only by striking hard and forceful blows, not otherwise.'

The General was very emphatic in the interview, which lasted only a few minutes.

Unless the Pope has great influence over the enemies of mankind, and can induce them to withdraw their armies from the invaded countries, and make full reparation and restitution, together with submitting their fate to a court of nations, there is nothing left but to fight until the Hohenzollerns are crushed, root and branch; for it is almost a certainty that it is only through such measures that the world can ever be rescued from savagery and slavery. Far better to die now than to face the fate of Belgium. To that end, and with the ideals of real peace constantly in mind, neither the Government at Washington nor any true citizen of America can be diverted from the enormous responsibilities to which we have pledged ourselves, no matter what the cost. It is noth-

### Advisory Council of Everywoman

Mrs. Philip North Moore
Mrs. John F. Merrill
Mrs. John E. Millholland
Mrs. John Rothschild
Mrs. Edwin Goodall
Mrs. Eugenie Schroeder

The Countess of Aberdeen
Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst
Mrs. A. W. Scott
Mrs. James C. Jordan
Ina Coolbrith
Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper

Dr. Kate Waller Barrett
Mrs. Henry Payot
Mrs. E. Gerberding
Mrs. Georgia Sperry
Mrs. James E. Wilkins

ing less than traitorous, both to our allies and ourselves, as well as to future generations, to neglect one iota which would help our Government now.

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# Capital and Labor— Come Together! Pull Together!

APITAL and labor—wake up! Begin to think and think hard. Then come together and pull together! Your interests are identical; neither one can get along without the other. In the struggle now going on in San Francisco between the corporation of the United Railroads and the striking carmen, no other dividends than loss, hardship and hatred can ever come out of such a difference, and they are so worthless no men in America today can afford to cash them.

In a bewildering array of figures which would take the nerves of adding machine to grasp, the management of the United Railroads proves to its own satisfaction that it cannot increase the wages of the workmen on its lines and pay dividends. That might be so—although it's not so long ago since these roads were making millions. But if it is so, call off the dividends until the Government strangles the crazy cost of living and a few of the sharks who are responsible for this kind of brigandage.

Now, gentlemen of the Railroads, set your adding machine to work again, with a strict injunction to be both careful and correct, and see if the cost of bringing strikebreakers from far and wide to San Francisco, supporting them en route, caring for them upon their arrival, being responsible for their conduct while here, and generally protecting them, does not cost more from the very beginning than the difference between the old payroll and the three dollars and a half a day which your old employees now demand. And eight hours a day is not too short when exposed to all kinds of weather and all kinds of grouching strangers. Also, remember, gentlemen, they cannot talk back.

Then, too, the greater number of these men are married; they have nice families, as we all saw during their parade, and there is no better assets nor dividends in any country than these clean, young American citizens. The same can be said of their mothers. We would guarantee that Dr. Herbert Hoover, the world-famed food guardian, would find as excellent an army of economists among those mothers as is to be found within the walls of any university in this country.

These are not the days for strikes—days when skulking spies and traitors, who are waiting with bated breath to make and find a division between us which will enable them to earn their filthy pay from our enemies, and give the I. W. W.'s the chance they want to commit further depredations and hide behind the cloak of labor—which they labor to avoid.

We do not believe in strikes—there is a lack of intelligence somewhere, and a lack of consideration for the public, who are usually paying the price, when men will not adjust their differences in this the twentieth century. What the

municipal railroads with a couple of years' experience can pay their men, and make a large profit besides, the United Railroads can also pay.

Come together! Pull together—capital and labor! Do not contract Kaiseritis, fellow citizens. It is both contagious and deadly.

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### California Highest Wage Giver in United States

ALIFORNIA has broken another record. The State Industrial Welfare Commission has made the minimum wage ten dollars per week for adult women who work in mercantile business. Twenty-five thousand girls will be benefited by this law, which will go into effect by the first of September. From every standpoint of justice, this law will prove an excellent safeguard to the girls who are employed as clerks in all mercantile establishments. It is easy to understand the improvement which this act will bring into the lives of those girls, when it is made clear that over forty-six per cent of the girl clerks received only eight dollars per week, and among the younger girls, over sixty-one per cent received less than six dollars per week.

Nor is this all. The girl who is still learning the business, and somewhat progressed, will receive eight dollars per week, and, in company with the girl who has passed the learning stage, and is in receipt of ten dollars a week, both will automatically receive a raise of fifty cents per week every six months of their employment.

As a further guarantee and protection to the girls who have to depend entirely upon their own efforts, the employer is compelled to pay full wages to "part time" workers if he desires their help. Of course, it is clear that this class will disappear from competition with those who must work for a living. This is clearly an economic gain, as the "part time" worker usually is not in need of the employment, and merely takes the few hours' work for the sake of pocket money. Doubtless, this arrangement will empty the husband's pockets now and then; but that's what husbands' pockets are good for, as we understand it.

Yards of words could never be as serviceable in advocating National Woman's Suffrage as is this one act; for, were it not that California had full suffrage, no such act would have passed. This is a measure to which the women of California who have taken up legislative work have devoted much time and attention. They now feel that their labors have brought appreciable results.

Mrs. Katherin Phillips Edson, of the State Industrial Welfare Commission, together with her fellow-workers, Judge Frank J. Murasky, A. B. C. Dohrmann, Alexander Goldstein, and Walter Matthewson, feel that a good work has been accomplished. They are now hoping that the schools will encourage vocational training, so that the graduates of high schools will be fully equipped to enter the mercantile work without further loss of time.

# National Council of Women

# Militia of Mercy and Y. W. C. A. Join Organization

To the Members of the National Council of Women:

THERE has been much misunderstanding of the scope of the Woman's Committee in Washington, and I take this opportunity to emphasize through Everywoman some points I had endeavored to make clear in earlier numbers.

On account of the many offers of service from large organizations of women, the Council of National Defense decided to ask a committee of women to co-ordinate all these offers-to be a channel through which the government might send its requests.

This appointment came after these organizations had planned their work. Our own, for example, had hoped to be the clearing house for our 7,000,000 women, and many among the government authorities expressed satisfaction that we were undertaking this big task. But the difficulty came at once when some of the organizations in membership decided they must individualize their power, working aloue, where only union of strength was desired by the government.

This precipitated what we now believe to be the ideal service, through the union of all women of the United States.

Naturally, we were loyal to the request, and suspended registration which could only include some of the women, large though that portion would be. The item of regret now is that not every organization has put aside its own interests for the greater good; and again confusion has arisen.

I am adding the hope once more that every member of our council will remain loyally in touch with this defense committee, and acBy Mrs. Philip North Moore, President

cept its advice as most closely in touch with the war needs at Washington.

to our membership that helpful new organization, the Militia of Mercy, with Mrs. John Hays Hammond as president, an organization sure to see the emergency the moment, and how to meet it.

Again, that finely equipped force, the Young Women's Christian Associa-We are proud that we may now add tion, has come to us at a time when we most need its aid.

> May I express to our members, as to all who have known our aims, our belief that this Council of the United States will be the strong force in reconstruction after the War?

> The women of other countries are looking to us as the strong sister council, and we must be ready to meet their needs.

> No single organization outside the council has the official right to speak for the women of the United States, and that is a strong reason for holding together, and planning for the future.

The next biennial of the council will be held the week of December 8th in Washington, and every department will turn its work toward the reconstruction.

May I say that the reason the minutes of our May board meeting have not reached the members is the illness of our Recording Secretary, Mrs. Keefe?

Mrs. Rogers had resigned on account of ill health, and Mrs. Keefe accepted the position, to our great satisfaction.

While we were in Washington in June. Mr. Hoover planned the work of the state programs, based on the co-operation of women. The response to the pledge then formulated and sent broadcast, marshaling the women of the country behind the food administra-

(Continued on Page 31)

### United States Food Administration

WIN THE WAR BY GIVING YOUR OWN DAILY SERVICE

SAVE THE WHEAT.—One wheatless meal a day. corn, oatmeal, rye or barley bread and non-wheat breakfast foods. Order bread twenty-four hours in advance so your baker will not bake beyond his needs. Cut the loaf on the table and only as required. Use stale bread for cooking, toast, etc. Eat less cake

Our wheat harvest is far below normal. If each person weekly saves one pound of wheat flour, that means 150,000,000 more bushels of wheat for the Allies to mix in their bread. This will help them to save DEMOCRACY.

SAVE THE MEAT.—Beef, mutton or pork not more than once daily. Use freely vegetables and fish. At the meat meal serve smaller portions, and stews instead of steaks. Make madedishes of all left-overs. Do this and there will be meat enough for everyone at a reasonable price.

We are today killing the dairy cows and female calves as the result of high price. Therefore, eat less, and eat no young meat. If we save an ounce of meat each day per person, we will have additional supply equal to 2,200,000 cattle.

SAVE THE MILK.—The children must have milk. Use every drop. Use buttermilk and sour milk for cooking and making cottage cheese. Use less cream.

SAVE THE FATS.—We are the world's greatest fat wasters. Fat is food. Butter is essential for the growth and health of children. Use butter on the table as usual but not in cooking. Other fats are as good. Reduce use of fried foods. Save daily one-third ounce animal fats. Soap contains fats. Do not waste it. Make your own washing soap at home out of the saved fats. Use one-third ounce less per day of animal fat and 375,000 tons will be saved yearly.

SAVE THE SUGAR.—Sugar is scarcer. We use today three times as much per person as our Allies. So there may be enough for all at reasonable price, use less caudy and sweet drinks. Do not stint sugar in putting up fruit and jams. They will save butter.

If everyone in America saves one ounce of sugar daily, it means 1,100,000 tons for the year.

SAVE THE FUEL.-Coal comes from a distance and our railways are overburdened hauling war material. Help relieve them by burning fewer fires. Use wood when you can get it.

USE THE PERISHABLE FOODS.—Fruits and vegetables we have in abundance. As a nation we eat too little green stuffs. Double their use and improve your health. Store potatoes and other roots properly and they will keep. Begin now to can or dry all surplus garden products.

USE LOCAL SUPPLIES.—Patronize your local producer. Distance means money. Buy perishable food from the neighborhood nearest you and thus save transportation.

### GENERAL RULES

GENERAL RULES

Buy less, serve smaller portions.
Preach the "Gospel of the Clean Plate".
Don't cat a fourth meal.
Don't limit the plain food of growing children.
Watch out for the wastes in the Community.
Full garbage pails in America mean empty dinner pails in America and Europe.
If the more fortunate of our people will avoid waste and eat no more than they need, the high cost of living problem of the less fortunate will be solved.

HEPREPT HOOVED

HOME CARD

HERBERT HOOVER. United States Food Administrator.

# The Women of India

# A Sympathetic View of the Feminine Hindu

O little of India is known to the West beyond its geographical location that the country and people are almost an abstract conception to the general public, to be epitomized in a few vague traditions, such as childmarriage and suttee, or a scattering of descriptive adjectives not less impressionistic, whereby all Indians become either ascetics, mystics or snake-charmers. Of late, women's clubs have seized upon India as legitimate prev for their intellectual prowlings, and unearthed a few facts of her ancient greatness. Artists, hungry for new sensations, have begun to plumb the unsounded depths of Indian aesthetics, old as antiquity itself. The stray notes of oriental music, the exotic flash of oriental coloring, the langorous rhythm of oriental dances that occasionally find their way into Western repertoires, are but forecasts of this awakening desire to learn from a civilization which reached its height when Greece was emerging from barbarism, and whose glories extended far into the sixteenth century.

It is a sociological truth that the civilization of any country is measured by the status of its women. The grandeur that was Rome mouldered away when the Roman mother sank to the level of degraded courtesan; but the social structure of India, whose civilization antedates that of Rome, endures intact to the present day, owing its vitality largely to its preservation of the feminine ideal.

One hears much of the suppression of the Indian woman, but she herself will be the first to acknowledge that it came only as a necessary consequence of the oppression of the Indian man. Both are the victims of an alien political domination, and, as a nation, they have suffered accordingly, but, socially, their relative positions remain the same.

To study Hindu womanhood with any degree of sympathetic analysis, it is necessary to discard all preconceived ideas of feminism, engendered in a different environment, under other skies. Even among Eastern women she stands unique. Her sequestered life must not be confused with her sister of the Turkish harem. Neither is her exclusive dedication to wife and motherhood synonymous with that of the women of China or Japan. Equally distinct in her culture from the women of the East as of the West, one touches upon points

By Mrs. Evelyn Roy

of resemblance that end in dissimilarity.

The life of the Hindu woman is preeminently a vicarious offering, and as such the essence of her nature is devo-

such the essence of her nature is devotional. Her life is dedicated to her family, her husband, her country and her God, in a successive abandonment of service, all the more complete for being entirely voluntary. To her, the highest ideal of life is not the self-expression of the Western woman, but the self-surrender of the passionate devotee, to whom no sacrifice is too great for the object of its adoration. How does she achieve this spirit of self-abnegation? The answer is written deep in Hindu philosophy and social life

The social custom of the Hindus, which is founded upon its religion and abides by it more completely than any other society, prescribes marriage for all the members of its group, except such as surrender all social ties and obligations by adopting a life of asceticism. The way is open, and the choice is free, but all who remain within the social organism obey its dictums to the letter.

Thus, inevitably foreordained to marriage, the Hindu maiden is taught from infancy that true life begins for her only upon the finding of her other self, and she is trained, not so much in any school of thought, as in an attitude of mind, best described as devotional. The spirit of self-sacrifice and worship is traditional in every Indian home. It has but to be impressed upon the plastic mind of youth to be transmitted to the next generation.

From the moment when she rises with the sun, to begin the day's work with him, this spirit of worship, spontaneous as a child's, manifests itself in every thought and act. Her mind awakes to its functions with a prayer of consecration, followed by an act of purification, her morning bath. As the light of dawn reddens the quiet waters of the lotustank that forms the nucleus of every Indian home, she chants an invocation to the supreme deity, then, reverently sprinkling a few drops of the sacred water on her hair, she steps in and performs her ablutions. Her bath over, the maiden returns to dress and purify the house, which is regarded as a shrine of omnipresent deity. Draping the five yards of her "sari" about her, her luxuriant tresses floating free until dry, she and her sister inmates of the household go about their several tasks. One washes the floors and walls; another prepares the repast for the family, to be eaten after the morning worship; another, specially privileged, selects and arranges flowers from the garden for the "Room of God," where each member of the house repairs daily for individual meditation and worship before the routine of life begins.

If cleanliness is a prerequisite to Godliness anywhere in the world, it is in India, where everyone must bathe at least once daily, as a religious rite, and where the costume of men and women is changed and washed before and after eating.

It must be understood that family life is still patriarchal in India. The son's wife lives under her father-in-law's roof. The mother in every household rules supreme. Next in precedence ranks the wife of the eldest son, in whose favor she often abdicates. It is this arbitress who decides all questions of domestic polity. Loving companion of her husband, she is also the friend and councillor of his younger brothers and sisters. She it is who directs all the activities of the household. Into her capable hands is placed all the money earned by each male worker of the family. Nothing is The community treasury reserved. claims each individual's quota, and all the duties of chancellor of the exchequer are entrusted to these Indian Portias, often brides of sixteen summers, who must make out the household budget, look after the ordering of food and clothing, and see that the domestic machinery runs smoothly.

In large establishments, this often results in a complicated system of book-keeping, while in smaller homes the responsibility of making both ends meet, in a country where economic pressure is felt more keenly every year, devolves upon her. That she rises to meet her position of trust and performs it nobly is demonstrated by the veneration in which she is held and the respect with which her mandates are received.

No American woman could endure such a system for a moment. To become a mere unit in a larger household, to submerge her will and desires to the general good, and obey,

# Community Drama as a Civic Asset As Illustrated by the San Jose Pageant

Somes to the discussion of some phase of drama of the people, by the people and not simply for the people.

There is going to be community expression in pageant and drama as never before.

The intense feeling, the great problems of the time demanding self-expression of the people are leading to all sort of celebrations, demonstrations and socalled pageantry.

By these, public opinion is molded and ideals created.

What these are to be depends largely on artists taking advantage of this opportunity to become civic leaders.

Imaginative citizens are those who have always led the way to the better things of progress and civilization.

Cultivation of the imagination, then, is developing a most positive constructive force. The most practical way to do this is by encouraging the participation of the people in some form of art. The only democratic art in which all may share without any technical training is drama.

There are so many aspects to community drama, all of them involving comparitively untrodden fields of wonderful possibilities—for instance as a solution to the problem of public recreation.

All over America, leagues, associations and clubs are being formed which may revolutionize public amusement along these lines, make it an uplifting, constructive force.

There is the educational theater for young folks, it's object education through the cultivation of dramatic instinct and imagination, in which artists who are scientific social workers literally reform personalities.

But one form of community drama should perhaps be of more interest than any other just now, because it can be made a force in our national life, and that is the community pageant, because it means community drama in it's widest scope and deepest meaning, because it most nearly fulfills the ideal of giving the entire community self-expression through art.

However, even those who are most familiar with the theories of community drama cannot perhaps realize its worthwhileness and practicability unless they have happened to have had a share in actually developing one, experiencing By Helen M. Stocking

the working out of all the arts co-ordinating—song, orchestra, color, design, costume, grouping, poetry, dance, tableau—in a wonderful democracy of community co-operation in which everyone can create and reap that which goes with such creation—imaginative joy and ideals.

The recent "historical pageant of San Jose" given in that city was such a community drama, created by two thousand people—a practical demonstration of theories. Its success lay not so much in the fact that it paid all expenses and turned over a good sum to the Red Cross, but in the community elements which co-operated in working towards an art and civic ideal, and its effect on the entire community in broadening social life and stimulating loyality and civic pride.

Of course, such a pageant is several months in the making. This means association of many people during that time in re-creative arts—the chorus of choirs and choral societies of the town, the orchestra, groups of young people rehearsing, under direction, dances, dramatic scenes, pantomine spectacles.

What other interest could bring so many varying groups together? In San Jose, practically all the organizationsclubs, churches, schools, "social sets"in town co-operated. An "Indian festival" was done by the High School, with the assistance of a lawyer who had many years experience among the Indians. The fathers of Santa Clara university had charge of the "mission episode," which was done with wonderful spirit and sincerity. A prominent Protestant minister played a leading role. The "Spanish festival" was done largely by people of that nationality. In the "military episode," most of the men's fraternities and organizations took part. In the allegory, school teachers, students, business girls, girls of leisure, professional and business men worked together.

The original music of the pageant, which accompanied the entire allegory, with motifs and themes in close relation to text, action and mood of the play was composed by a San Jose girl, Ruth Cornell.

Costumes were designed, dyed, and made by artists of line and color, the

work of construction divided among many.

Dances were originated and worked out in close co-operation with musical directors, composer, and pageantmakers.

Of course, the share of creation by the artists of the big things is obvious enough, but there was, for instance, the man who did the dying of the costumes -a Frenchman standing all day at his vats in a dying and cleaning establishment. The colors were selected for him -shades chosen with regard to harmony of color, psychological relation to the meaning of the play, effect under artificial light, and each one's place in the whole scheme-but with little expectation that they could be made to look like the water-color pictures conceived. These, however, the dyer materialized far beyond expectation, working with all the joy of an artist in thus helping to create the pictures of the pageant.

One could mention indefinitely the many individual contribution which each saw as his particular part of an art expression of the history and glorification of his City.

For such a pageant means, from its very first conception, a welding to gether of the many elements out of which the spectacle is to be formed—picture, dance, pantomine, music, costume.

Of course, it must be especially adapted to conditions and embued with the spirit of its particular purpose. In the San Jose pageant, many of the roles of historic personages, such as the first governor of California—David Burnett, who was inaugurated in San Jose—were played by direct descendants of the persons portrayed.

But the underlying idea of the pageant, upon which the whole structure is built, must, in turn, grow on a sub-stratum of visualized dramatic pictures, so that the historical and literary elements are ever guided by dramatic instinct and knowledge of the theater and allied arts. All must be drama and pageantry first, and history afterwards, and yet absolutely true to history. And, more, it must interpret the meaning of that history quite apart from the facts presented—give a larger vision of the past, present and future, and endow the community with a personality, an ideal.

In an historical pageant, the community is, of course, the hero of the play,

# Community Drama as a Civic Asset

and the conflict essential to all drama is its growth, struggle and development.

This cannot easily be expressed by historical episodes alone and historical pageantry becomes monotonous. So, in the San Jose pageant, allegorical interludes supplied that unifying thread to otherwise separate scenes and expressed the idea on which the pageant was founded

Much that the Greek play holds of the ideal out-of-door drama can be used

those of the outdoor play, and all of these originated in a ceremony.

No pageant can be vital without some such underlying idea to fire the imagin-

It is not difficult to imagine the power of such a drama, which many create and the entire community contemplates, to mold public opinion, just as the songs of the nation are often more important than its laws.

But, too often, even elaborate and ex-

country that is to live on in civilization when material things, for which we of today live and work and die, have been forgotten If this is needed in time of peace, it

is needed a thousandfold more now-

The people must have amusementthey will have it—and especially at a time like this, when unatural conditions prevail, it is most important to keep life steady and normal and sane for the younger generation whose mental bias is so influenced by the present terrible conditions.

Is it not a question what the amusements, celebrations, great gatherings are to be? Whether patriotic demonstrations shall speak only of fighting, antagonism? Whether we are merely to be excited by the sight of cannon and submarine and tales of slaughter and revenge, or inspired by the glory of history, the lives of heroes given in the cause of liberty, the great underlying principles of democracy for which our nation stands?

Is it not a question how much of our money goes to paid entertainers, or comes back to the people again in that which they themselves create?

There is no art but can find expression in such a community drama, for it is nothing more nor less than the organization of all arts so that they can be participated in by all the people, under the direction of the drama created by the people, dedicated to the community, and directed by artists of true democracy and civic leaders of artistic integrity. of of of



Leading characters of Allegory of San Jose Pageant

in such new forms and closely related to local interest. Our allegory, with seven hundred people, was costumed entirely on classical lines. This allows, too, for lavish use of color, music and

It is proposed, as a method for the making of a pageant, first, get the "picture" and the "punch" and then add the idea—and this theory is just what makes so much so-called pageantry utterly lacking in all unity, dramatic art and inspiration. These must all develop simultaneously in the original conception, acting and reacting upon each other; for only as an art, and not as a mere amusement, can a pageant become community drama and fulfill its purpose.

All the great periods of drama were

pensive celebrations of festivals, such as Labor Day, Independence Day, have no purpose or meaning-make no impression-or, if they do, one very far from the ideals that inspire the day itself. Any holiday is suggestive of all sorts of material, and any number of forms appropriate to circumstances and conditions which would truly celebrate the day by giving the people an inspiration and an ideal, and at the same time a much more interesting "show."

The time is surely coming when these will be under the direction of civic

For it is our duty to keep alive the ideals which we wish upheld, to keep alive the arts among the people—all the people-for that means the soul of our

### One on Miss Perkins

Young Miss Perkins, whose beauty is equal to her bluntness in conversation, was visiting at a house where, among other guests, was the eldest son of a rich manufacturer, who was commonly looked upon as a very eligible husband. The talk turned on matrimonial squabbles. Said the young man:

"I hold that the correct thing for the husband is to begin as he intends to go on. Say that the question was one of smoking. Almost immediately 1 would show my intentions by lighting a cigar and settling the question forever."

"And I would knock the thing out of your mouth!" cried the imperious

"Do you know," rejoined the young man, "I don't think you would be there!"—Tit-Bits.

# France Calls for 1,500,000 Garments



A cabled appeal for the immediate shipment of supplies to France reached the American Red Cross from Major Grayson M. P. Murphy today. Major Murphy, as the head of the Red Cross Commission in France, has been making a survey of conditions in the war zone and the districts which harbor refugees. The cable received today emphasizes the urgent need in Europe for vast amounts of hospital and knitted supplies.



### MAYOR MURPHY CABLES

BEGIN shipping at once one and a half million each knitted mufflers, sweaters, socks and wristlets. These are desperately needed before cold weather. In view of the shortage of fuel and other discomforts they will be of incredible value in both military and civilian work.

"Last winter broke the record for cold and misery among the people here. They inexpressibly dread lest the coming winter find us without supplies to meet the situation. I urge you on behalf of our soldiers and those of our allies who will suffer in the frozen trenches. Thousands of Belgian and French refugees and repatriates are being returned through Switzerland to France." The Woman's Bureau of the Red Cross, under the direction of Miss Florence M. Marshall, has prepared directions with complete information as to the knitted articles asked for by Major Murphy. The circular which will be available to any woman who applies to the nearest Red Cross chapter, tells exactly how to obtain yarn, detailed knitting instructions, and where to send the garments for immediate shipment to France.

That the work should go forward as rapidly as possible, and with no chance of "falling down," an allotment of the great task is being made by the national authorities to the thirteen division managers of the Red Cross who direct its

administration under the new decentralization plan.

The division managers, when they have been informed of their territory's total share, will divide the work among the chapters in their divisions. The allotment system follows the general spirit of the Liberty Loan and the Draft Army. Each section of the country will have its specified part to do. Every chapter will know the number of woolen sweaters and other articles that must be knitted by the women whose willingness to serve has been registered with them. The work must be done with all possible speed. Finished articles will be shipped from the chapters to the nearest point of trans-oceanic shipment under national direction.

# THE WINNING OF THE WAR (Continued from August issue)

That the military masters of Germany know this, believed this, I need only say that the beginning of the war that empire had ready trained and equipped over 800,000 Red Cross nurses and 80,000 ambulance drivers, to say nothing of physicians, litter bearers and other needed help and vast quantities of hospital supplies.

And what has the Red Cross accomplished? If it has done nothing else and never does more, it has justified itself forever by its record among the wounded. The deaths per thousand, the mortality per thousand, has been reduced by Red Cross efficiency from sixty per cent to two per cent. Think of it! From sixty per cent to two per cent. I want that fact to sink deep into all minds and hearts.

And military experts estimate that every man thus saved from death and sent back to the trenches is worth five raw recruits!

And those of us who are not military experts go beyond the trenches and the war and think what this great work

### A TRIBUTE

To INA COOLBRITH

Colden-throated, trumpet-strong!

How the magic of her singing

Holds the monder hushed throng!

Tho' of times the music flowing

To a minor cadence falls,

Hope speaks in the sunrise glowing;

Bird to bird ecstatic calls;

Just outside, the wind is blowing

Free, beyond life's prison walls.

-Torrey Connor.

means in returning to their homes, to their wives and children, to their parents and brothers and sisters, the thousands and thousands who otherwise would have died!

Think of the possibilities of the Red Cross!

And then think how all of us who are not at the front can help along this great and humane work!

### ENDURING PEACE

(Continued from page two)

And so believing, I can not do otherwise than feel regret at the action of the Pope, however well meant by him.

This is not the time, nor would space now permit, a discussion of the various suggestions and plans for world peace after the war. A World Court of Arbitration to Enforce Peace and similar movements have merit; and it may be that a confederation of nations will be found practicable and necessary to enforce peace for a time. Such an alignment would not be illogical. It took force to preserve the union of the States. But force, now, is no longer required. And so I think it might be with the nations of the world. But after all, the best guarantee is through the democratization of the governments of the world, the education and enlightenment of the peoples, self interest and a higher moral standard among the nations. And all this is on the way. Only a peace that really means a German victory can delay or stop it.

# Popular Musicians As Hooverites

"HOOVER out-Hoovered" or "From Music to Kraut" might be the title of a book by Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt were these two notable and charming musicians to turn their talent from that art which "hath charms to sooth the savage beast" to efforts in a literary way.

In spite of war times and the High Cost of Living the Mansfeldts have had an exceptionally busy year of teaching and the summer attendance has been so heavy that pupils had to be turned away. Yet, with all their labors in behalf of art, Mrs. Mansfeldt was one of the first in San Francisco to heed the call of Herbert Hoover and turn truck gardener, and she now has more than a dozen varieties of vegetables growing on a space the size of a generous dining room extension table.

Intensive farming, this, for Mrs. Mansfeldt is raising on this 2x4 plot, yellow turnips, radishes, carrots, beets, Brussels sprouts, kohlrabe, parsley, onions and string beans; and all are of prime quality.

When Mrs. Mansfeldt set out to combine the homely art of cabbage raising with music, her ideas were modest and



Hugo Mansfeldt

she planted in a window box. But she reckoned not on California soil and climate and her own ability to make two cabbages grow where one should flourish, by all laws of nature. To her surprise the "garden sass" sprang up like weeds. It had to be transplanted. Mrs. Mansfeldt transferred operations to the

By Florence Heath

farm above-named, where the vegetables grew more and larger. At this juncture it was that Mr. Mansfeldt thought it time to lend a hand by entering into partnership with his wife. The vegetables, increasing at a threatening rate, were over-running the farm and something must be done to relieve the situation.

The partnership proved timely and is working like a charm. Mrs. Mansfeldt raises the vegetables and Mr. Mansfeldt eats them. This arrangement prevents encroachment on the premises of neighbors as well as insuring opportunity for a second crop. Mr. Mansfeldt enjoys his share of the labor quite as much as does his wife, with only one exception. This is garlic. In the matter of garlic he is a slacker—which brings up the subject of the war.

Mr. Mansfeldt is decidedly neutral on the war question, being one of those who firmly assert they don't care who licks the Kaiser.

It is generally thought sufficient for a musician to have talent only for his art, but Mr. Mansfeldt is authority for the statement that his wife not only plays the piano and raises vegetables but can take a turn at locksmithing, repair a watch, turn electrician, paint a floor and save a plumber's bill, to say nothing of laundering his white ties and putting up a hundred jars of fruit at a sitting, as she did at her parents' home in San Jose this summer. All this in addition to keeping in practice for concerts and teaching the younger pupils preparing for a course with the most noted of San Francisco's pianist-teachers.

Mr. Mansfeldt is one of those musicians who believes in melody as the chief essential of musical composition and who says with Rubenstein that music died when Chopin died. He lauds the French and Italian composers who create melodies, though admitting that the Germans have some great composers to their credit historically-Beethoven, for instance, one-sixth of whose works are melodious art, the other five-sixths padding. Modern music he deplores as chiefly padding. As for English and American composers, they go into the discard as cheap imitators, with but few exceptions.

As appreciators of good music and good playing and as patrons of the same, however, Mr. Mansfeldt puts Americans in class A and he thinks them quite as

discriminating as the music lovers of the old world. In the matter of American composers he puts Gottschalk before



Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt

MacDowell and he prophecies the first really great American composer will be an American-born of the Jews.

in it is

Mr. George Bowden has gone to New York and it is possible that San Francisco and the University of California may see—and hear—him no more, at least as a fixture, in the vocal teacher's field. Rumor hath it that Mr. Bowden is seriously thinking of leaving behind him his beautiful studio in the Kohler & Chase building for one in New York City where Dr. Floyd S. Muckey is planning to open a school for vocal students.

Mr. Bowden is a firm believer in the method of voice production which Dr. Muckey has exploited in his book on voice training and in various articles given to the press, one prominent feature of which is the securing of the full use of resonance by means of vocal cavities acting as resonators. He points out that a tuning fork placed before a resonator produces a tone several hundred times londer than when struck away from it and he believes that proper use of the human resonators has a similar effect on the voice. And the volume of tone produced in this way does away with the tremendous effort of production as required by the method of filling the lungs with air.

(Continued on page thirty)

# Blazing the Trail

### For Women to National and Coast Defense

THEN the Government at Washington laid down the rules and regulations for State and National Defense which the civilians of the United States were expected to follow, and particularly, the women civilians, we wonder if the most astute politician ever thought of the various meanings the women would extract from the rules laid down. Rules, of course, which could only cover the ground in a general way and of necessity left much to the judgment and imagination of those who set out to do the work required. We especially wonder if the great Californian, Mr. Herbert Hoover, the National Administrator of Foods, with all the knowledge and experience of his marvelous brain, ever thought of how some of his countrywomen would go about the task assigned to them, when they faced a crisis, such as this country never had to face before -and, indeed, never contemplated. But, whether Mr. Hoover thought that they would be equal to the emergency or not, we are sure he will delight in knowing that "they sure made good," as they say in Texas.

To begin at the beginning, California, doubtless owing to her great abundance of foodstuffs, her glorious climate, and her excessive generosity, seems, in these days of world worry and high cost of living, to offer a magnetic invitation to the I Won't Work gangs or the Insolent Weary Willies, or the I. W. W. invaders who have overrun the State for many months. Their sole efforts consist not only in refusing to do any honest work, but in preventing others from accomplishing useful labor. Armies of these disturbers, evidently selected from the purlieus of every clime, managed-in herds-by traitors to this country, and well supplied with money, have been terrorizing the West. They have burned hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of foodstuffs. They have fired grain and hay fields, and threatened the lives -with bombs and poisons-of all decent people who attempted to oppose them. They have been the means of untold losses in the fruit regions of the West. And they have sought to hide their villainous depredations under the respectable cloak of labor-although they labor not except with the torch, bomb, or poison plasters, in crude imitation of their master's fearsomeness. However, they carried their crimes with

By Jeanne E. Francoeur

a high hand until they centered around San Francisco and the nearby towns, just at a time when millions of dollars' worth of fruit was ripe for the picking and packing.

Finding the orchardists and their helpers, and the canneries and their helpers, earnestly and honestly at work storing up luscious fruit for the sustenance of our people at home and abroad, those I Won't Work leeches swarmed out of their caverns and began threats against the fruitpickers and the cannery employees, and managed to frighten them



Mrs. James Hamilton

away from their work, thereby leaving the fruit crop to rot in the fields, in the railroad cars, or on the factory floors.

This was too much for the women whose very nature turns on the principles of conservation, economy and fair play. Miss Ethel Moore, of Oakland, one of the three women appointed by Governor Stephens on the State Council of Defense, called a meeting, and the following women were empowered to act according to their best judgment for the conservation of foods. Mrs. James Hamilton, Secretary of the Municipal Agricultural Commission of Oakland and Chairman of the Agricultural Committee of Oakland Unit of Alameda County, Women's Committee of the Council of National and State Affairs, and chairman of Emergency Co-operation of the Conservation of Foods, and Mrs. W. E. Gibson, chairman of the Women's Committee of the Councils of National and State Defense on Conservation of Food of Alameda County. Miss Mollie Connors was temporary chairman, and fully concurred

in the powers placed in the hands of the other members.

The burden of titles did not seem to hamper or prove a heavy tax on the enthusiasm of the ladies at all, as the following results will prove. With the utmost good judgment they started out right. First, they quickly informed themselves that the trouble in the orchards and canneries adjacent to San Francisco was not in any way connected with the labor unions, as the I. W. W. terrors were giving out. The next move made by the ladies was to take a taxi and visit the various orchards and canneries at Hayward, San Lorenzo, and Oakland.

The reports of the trouble which took place in the San Jose plants, as given in the newspapers, engaged their attention. A message from Mr. Ralph Merritt, who was representing Washington, and Colonel Weinstock, who was representing the Governor of California, was encouraging. It was to the effect that, in all probability, they would be able to get the workers back on their jobs in a day or so. This was good news, although the women who had undertaken to keep the big canning plants in running order were ready and able to get between two and three hundred women to go at once into the labor market and save millions of bushels of the valuable fruits of California. This end of food conservation showing a hope of weathering the insidious machinations of the Insolent Weary Willies, the officers of the Emergency Co-operation of the Conservation of Foods, continued on their way looking for the loose ends where the waste or the destruction of foods would prove tragic to their country's cause, in the days to come-and to come soon, from all signs.

It was at the factory of the California Fruit Canners' Association in Oakland that Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Gibson found the greatest danger of loss. Mr. R. D. Garpilotto, manager of the canneries, told them of threats against his life and the lives of his working staff, causing the latter to desert their places and leave the company face to face with ruin. There was then a carload of apricots rotting on the track and between thirty and forty tons of fruit in the same condition unloaded, without anyone to handle them. And, of course, the supplies contracted for would be simply

# Blazing the Trail

they would find him abundance of help, even if they and their friends and the Women's Committee of the Councils of National and State Defense had to be called in. Though not in any way concealing the danger the ladies ran in their generous offer of immediate help, Mr. Garpilotto rather fearfully accepted.

The meeting of the Women's Committee of the Council of National and State Defense took place on a Saturday morning. By Saturday night Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Gibson had gone over the ground, formulated their plans as a general might have done, and went promptly into action. That night they placed an advertisement in the Oakland Tribune stating their needs. From early Sunday morning until late that night, both ladies practically lived at the telephone. They received messages of acceptance from countless women who were anxious to help and to work-and willing to face the music. About noontime, evidently when the I. W. W.'s woke up, other messages of a more sinister nature began to come over the phone. Men demanded, in loud, offensive and threatening tones, that the ladies and their friends had better keep away from the canning factories and all industrial concerns if they didn't wish to be blown to pieces, for not only would the I. W. W's bomb all those concerns, but they would also kidnap their children.

Friends, also, tried to persuade them that it was not right for them to endanger their lives, but their answers were: "We have offers from over two hundred women-friends, neighbors and strangers -to be at that factory tomorrow to save the fruit crop, and we are not going to be slackers. We promised to lead them, and-bombs or no bombs-we shall be there to meet them." Arguments were wasted-go they would-and

Miss Ethel Moore and Miss Mollie Connors insisted on accompanying Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Gibson; but they held council and after a long session convinced the young ladies that they would be doing a much greater work by keeping up the morale of the other members of the National and State Defense in their fight for the conservation of food; for it seemed likely enough that the defense question would become a burning problem before long.

When Monday morning came, Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Gibson lost no time

enormous. The ladies assured him that in getting to the canning factory. The only caution they used was to go in a taxi, so they could not be so easily interfered with. As they approached they saw women coming from all directions all dressed and ready for work. At some distance from the entrance to the cannery scores of Italian women, with their babies in their arms, were standing in frightened groups, looking longingly at the doors of the factory, which they did not dare approach, as they, too, had received the same threats as the American women who were now coming to their rescue. Believing in the threats, the poor mothers who had been employed in the fruit canning for years, did not dare leave their babies at home. As Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Gibson left the taxi, an Italian woman, with her baby in her arms, ran to them crying:



Mrs. W. E. Gibson

"Dio mio! Dio mio! Non andate dentro! Perche vi neccidano!" There was no escaping the anguish in her face or in her words—the latter being partly translated by another woman who called out: "My God! My God! Don't go in there! They will keel, they will keel!"

But the American women came there to share the fate of the women whom they had called together, and they were going through with it-to the end.

Then Mr. Garpilotto came forward, and, telling them of the I. W. W. threats which he had received that morning—of having the place blown to bits -begged them not to endanger their lives.

They answered: "We brought our friends and co-workers together here in the service of our country, and we won't be turned back by the threats of any gang of ruffians." With that they led the way into the factory, and in a short time every available place was filled and the work went on in good order. There were about one hundred too many. They returned home, well satisfied that they were ready at the call, and left addresses in case of further trouble. On leaving the factory they discovered that circulars, containing threats, had been scattered about the place. Miss Ethel Moore had arrived and was in the act of having them destroyed, within view of the skulking I. W. W's.

By Tuesday morning all the old employees, the Italian women who watched the factory all day Monday in fear and trembling, returned to their work, and in a few more days their fears had van-

So, we say, nothing finer has been done in America than the work of these refined heroines in Blazing the Trail for Women to National and Coast Defense.

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### **MEDIOCRITY**

By GEORGIA WILDE

ROM rocks beneath the cypress on the shore of Monterey

A flash of sunlit amber shot to the turquoise bay.

Green and foam upjetted and ringed to the sparkling sand

Around a naked body and the reach of a strong brown hand.

The sea flung white arms upward and laughed in a joyous way

At the thought of the pearls safe-hidden in the cavern of the bay -

The pearls of Our Lady Loreto plundered in years gone by

For the dark-eyed Senorita—the price of a passing sigh.

Deep in the dark sea cavern forever the guilty pair

Are bound by ropes of pearls, and pearls float with their hair.

And the siren sea is watchful when this diver from old Cathay

Delves below the sun-shafts, swift and free and gay.

She draws back greenish fringes atoss along the sands

When he emerges shouting and like a warrior stands

Encased in abalone—arms and breast and thighs;

And she ripples taunting whispers to the triumph in his eyes.

For not in old Cathay nor anywhere can be Pearls like those of Loreto, guarded by the sea.

# Gun Fire In a Russian Hospital

"Gun Fire," an article replete with the horrors of the most relentless war that has ever cursed the world, has just reached Everywoman after long and baffling travels. We are happy to say that the Red Cross of America has, since the writing of this article, done much to alleviate sufferers under like circumstances. But all this goes to show that we must fight for lasting peace. (Editor's Note.)

THE hospital was normally a concert-hall; there were six beds on the stage and sixty-four upon the floor of the auditorium. The ladies' cloak-room had become an operating theatre; and two other rooms with beds in them were set aside for grave cases, that men might die in a decent privacy. In the smaller of these the man of whom I had been told lay alone.

"The bandages worried him," explained the Polish director of the hospital; "but without them he was so terrible to see that we put him by himself. I advise you not to go in; you won't be able to forget it."

But it seemed to me that a non-combatant might easily spare himself too much, and what one man could suffer another might endure to look upon. The danger of this war is not that Prussia may win and remake the world in her own grisly image; that one does not conceive of as a danger; but that too many of us may come through it in ignorance and security for the world to be remade at all. I followed the director to the white-enamelled door which he held open to let me pass in.

The room was white-walled and full of colourless winter light—white bed-clothes on the two beds, white blinds to the windows; but the man who sat on one of the beds, with his hands idte in his lap, wore a robe of dark brown, loose and thick like a monk's; he was the one dark object in the bleak hospital pallor of the place. He was facing towards the window, but at the sound of the opening door he turned his head slowly to front us, with something in the motion that suggested he was listening intently, as blind men will. And at once one saw his face.

### A Terrible Spectacle

The director was right; I have not been able to forget it; it lives with me. He was a solid man of middle height, with that slight stoop of the great shoulders, that attitude of laborious power, which comes of farm work. The

### By Percival Gibbon

heavy gown emphasized his thick-built sturdiness; the empty hands were huge and rough. From the feet to the neck he was commonplace, a type of millions; but the face—there wasn't a face. From brow to chin it was obliterated; there were no eyes, no nose, no lips; the bare teeth grinned in a bone-white band across the ridged and cicatrised flesh from which the countenance had been blotted out. Over it the brown hair clustered in disorder; he held it toward us, he moved it from side to side, as a man holds and moves the face by which he is known to his fellows; the small habitual movements only enhanced the goblin horror of his aspect.

"He can speak a little still," the director murmured to me; "but, of course, the absence of lips —"

I think he was going on to tell me about labial sounds, after the manner of doctors, but at that moment the man on the bed spoke, and he broke off. The dreadful ruin of a mouth worked; the naked teeth parted; and through the nightmare mask that had been a face there came sounds; a blurred wreckage of human speech. The director bent his head solicitiously to hear and understand. One's aghast and ambushed nerves waited to hear him interpret words that should correspond to the man and his tragedy, something dire and simple as death, the authentic utterance of the soul coffined in that body.

He nodded cheerfully and answered in Russian, patting his big brown shoulder. "He wants some cigarettes," he explained to me.

### A Memory of Darkness

A bursting shell had done it during the long and stubborn fighting in the woods around Augustowo, when the Germans who had been driven back from the Niemen were finally broken up and defeated. His battalion was advancing to the attack at the time, dodging forward among trees which the shells decapitated. I have seen those cropped forests myself; and he lay where he fell, while the others pressed forward and left him. He, of course, has not told the story; it is probable that his recollection of most of it is no more than a memory of darkness and bewildering pain; but at any rate, he realized,

when he had lain for some time, that he was alone in these woods, blind and far from help. Perhaps he cried out and waited between his cries for an answer; none came, and at last-after how long? he rose to his feet and walked, groping in his darkness among the trees, carrying the disaster of his face through the solitudes in search of comrades. For all support, he had the dour animal strength of the Russian moujik, the instinct to live and the pressure of his piteous need. Nothing guided him; his outstretched hands propped off the treetrunks; the rain of those days and nights beat upon him unceasingly. And two days later, troops camped in a clearing, beheld him, lurching down upon them out of the forest-a figure of delirium, a thing to put out of its pain.

And after all that he is going to recover; he will live.

I had speech with another man in the hospital, a Baltic Province Jew, who was likewise wounded on the Prussian frontier. No horror here; against the white of his pillow and his bed-clothes, he was as vivid as trumpet-music—jowled like the bust of Caesar, splendidly hooknosed, with full, moist lips, arrogant eyes, and hair that was almost blueblack. He smoked all the time that he talked (there is a fund here to furnish the wounded with cigarettes), letting the smoke trickle slowly from his mouth to hang cloudily above his face in the dead air.

### Attacked by Wolves

He had been shot in the thigh, late in the afternoon; and again in the foot while he sat on the ground, trying to staunch the first wound. It bled copiously; he found himself seated in a puddle of his own blood, and had had the sense to diagnose a cut artery. He knew what to do; he cut away the trouser-leg from the wound and found that he could arrest the bleeding by pressing at a certain point with both thumbs. It was a difficult posture to maintain, but each time that he sought to ease it the flow of blood began anew, and at last he settled himself for the night, holding on to his life by his stiff and chilled fingers, resolute to survive. Close by him lay a non-commissioned officer shot through the chest, who died during the night.

He had been some hours thus, racked by cramps on top of the pain from his

# Gun Fire

wounds, and the non-commissioned officer had long since ceased to groan, when he became aware that there were things about him that moved in the darkness, a lurking population of the night that came and went and drew ever nearer to him and his still companion. He knew what they were even before he heard the voice of them, uplifted in that long cry that swells from a moaning whine to a howl; in Western Russia, this is the season of the wolves. There were many of them, dodging just out of his sight in the darkness, showing themselves nearer and flitting back again.

He told us that he was not greatly alarmed. He had often shot wolves in the hunts which are organized by the authorities in many districts; but he knew his danger. A company of seven wolves will attack a pair-horse sledge, and here were many more than seven.

There was nothing near him that he could put his back to; he had had to contrive to keep a watch behind him shuffling round him in a sitting position, and he detached one hand from his thigh to reach for his rifle. He needed both hands to load it—a hurried ierk back of the bolt, fumbling the cartridges in with numb fingers, thrusting the bolt to again, and then a swift groping for the spot above the wound where it was necessary to press upon the spouting artery.

It was a long time before the wolves drew in upon him. He had been waiting for that, and, save for the need of looking behind him, he had kept as still as he could to encourage them. He said he could smell their rankness, the carrion odour of their hides. He let go of his thigh, feeling the blood spout hot upon his skin as he did so, snatched the rifle and emptied the magazine at

the ring of them, shooting as fast as he could work the bolt. One of them he hit without killing it; he heard it yelp, and then he caught again at the artery whence his life was leaking forth. Twice again during the night he loaded and fired in feverish haste, losing blood each time, fighting his way to the morning.

Here, where the new battlefields are ridged with the graves of the dead, the news of the German Kaiser's latest proclamation to this army has just reached us: "Woe and death to those who withstand my will." Big words, these; but there is an answer to them. For if woe and death are the currency with which victory is to be bought, if that is the price of peace on earth, then here in Russia are the men who will pay it down.

### THE GLORY OF SERBIA

HERE resteth to Serbia a glory, A glory that shall not grow old; There remaineth to Serbia a story, A tale to be chanted and told. They are gone to their graves, grim and gory, The beautiful brave and bold, But out of the darkness and desolation Of the mourning heart of a widow'd nation Their memory waketh an exultation. Yea, so long as a babe shall be born Or there resteth a man in the land, So long as a blade of corn Shall be reaped by human hand, So long as the grass shall grow On the mighty plain of Kossovo, So long-so long-even so. Shall the glory of those remain Who this day in battle were slain.

—From Collier's Weekly.

Russia Has First Woman Minister

THE Countess Sophie Panin has been given the post of Assistant Minister of Social Tutelage in Russia. This is a department of state with the function of administering charitable and social institutions and the care of children.

The Countess is an active member of the Social Democratic party, says the Suffragist. She has long been interested ace into a People's House as a kind of in social work, and has turned her palpopular university and recreation place. press that her staff of officials will be She has declared in a statement to the made up largely of women.

# The Kaiser's Prayer

Your bartner Vilhelm's here
Und has a vord or two to say
Indu your private ear.
So durn avay all udders now
Und listen vell to me,
For vot I say concerns me much—
Meinself und Chermany.

You know dear Cott, I vas your friend
Und from mein hour of birth
I alvays let you rule der Heffen,
Vile I rule o'er der Earth.
Und ven I toldt mein soldiers
Of bygone battle days
I glatly split de glory
Und giff you half de praise.

In every vay I tried to proof

Mein heart to you vas true

Und only claimed mein honest share

In great deeds vot I do.

You could not hafe a bedder friendt

In sky, or land or sea

As Kaiser Vilhelm Number Two

Der Lord of Chermany.

So vot I say, dear Cott, is dis;

Dot ve should still be friends,

Und You should help me send my foes

To meet der bitter ends.

TOTT, Gott, dear Gott! Addention If you, dear Gott, vill dis me do I'll noddings ask again.

Your bartner Vilhelm's here
Und you und me vill bartners be For effer more—Amen!

But listen, Gott, it must be quick
Your help to me you send,
Or I vill haff to stop attack
Und only play defen.'
So Your unde 24 hours I giff
To make the allies run,
Und put me safe indo mein place—
Der middle of der sun.

If you do dis, I'll do my part
I'll tell de world de fact;
But if You don't, den I must tink
It is a hostile act.
Den var at once I vill declare
Und in mein anger rise
Und send mein Zepplins ship to vage
A fight up in der skies.

Diss ultimatum, now, dear Cott,
Is von of many fore.

Mein mind is settled up to clean
De whole world off de floor,
Because You vas mein bartner, Cott,
An extra chance is giffen,
So help at vonce or I vill be
Der Emperor of Heffen!

-Author Unknown.

# Women Inventors

# They are Aiding in Winning the War

VERY now and then some hardpushed detractor of woman's political potentiality drags forth the query, "where are your great women inventors," in a sort of befuddled insistence that superior inventive power inheres in man in casual relation to his divine right to vote. The war, which has served to throw some needed light on women's inventiveness, has led doubters to conclude that it is a war-made ability. Thus Mr. Garrett P. Serviss considers that Aladdin's Lamp was only a symbol of the human brain's hidden power, "which can perform miracles of achievement if its possessor will only rub it hard enough." And so he thinks that the European war has driven women into getting out their polishing utensils and rubbing up to the nth degree their hitherto unused brain powers, in order to invent substitutes for their old easygoing ways of doing things "rather more or less."

Mr. Serviss, himself, has performed the feat of putting three facts together, and drawing out of them a conclusion. These are the facts: (1) Women have been forced out into new paths; for, even the stay-at-home lady with her servants all departed to munition factories, has not escaped the general war cataclysm. (2) War has made demands never before thought of. A woman, for instance, invented the gas mask in Italy two years ago. A long time for the world to wait for gas masks? Well, who had ever needed gas masks before that? (3) And—fact three—upon the statement of an English patent agent, women are now getting out patents as never before. Said this London agent: "lucluding patents relating to motor cars, airplanes, and commercial objects, women's inventions in England alone have lately increased in number to as many as 500 in twelve months."

Therefore, Mr. Serviss and the London patent agent have come to think that only just now have women become inventors, and all because of the great war. A conclusion that is their own invention, says Mary Ogden White in the "New York Woman Citizen."

As a matter of history and legend, women have been inventors ever since the world began. The wife of the Fourth Emperor of China is accredited with having invented silk weaving; it was Adossa.

the wife of Ninus, who is said to have invented aerial telegraphs; Noema taught the Jews the art of spinning in 1997 B. C.; the wife of Emperor Yao taught spinning in China in the 24th Century B. C.; Semiramis invented the chariot armed with scythes; Penthesilea, the Amazon, invented the javelin; Callirrhoc originated the art of drawing, being the first person to make a sketch in pencil of her betrothed husband; and Hypatia invented the planisphere and the astrolabe.

Mrs. Mary Kies invented a machine to weave straw with a woof of silk or Christian Shaw, a Scotch woman, was the first person to produce linen thread. This was in 1720. The wife of General Greene in 1790 invented the cotton gin, but made no fortune herself. In this she has had many fellows, for the woman who, according to Mr. Andrew Carnegie-quoted by Russell Conwell—invented the iron squeezers. which laid the foundation for all the steel millions of the United States, has had neither fame nor fortune. The wife of the Bristol shipbuilder, who suggested copper nails for ships, made a vicarious fortune-for her husband. And who knows anything at all about the American woman who patented a process for turning out horse-shoes on a big scale? It is said she saved her country \$250,000, in which economic advantage it is doubtful if she shared.

Mr. Russell Conwell is also the authority for stating that a farmer's wife invented the printing press, and that another unknown woman gave the idea of trolley switches to the world.

Who was that first American woman to obtain a patent, granted, it is said, in 1809? Her name has gone down in oblivion. Between the years 1790 and 1890, women were granted not quite 3000 patents, but between 1884 and 1910 they patented in the United States of America 7942 inventions. These varied from a baby jumper to a deep-sea telescope.

Never think that women's inventions have been confined to household improvements. It was Mrs. Martha J. Coston who invented the pyrotechnic signalling system called "Coston beacons." This system has long been in use for night signalling by the navies of the United States and Italy. Madame

Curie, morover, has refuted for all time the idea that women can not make excursions into the most abstruse sciences. In 1915, Mrs. Walter Frank Rittman aided her husband in perfecting his process of cheapening the production of gasoline. Without her aid he could not have perfected another process, also, the application of which, it is reported, will make the United States independent of other nations in the manufacture of dyestuffs. Madame B. Pecourt invented a process for extracting cobalt from the minerals which contain it.

The "Women Lawyers' Journal," surveying fifty patents granted to women inventors in 1914, notes among others a patent for a system of electrical distribution and control; electric engine-starters; an automatic lubricator for a journalbox; a new form of rivet; a wheeled luggage carrier; a parachute garment to be worn by aeronauts, and a portable warming appliance for the beds of invalids. In the "New York Tribune" of March 3, 1917, were reported two inventions by women, one of a submarine to submerge in eight minutes instead of ten, invented by Mrs. Anna Staley of Ohio, and the other a boot for "dropfoot," a common ailment among soldiers not accustomed to continuous foot strain. This was invented by Miss Halle, a well-known sculptress of Chelsea, London.

Innumerable inventions have been made by women during this war to alleviate the distress of the sick and wounded. In November, 1916, Miss Mary Davies, bacteriologist at Ris-Orangeis Hospital in France, completed experiments which minimize the danger of wound infection. One of the greatest causes of infection discovered by the hospitals has been from pieces of clothing shot into the bodies of injured soldiers. Miss Davies's experiments consist in a treatment of cloth by antiseptic substances so that after months of subjection to all forms of germs it remains absolutely sterile. In June, 1916, Miss Johanna Stiefvater invented an illuminating eve-shield. Long ago Mme. E. Bellanger invented an apparatus for drying sterilized objects by the evacuation of steam and of preserving them as dried.

For their own home tasks, here is a (Continued on page thirty-one)

# The Convicted Man

### His Treatment While Before the Court

T would be difficult to picture a more unjust method of dealing with our delinquents than the method now in vogue; unjust to the individual as well as society at large. Illustrations are not wanting in this country of the gross injustice done in a large number of cases brought before our committing magistrates because of lack of understanding of the fundamental causes of the prisoner's misconduct. On the other hand, we occasionally hear of an effort made in various cities to get at the root of the trouble with a view to disposing intelligently of the problem before them.

An offender is brought into court, charged with violating a particular law, found guilty by a jury of his peers, sentenced by the judge and confined for a definite period in a penal institution where all types are permitted to associate with disastrous results to both transgressor and society. No thought is given to the factors responsible for the individual's criminal act; no effort made to determine whether the prisoner is suffering from some physical or mental disorder, or is merely the victim of unfortunate circumstance.

The real purpose of our criminal courts, probation officers, police and penal system is to prevent crime, and yet how impossible is the task unless all of the causes responsible therefor are considered. Nor must we stop at the apparent or immediate cause, but continue our investigations until all of the underlying factors responsible are known and every human effort made to eradicate them or reduce their number to a negligable quantity.

Sanitary engineers and members of the medical profession have demonstrated the value of prophylactic medicine, and now deal with the causes rather than the effect of diseases and plagues which have been responsible for the death of millions of persons. Today it is a matter of common knowledge that to prevent malaria and yellow fever it is necessary first to remove the breeding places of the mosquito. The danger of typhoid is minimized by proper sanitation and fly control. If we are to be free from cholera, the destructive rodent upon which the flea responsible for this plague lives must be exterminated. Fresh air, sunshine, and wholesome food have reduced the death rate due to the terrible white plague. That the principle involved should be applied to the preBy August Vollmer Chief of Police, Berkeley, California

vention of crime can no longer be denied by any one who believes in crime prevention.

It is true that various small groups of delinquents have been carefully studied in this and other countries, and



August Vollmer

the results obtained suggest the immedate need of universal attention to a more serious study of delinquency and the causes thereof. Most notable of these investigations is the work of Dr. Healy of Chicago, who made a scientific study of youthful "repeaters" in that city. This investigation proved that the factors responsible for delinquency are more numerous than we ever-believed possible, and, to a large extent, subject to control. Dr. Healy's method of approaching this problem should be standardized in order that we might obtain some degree of uniformity in general results. A thorough psychiatrical, neurological, psychological, sereological and medical examination should be conducted in the case of every delinquent, this to be supplemented by a sociological investigation by field workers. With the diagnosis and prognosis of the examiner and the recommendations of the field worker before him, every judge ought to be able to act intelligently and protect the rights of the individual as well as society.

Large numbers of delinquent individuals are either mentally or physically weak, and because of their unstable condition are more prone to err than their more fortunately endowed brothers. We may liken their condition to that of the

well-built boat as contrasted with that of the poorly constructed one. If the sea is smooth and no rough weather experienced, the flimsy vessel will, in all probability, last for many years and make many safe voyages, but if a gale be encountered, the seams are rent asunder and the ship sinks; whereas the better vessel weathers the storm without difficulty, provided it is well manned. In other words, it is well to suspect some form of weakness, physical or mental, in the individual who cannot float successfully on the sea of life and sinks as soon as the first storm crosses his path.

It is not my desire to have you believe that all offenders commit crime because of some inherent weakness or defect, but the fact that they have offended against the laws of the land justifies a reasonable suspicion that lack of inhibition may be due to mental or physical causes. All authorities agree that feeble-mindedness, epilepsy and insanity are crime factors, but are not agreed as to the particular part each plays in contributing to this perplexing problem. That some kinds of feeble-mindedness, epilepsy and insanity are inherited is no longer doubted, and alcohol and the "red plague" have long been recognized as genetic factors, but the importance of other causes is not so well established. Hence the need for more careful statistics in order that we may learn the sources of mental and physical disorders.

We now recognize moronity as one of the serious problems with which we are called upon to deal in handling the criminal classes. Many of our most vicious criminals are morons, who, by reason of their mental weakness, are not reformable and are a constant menace to society when at liberty. Dr. Goddard has stated that in his opinion 25 per cent of our entire criminal population belong to this group, and recent investigation conducted by experts in three reforma tories of California prove his statement worthy of consideration. Some morons under favorable conditions do make their living, but just as soon as industrial activities are slightly arrested, they are the first to be discharged, because they are the least valuable in business. Unable to hold a position because they are, in fact, unemployable, they must either steal or starve. This lack of intelligence is again manifested in the feeble manner in which they attempt to conceal evidence of crimes committed by them. They are soon apprehended and confined

# The Convicted Man

for a short period in jail, where they becomes the dupes of clever rogues, who induce them to commit more serious crimes.

If this defective person is a girl, she has in her body an opportunity to earn money, and easily falls into a life of evil. Dr. Fernald, chairman of the commission appointed by the State of Massachusetts to investigate the social evil problem, employed psychological experts to examine three groups of immoral women; one group confined in a reformatory for sexual offenses; another group brought to the girl's home for similar acts; still another group (street walkers) brought in over night. The report shows that they found 53 per cent of these acts; still another group (street walkers) women feeble-minded, and contains the significant statement that in reality there were very few out of the 300 examined who seemed to have ordinary sense. An intensive study of women in the segregated district of San Francisco, made by Dr. Jau Don Ball, confirms the conclusions reached by the Massachusetts commission.

If we are willing to admit that 25 per cent or even 10 per cent of our delinquents are morons, would it not be better to determine by proper examination which of our criminals are in that class? And, as soon as they are known, cause them to be placed in institutions with their own kind for an indefinite period of time? In such an institution, these feeble-minded persons would be understood and only required to do what they were capable of understanding and doing. Moreover, these people get along well when segregated under proper supervision and not permitted to associate with other types of offenders. It is not contended that they would be self-supporting, but it is possible to teach them to do simple things at a less cost to the State than if they were permitted to run at large as at present. Another important advantage of permanent segregation is the lessening of their opportunity to beget their kind and so increase our burden, which is even now considerably more than we can comfortably carry.

One other group which presents even greater difficulties of recognition and handling is that class which may be placed under the general heading of psychopaths. By psychopaths we mean all those individuals who may be suffering from some form of mental disorder. Those in advanced stages of dementia need not be particularly considered at this time, although because of their con-

duct they do occasionally fall into the hands of the police, but the other type, in which the symptoms are hidden, have considerable forensic interest, and constitute a large percentage of our lawbreakers. Their abnormal conduct is commonly defined by the layman as "pure cussedness," but the trained psychiatrist is able to prove that these individuals are in truth sick and in need of medical attention. Some of these types respond to treatment readily, while others require more prolonged attention, and still others are incurable, who for their own sake, as well as for the sake of others, should be permanently confined in an institution for the criminal

Epilepsy plays no small part in contributing to delinquent tendencies. Lambrozo believed at one time that all criminals were epileptics or suffered from some epileptic equivalent. We now know that this is not true, but it is a fact that epilepsy cannot be entirely disregarded as a crime factor. Murders, accompanied by brutality or mutilation, sex offenses, and violent assaults characterize the epileptics, some of whom may be permitted to retain their liberty under proper direction and treatment, while others should be sent to an epileptic colony. Here, then, the expert is indispensable if we hope to deal justly with these sorely afflicted individuals.

Abnormal physical conditions are often responsible for the individual's inability to inhibit his criminal impulses. Some of these conditions are apparent to the casual observer, while others are so completely masked that only a trained medical expert could detect them.

Do not criticise too harshly your police, probation, penal and parole systems, because of their failure to prevent crime. It is important to remember that scientists are still struggling with the problem, and that each day brings us nearer to a sensible solution of the question. There is no excuse, however, for continuing our present methods of dealing with the offenders, considering the information we now possess.

Every effort should be made to classify the many types that are constantly filling our institutions, and treat them humanely and intelligently. Why send to prison men and woman who are merely victims of atrocious environment, who need only a friendly hand and an opportunity to make good? Why confine for a definite period the person suffering from some mental or physical defect and then return him to society with the same

criminal tendencies which caused him to commit his first crime? It would be just as sensible to sentence a tubercular patient to serve one week in a hospital. Why release from custody the delinquent who under no circumstances or in any kind of environment will be anything else but a criminal?

All commitments of juveniles or adults to State penal institutions should be for an indefinite period, and none should be released until pronounced safe by trained specialists.

The need of a psychopathic hospital in every municipality with a population of 100,000 or more is apparent to all who have given the matter serious thought. The psychopathic hospital for smaller communities may be identified with the county hospital and should be affiliated with a medical school wherever one exists. If connected with the county hospital, it should be separated and apart from the wards, to prevent the contact of psychopathic patients with other patients.

Especially would such a hospital offer correction, for one of the chief injustices of the present system. What opportunity for any adequate estimate of an accused person is afforded a judge today? How much can be determine about a prisoner whom he has never seen and whose behavior in the few brief hours the justice does observe him in court will assuredly be artificial and assumed?

The psychopathic hospital would offer the judge in whose hands a man's life and liberty are to lie the opportunity of learning his physical and mental condition with the needed degree of accuracy. It could confer the same opportunity upon the probation and police officers and upon district attorneys. It would, in short, be one more aid toward a scientific, practicable and just disposition of the problems of crime and the criminal.

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# In the Studios and Art Galleries

THESE early fall days have brought important happenings in the art world, and the air is full of promises of treats in store for us. Many artists are returning from profitable vacations spent sketching, while others are starting out, keen to catch the early fall tints.

The Arizona desert is claiming several artists. Carl Oscar Borg is there, armed with government permits, which will allow him an even closer study of the Hopi and Navajo tribes. Consequently, his return in December is most eagerly anticipated by all art lovers. Francis McComas is busily executing twelve desert panels for a home in Detroit. Maynard Dixon has started for Glacier park, with a train of pack horses and tents, and armed with canvasses and brushes to do murals for the railroad offices.

Armin C. Hansen has returned from Carmel with many breezy, salty sketches, while Ferdinand Burgdorff is in Monterey, as he is returning from his Florida trip.

Maren Froelich has been "doing gardens" all summer. Belvedere, with its colorful blossoms and glimpses of the bay, has been her spring and summer inspiration, while the fall finds her busy down the Peninsula.

Bertha Stringer Lee has returned from several weeks in Carmel, followed by an even longer stay in the interior. Surely her facile brush caught many poetic glimpses for us.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rollo Peters are in northern California, sketching busily in preparation for a winter in New York and the Bermudas. It is hard to spare this talented couple, even for so short a time, but when one thinks of the canvases they will bring with them when they return home, one is consoled.

### The Textile Exhibition

August the twelfth witnessed the opening of the last unit of the magnificent collection loaned to the Palace of Fine Arts by Mrs. Phoebe Hearst. This room contains valuable tapestries and textiles, completing the comprehensive exhibition already in place, and forming, according to Mr. Laurvik, "the most complete and comprehensive collection of textiles in an American museum." Probably it is as bad form to compliment the arrangement of such a collection as it is to mention the frame of a picture, but the placing of each piece has been so carefully planned, both from the point of

By Elizabeth Taft

view of the connoisseur and the student, that it calls for praise.

Naturally, in such a complete collection every country is represented, so it is hard to pick the most interesting. The caps from Bulgaria, which include the ceremonial head-dresses, serve to make more vivid our mental pictures of this picturesque country. The work of the Swedish, Roumanian and Bavarian peasants is also there, forming an excellent opportunity to contrast the different methods of skillful use of the needle.

The oriental portion of any needlework collection is always noteworthy, but especially is it so in this. Just the words, "a shawl from Cashmere," cause femininity to become alert, and the one in this collection is so very fine that surely no greater textile can come to us. Imperial China has sent of its rich brocades, while the needleworkers of Japan in the eighteenth century and the Italians of the seventeenth have also contributed for our instruction and delight.

This is the fourteenth gallery which Mrs. Hearst, with characteristic generosity, has filled for our pleasure. It gives an opportunity never before enjoyed on the Pacific Coast to study the textile art of the various countries. That

first exhibition his work attracted local appreciation, so it was an especial pleasure when the jury of the Panama-Pacific Exposition awarded him a silver medal. "Golden Shadows," the canvas which won him this honor, is in the present exhibition. The poetry and mystery of this beautiful work strike one even more forcefully in the smaller gallery. The fine subtlety of color and the skillfully hinted at reflections in the water show the touch of the master.

Full of color and typically Californian is "Summer," one of the most characteristic canvases of the exhibition, for it shows the bigness with which Mr. Nelson views his subject. The brown hills of California in summer, surrounding the small valley with its patches of green, are familiar to all, and this delightful rendering will please everyone.

Most attractive is "The Way to the Hills." Brilliant in color, the skillful handling of greens commands one's admiration. In imagination to follow the windings of this path, through sunshine and shadow to the higher, broader outlook of the hills, is the constant pleasure in store for its future owner.

Fruit trees in full bloom have also attracted the artist. A pink tree against the gray green background of the eucalyptus is a decoration as well as a picture; while in another canyas the dainty

FOFIG

MOUNTAIN ORCHARD COUNTRY By

Harry V. Poor

MAR



the art lovers are appreciating their privileges the ever-increasing attendance at the Fine Arts testifies.

### The Bruce Nelson Exhibition

At the Helgesen galleries, Bruce Nelson, one of our cleverest young Californians, is making his autumn exhibition. Born in San Jose in 1888, Mr. Nelson received his art education in California and New York. From his very

blossoms are pictured for us against the brilliant green background of an orchard's first leaves. On another wall is "The Great Pine," a delightful contrast in its gray dignity and sea background to the brilliance of the other canvases. This is one of my own favorites, for the combined music of the pine and the sea is nature's grandest symphony.

# Our Kiddies' Corner

### More About Salt Babies at a Summer Resort

MOST extraordinary thing happened to those three little Salt Baby creatures, Dodo, Soso and Toto, one evening shortly after the Salt Babies had finished their drilling (they were now in training, preparatory to war, in case it would be necessary, as they lived in constant fear of treachery on the part of the wicked sand sprites). Of course, we know the sand sprites bore great animosity against Dodo, Soso and Toto, on account of the latter being in possession of the wonderful shell that housed the fairy Nadine. So it was a good thing that the Salt Babies were training their little army, as how could one know when the naughtily inclined would attempt something wicked?

A great dark cloud enveloped Dodo, Soso and Toto, and carried them far, far away. They would have smothered to death had it not been for the good influence that was protecting them. When they came to their senses they found they were in the daylight, and as Salt Babies only exist by the light of the moon, they almost perished, when some mysterious hand gave them three little pairs of dark goggles to wear. The fairy nectar revived them and the goggles enabled them to see.

"Oh!" exclaimed Dodo, "we couldn't see a thing if it were not for these wonderful glasses. We must be like that bird they call the owl!"

"Why?" questioned Soso and Toto in unison.

"Because we have big eyes, but we can only see at night!"

The three Salt Babies laughed, for they thought it was funny, and, strange to say, they were not a bit frightened.

"This must all be a dream," continued Soso. "The sky is light and there is no moon or stars. And see all of the human beings! How beautiful they are! And to think we can see them and they cannot see us! How wonderful it all is!"

"But, dear me!" answered Toto, rather anxiously. "We must keep away from the people's feet—they might step on us and crush us!"

"Yes, that is true, but see— There are two beautiful children, a little boy and a little girl. They are with their governess. Suppose we stay close to them, they are so sweet looking."

"Yes, that is a very good idea, for their

By Ruth Florence

feet are small and we are less likely to be stepped on."

The two children of whom they were speaking were Margaret and Buddy Follinsby, who, with their parents and nurse, were spending the summer at the seashore. They were now at the amusement zone, Venice, California, and this is where the Salt Babies found themselves. They could not have selected two sweeter children than Margaret and Buddy, and they would surely have a jolly time, for the children and their governess meant to have lots of fun, and went to all kinds of interesting places.



Ruth Florence

First they had a ride in a really truly airplane, except that the airplanes (there were six of them) were attached to a long pole, just like a merry-go-round, but they swung out of the water and in the air. It was a very thrilling ride, and the children screamed just a wee bit.

Said Dodo: "It seems rather dangerous, and we must hold on tight to the children's ankles, and do just as they do. So long as the children's governess thinks it safe, it should be all right for us."

It proved perfectly safe, and the children were glad that they had such an exciting ride. The air made the Salt Babies dizzy, but they soon recovered from the effects.

The next place the children visited was the Aquarium, where all kinds of wonderful fishes and sea animals could be seen, and many of them were alive, too.

Of course, the Salt Babies lived in the ocean, so they knew more than human beings about animal and fish life in the sea.

"Oh, I do wish these pretty children could see and hear us—we could tell them all about the life in the ocean. Their governess knows surprisingly little about things aquatic," said Dodo, a trifle contemptuously.

"Yes, it is a shame," replied Soso. "Many teachers are less capable than their pupils!"

"Oh, but see!" interrupted Toto, excitedly. "A wicked sand sprite is on Miss Margaret's ankle—and there—it is changing itself into a mosquito and is going to bite her! Oh, dear me, dear me, we must protect her." And now the three Little Salt Babies grabbed the horrid mosquito by the leg, and between them they crushed it beyond recognition.

Soon Miss Margaret commenced to scratch her ankle; she felt the mosquito's sting a wee bit. It is a pity she could not know that three little invisible Salt Babies were protecting her feet and ankles from the nasty mosquitoes, which were naught else but wicked sand sprites in disguise.

"Oh, if people only knew," said Soso, "what mosquitoes really are. They despise them now, but how much more they would avoid the horrid things if they knew that they carried nothing but stings of wickedness in their bite. Oh, we must get our army together! I hope our brothers are training well in our absence, for I can see we are in for a long and tedious battle. Who would think they would change themselves into mosquitoes and bite people! And especially lovely children like these."

Soon our little people were wending their way through the throngs of merry-makers, coming in and out of the various amusement places. They then noticed the people following a funny little man with enormous feet, a funny little mustache near the tip of his nose, and swinging a cane. His feet were so big and flat and funny that they made every-

(Continued on page twenty-nine)

# Alcohol and Prohibition

## The Problem From a Medical Viewpoint

JUST now we are hearing much talk of compulsory legislation bearing on the moral and physical improvement of the race.

Since the sale and use of narcotic drugs has been proscribed in the United States, the question of a similar proscription of alcoholic drinks has assumed an attitude of great importance, especially at this time when the conservation of all foodstuffs has become an imperative necessity and the millions of tons of grains used in the manufacture of alcoholic liquors are needed for better purposes.

There are four distinct phases involved in the use of alcohol as a beverage:

One—The economic value of foodstuffs used in the making of distilled and fermented liquors.

Two—The use of alcohol as a medicine.

Three—The effect of alcohol upon the well-being of the individual.

Four—The effect of alcohol upon the well-being of the race.

The economic value of the foodstuffs used in distilled and fermented liquors is now very widely known, for it has been a subject much discussed during the past few months and almost every home-maker is familiar with calories and relative nutritive values.

I have said the quantity of grains used amounts to millions of tons, and now that we are in the great war, we are confronted with the problem of supplying food, not only to the millions at home, but to our own fighting men and our allies abroad. This means conservation of foodstuffs in every direction, for upon the question of food, rather than of arms, rests our hope of success in the holy cause we have accepted as our own. That this wonderful country is capable of taking up the challenge and proving her patriotism and the righteousness of her contention will be shown, for we have all the facilities, and land, and land, and yet more fertile land. It is necessary to eliminate all waste, however, to concentrate all our energies and facilities toward the control of foodstuffs as foods, and to prohibit the manufacture of food into an article which is not food, nor analogous to food, for we have legions to feed.

From an economic standpoint, prohibition is a wise provision and one By Dr. Margaret Pladwell.

which should meet with the approval of all our people.

But there are other questions involved in the prohibition of liquors than that of the conservation of food; questions equally important, perhaps, and more far-reaching in effect. It is these I wish to present more especially since the economic purpose of prohibition is now generally known and accepted as such.

Years ago, alcohol as a remedy was considered one of the doctor's first aids. Now it is rarely used in the practice of medicine. Comparatively few years ago, alcohol was considered a food by the medical profession; now it is known to be a dangerous narcotic. Science takes many large strides in a decade, and one of the best things that can be said of our savants is that they are never afraid nor ashamed to admit their mistakes and accept new truths proved by actual experience.

The dangers of the use of alcohol have been shown by blood test, sphygmograph, urine analysis, stethoscope, autopsy and other methods. Man's mental capacity has even been measured before and after its use, and it is an obviously known fact that the moral status of man, the use of his faculties and co-ordination, perceptibly decline and become decadent after prolonged use of alcohol in any form.

Formerly alcohol was given as a stimulant, though its value was long disputed. Now it is known to have no value whatever, because the depressant after effects nullify the stimulant action. Physicians now eliminate its use almost entirely, because there are so many remedies in the pharmacopeia vastly more efficacious which may be used without this disastrous reaction, nor the danger of habit-forming—always a possibility.

I have stated that alcohol is a narcotic. If given at all in an emergency, the dose would be limited to a tablespoonful at most, yet it is drunk by the glass, even to a litre, until the individual becomes foolish, imbecile, grandiloquent, grandiose, or violent, and finally narcotized. One does not administer opium or chloroform in such doses, yet alcohol is equally poisonous, equally narcotic, equally dangerous, and its result more deplorable, because slower in effect and

more lasting, deeper seated and farther reaching.

Given in disease, alcohol disturbs the circulatory system, and was prescribed on this account. In small quantities, it is a cardiac-vascular stimulant, producing contraction of the blood vessels and apparently improving the circulation. But later it causes paralysis of the vasomotor centers, with dilation of the blood vessels and ultimate depression.

Of the effect of alcohol on the individual, says Dr. Abel: "Alcohol also depresses every form of activity. One-half to one bottle of wine, or two to four glasses of beer a day, not only counteract the beneficial effects of practice in any given occupation, but also depress every form of mental activity. Therefore, every man who, according to his own notions, is only a moderate drinker, places himself by his indulgence on a lower intellectual level and opposes the full and complete utilization of his intellectual powers."

Dr. Williams quotes this in his "Anti-Alcohol Movement in Europe," and sapiently adds: "I content myself with repeating that, to the thoughtful man, beer and wine must seem costly at such a price."

Dr. Welch of Johns Hopkins says: "Alcohol in sufficient quantities is a poison to all living organisms, both animal and vegetable."

Heart failure, due to fatty degeneration, arterio-sclerosis, hardening of the liver, Bright's disease, tuberculosis, pathological degeneration of all the tissues, especially the most important cellular structures of the body, and fatty degeneration everywhere, are but few of the diseases resulting from alcohol. In fact, there is hardly a disease known to medical science that may not have its incipiency in alcohol, either directly or indirectly, yet this menace is hardly known. Deaths by heart disease among alcoholists is the rule rather than the exception, their resistence to acute fevers. exhaustion, overwork, etcetera, having become reduced to a minimum by the extra work placed upon that organ.

The higher form of cells, those directly concerned with the vital process, are the ones first attacked. These undergo decisive changes, break down and are replaced by connective tissue, forming a scar and lacking in metabolic action. The most highly developed cells are the

weakest and most seriously affected, perhaps, because of their more important functions. Thus the brain, nerves and heart et al., which waste and degenerate, finally break down and sear like an old wound-

It may be readily seen that this scar tissue, whether in brain, heart, lungs, liver or any other organ of the body, can never assume the functions of the living nucleated cells, but becomes disorganized and disintegrated, and insures the consequent degeneracy of the organ involved by inhibiting its action. Thus, also, by interfering with the elimination of carbon dioxide, pathological fat is formed, because the alcohol uses up the oxygen in the body, not leaving enough for the oxydiation of this excess.

Alcohol is a protean poison, subtle, malignant and all-pervading, for it intrudes itself into every part of the body human, its fluids, the blood and lymph. It lowers the resistance of the individual and renders him more susceptible to disease.

Further, alcohol, burning in the body, withdraws oxygen from the tissues and hinders or prevents the oxydization of foodstuff, especially fats, which naturally induces a surplus deposit of adipose tissue everywhere in the body and consequent obesity.

The degenerative effects of alcohol are exemplified, not alone in the individual, but in the race.

This institutionalizing of a narcotic vice is paid for dearly by the children of alcoholics and their children's children "unto the third and fourth generations." And this among the so-called "moderate" drinkers, for, fortunately, those who drink to excess are sterile. These children either inherit the vice itself, or are mental defectives, degenerates, idiotic, insane.

Dr. Ploetz, a pioneer in the field of race hygiene, says that in the families of drinkers, first, slightly degenerated children are begotten, then, with increase in parental alcoholism, more degenerated. After quality, quantity is affected. There is an increased mortality, and final sterility. He says also "that it is just this average, moderate use of alcohol which injures the race more than drunkenness, since here there is relatively no elimination through sterility or infant mortality as in the case of a hard drinker."

The elimination of the unfit by alcohol should give way to another elimination, which would work more rapidly. Criminals and psycopaths should be forbidden marriage, and the worst class, the average moderate drinker, should be shunned by women. Here is a task to which the

women's movement should exert its power.

Before the great war, drunkenness was the rule in Europe, not only among men, but among women as well, and even children. Whole villages would get drunk at a time on Saturday, the orgies lasting over Sunday, and this in Russia

"Young women in Rouen," says Dr. Brunon, "no longer drink coffee vierge. They must have brandy in it. In nine houses out of ten, the bottle of brandy is on the table, and the women drink from it throughout the day."

In another village, at least thirty women drank four litres of spirits a week each

In Germany, the children of habitual beer drinkers are "moderate" beer drinkers themselves, and show generally the stigmata of degeneracy. In 1877 to 1901, the number taken to hospitals and insane asylums for drunkenness in Germany increased fivefold, though the population increased but one-third. And Professor Von Gruber says one-half the city school children are sick and weakly.

Professor Bollinger says, after autopsies on 5,700 bodies: "One rarely finds in Munich a faultless heart and a normal kidney in an adult man." And: "The stream of beer and beer disease flows no less rapidly than the Iser under Munich bridges."

And so it went all over Europe and Great Britain, and conditions in this country parallel those of Europe. Pity the poor progeny of such! They do not ask to be born. Some are idiots from birth; some appear normal until puberty, then suddenly become apathetic, inert, struck with dementia praecox.

Professor Auguste Voisin explains it thus: "Many of these brains are born fragile and vulnerable, because the parents were alcoholists." And he goes on to explain that, endowed with too slender powers of resistance, they are exhausted quickly during growth and development.

Another authority states that eighty per cent of the crimes of violence are due to alcohol. An intoxicated person loses his moral perception. Alcohol incites the passions. Many children are born of such conditions. Men revert to a remote ancestral barbaric state and have sexual association with women of the underworld, sexually sick. After this children are borne by their wives, who show the stigmata of venereal diseases. And so the tale runs on exhaustively.

When I was at college, our humane professor of nervous diseases told us those afflicted with the hereditary taint of alcohol were sick and not to be con-

fused with those who drank because they wish to. The hereditary drinker is he who drinks periodically - the dipsomaniac-who may not know he possesses the taint until he gets his first taste of liquor, and then it is the beginning of the end. Unless kept under restraint, the periods become shorter, narcotism, mania and insanity or death ensue. But before this that individual has possibly transmitted his disease by procreation, and posterity suffers another infliction upon the race. These individuals are irresponsible, and should be cared for. One cannot say, like Cain, "Am 1 my brother's keeper?" Each is, of necessity, his brother's keeper, more or less, when the brother cannot care for himself, and these persons can be reclaimed and made good citizens if drink is taken from them.

Others say: "Why should the multitude suffer deprivation for the few?" I have shown above what strong liquor means to the world at large, what even the daily or occasional drink means. Its withdrawal will evolve a higher, better race of men and women, for women are equally the victims with men. It will mean less crime, less sexual depravity, and be of lasting benefit to human kind.

Pity the poor, innocent inoffenders who must bear the mark of the beast all their lives for sins they know not of. If it were for no other reason than this, to protect the unborn, prohibition of all alcoholic liquors, is a lasting reform greatly to be desired; from the standpoint of race hygiene, it is the only solution.

Every State which has adopted prohibition shows less crime, less vice, and a general improvement physically and in morale. Business interests have grown and the whole aspect of communities has changed.

"All in all, my opinion as to alcohol in all its forms is, that it is fitted, thanks to the devastation it brings about in the nervous system, to animalize people in all grades of society, and, sooner or later, to annihilate the superiority which man has slowly acquired over the anthropoid ape."—Sully-Prudhomme.

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### Had His Game Trapped

A young Swede appeared at the county judge's office and asked for a license.

"What kind of a license?" asked the judge. "A hunting license?"

"No," was the answer. "Aye tank aye bane hunting long enough. Aye want marriage license." — Freeman's Journal.

# The World's Women

Once a Typist, Now Leading Physician

T was her faithful typewriter that put Dr. Eva Harding, one of the leading physicians of Kansas, through a medical college in Philadelphia. Dr. Harding has now been practising in Topeka for thirty years; and when she put the school-book trust out of commission, certain irritated gentlemen were heard to remark: "The place for stenographers is in the back office." Dr. Harding made a game race for Congress last year on the Democratic ticket.



Port Huron's First Citizen a Woman

N a small, scantily furnished basement office in Port Huron, Michigan, her home town, Bina M. West began her life-work, which has proved to be the formation of the largest insurance society for women in the world.

That was twenty-five years ago. Then her sole capital was an enthusiastic determination to carry her work to success, untiring youthful energy, and \$150 of borrowed money. With it she paid for the printing of the circulars that first outlined her plan to the mothers of America, says Leigh Danen in Every Week.

She began life as a school-teacher, and was the first woman in the State of Michigan to become a member of the local board of school examiners. It was while engaged in this work that she conceived her great idea.

After resigning from her position on the school board, Miss West set herself to study the science of insurance; and then, to interest men and women in her plan, she traveled from one end of the country to the other.

The welcome she received at first was not always unmixed with suspicion. The idea of insurance for women then was still too new. She won converts not so much through arguments as by the inherent force and strength of her character.

The people of the town look upon Miss West with no small degree of affection. In fact, quite recently, when her insurance society laid the cornerstone of a new \$250,000 home office building, she was heralded as "Port Huron's first citizen."

Canadian Town Women
Cultivating Lots

TIEN the first woman magistrate in Canada, Mrs. Arthur Murphy, went into the nearest vacant lot and began cultivating, the neighboring ladies were a little bit shocked; magisterial dignity ought not to bend beneath the yoke of the seeder and the cultivator! They offered gentle protests, they brought cushions and sandwiches, and other refreshments.

"They came to protest and they remained to plow," said Mrs. Murphy, cheerfully. Now there is a thriving Vacant Lot Club in Edmonton, very similar to those in other Canadian cities, says Eleanor Gilbert in the Philadelphia Ledger.

They have a very efficient scheme whereby any one who wants to do an agricultural bit for the cause can do so regardless of whether she (or even he!) owns a lot.

Vacant lots in all parts of the city have been donated temporarily to the club. If you don't own a lot, but would like to cultivate one, you simply announce your desire and pay \$2, which entitles you to membership. For this \$2, the Vacant Lot Club not only assigns you a lot near your home, but also has its team come over, break up the ground and do the initial plowing. All you have to do thereafter is to seed and weed and generally nurse your vegetables along so as to be a credit to you when they grow up.

This plan is especially efficient, because it has drawn into truck raising the two classes of people who were willing to cultivate a vegetable garden, but couldn't, because they didn't own a lot to cultivate or they owned one so far from their homes that it was physically impossible to get there frequently and regularly.

One of the obstacles to cultivating even back gardens was the fact that the men in the family were off to the front and the women had not the equipment or the necessary strength to break up the ground for planting. So the Vacant-Lot Club provided for this emergency. The small membership fee of \$2 has provided a fund which enables the club to send an experienced worker with correct equipment into each lot and get it well started for the city farmer.

Georgia Woman Points the Right Way

RS. JOSEPH DAMAR, of Georgia, who is identified with the work of the Woman's Committee of the National Council of Defense, has pointed out the way in which women could do their bit in the war.

"Do not put yourselves into khaki to the exclusion of more usual feminine things," said Mrs. Damar, "under the mistaken impression that you are thereby serving the nation. So many women write to the Woman's Committee asking 'what to do.' Here is one definite thing they ought to do: Buy present styles already made up. Do not refuse to buy a gown on the ground that there is too much material in it. That may sound well in theory, but practically it is wrong.

"Do not demand a simpler style because you are ashamed to look 'dressy' during war time. Let the unenlightened find fault with you. They will join the enlightened themselves, sometime, perhaps, when they learn that the Commercial Economy Board recommended this practice. They recommended it on the ground that not only styles of garments now being sold have already been made up, but also those to be sold this fall. To refuse to wear these garments would therefore not only turn back the too-full or too-intricate frock before you, but would also necessitate making others to take its place.

"Think what that means: Men designing, cutting, selling, men in the textile mills, men in the dye works, men in the transportation lines. Men released from fripperies mean men released for ammunition, for shipbuilding, for steelmaking, men released for war.

"Again, do not rush away from fripperies to khaki. You will be competing with the Government in khaki dye and other necessary materials. Moreover, do not rush to any uniform."

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To the rules of conduct during the war should be added this:

No person with a vocal range of less than two octaves should attempt to sing "The Star Spangled Banner."—Life.

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# World's Women

French Lessen Hours of Toil for Women

THE French Parliament has made the Saturday half-holiday compulsory for all women working in the clothing trade. This is the second time since the war started that the French government has found time to pass a law granting important reforms to working women. The first law of this kind was the minimum wage for home workers. The Saturday law will undoubtedly be extended later to cover all industries, but the government refused such extension now lest it meet with too great opposition from manufacturers, says The Suffragist.

This bill was introduced and passed at the instigation of the government in direct answer to the enormous strikes of working women all over France, and especially of women in the clothing trade, in May and June of this year. In the debate in the senate, M. Henry Cheron, who had the bill in charge, declared in its favor that the women had earned it by severe toil; that it was in the interest of home life; and that French women during the war had showed distinguished devotion, courage and patriotism by care of the wounded, by replacing men, and by their endurance of hardships.

The spirit of French women will not be satisfied by this sop from the government that is still holding up the municipal suffrage measure which it has promised to pass. On the other hand it will be increased by the proof that Parliament must yield to any real pressure put upon it by the women who are doing one-half of the work of warmaking.

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Pittsburgh Girl Manages a Nursery

LICE JOHNSON, of Pittsburgh, wearied of spending beautiful days indoors, and proceeded to give up her job and use her savings to take a course in horticulture and agriculture. She learned about sprays and nitrates so carefully that now she is the manager of a nursery. Several thousand of these tender fruit trees are in her care, and she loves her job so much that she wouldn't watch the clock if there were one hanging on every bough. And her pay envelope holds just five times as much as it did back in the old days among the gramalogs and phrasograms.

Women In the Finnish Government

OMEN of Finland, according to "Jus Suffragii," have taken their part in the reorganization of the government of that country since the Russian revolution. As an immediate result of the revolution the Finnish Parliament was summoned, opening the 11th of April with the Socialist party in the majority. Many women deputies took their seats. Lucina Hagman, leading suffragist of Finland, was chosen by the congress as one of the forty-five electors who appoint all committees, and was made chairman of the committee of education. Dr. Jenny is elector and member of the Grand Committee, to which all bills have first to be submitted before decision by Parliament. Factory Inspector Vera Hjelt is a member of the other women who are electors and serve women who are electors and serve also also on important committees.

In Finland, as in the United States, the food question is the question of the hour. In Finland arrangements for managing the food supply have been thoroughly established, with women co-operating on equal terms with men in this fundamentally important matter. In Helsingfors, the capital, food committees with administrative power are appointed for all the necessary kinds of food. Women are at work on all these committees, and Miss Dagmar Neovius is head of the bread committee.

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From Stenographer To Bank Manager

T was in battling with the treacherous highest common divisors and lowest common multiples that Ina Shepard laid the foundation of her future greatness. Miss Shepard just always did love figures. And she had plenty of them in her life when she became a stenographer in the Clearing House Association of Birmingham, Alabama. After a while Miss Shepard was just naturally elected to the job of manager. And she has been re-elected at every annual election since. There are from six to eight banks in the Association, and the figures that Miss Shepard handles daily are of gigantic proportions; but she has the confidence of every banker in the city.

Work for Women and Warmth for Men

Here Is a Way for Every One to Help Without Giving Money

The Glove Waist-Coat Company of Chancery Lane, London, England, has solved the problem of furnishing "Work for Women and Warmth for Men," as well as utilizing, in the interest of National Economy, material hitherto thrown away, by employing women,—distressed through the war and unable to go into the workshops,—in the manufacture of wind-proof Waist-Coats for Soldiers and Sailors

One of the greatest hardships of a winter campaign is the suffering caused by icy winds on sea and land, against which these windproof coats are an effective protection. These coats are made from waste leather of every possible description such as cast-off gloves (of kid, suede, chamois, etc.), discarded furniture covers (if of leather) and worn-out fur coats, appliqued onto a brown linon foundation, the finished coats being entirely wind-proof and very light,—these made from gloves weighing from seven to nine ounces.

Aside from the manufacture of waist-coats, the glove finger-tips are converted into glue; the glove buttons are sewn on cards by children and sold, the cutting from wash-leather

Aside from the manufacture of waist-coats, the glove finger-tips are converted into glue; the glove buttons are sewn on cards by children and sold ;the cuttings from wash-leather linings are strung into household rubbers; the large linon cuttings are made into dust sheets; the small cuttings form stuffings for mattresses for the Infants' Home at Finchley; the best portions of fur are made into coats which are in great demand by the Mine-Sweepers, and the very small pieces of fur go into over-all gloves.

By the sale of the waist-coats at 2/6 (\$0.60) and 5/- (\$1.20), and the Seamen's over-all gloves at 1/6 (\$0.36), a small profit is made which covers the cost of necessary assistance, rent, printing, carriage, postage, etc., thus making the work self-supporting. Many have adopted the idea of making the waist-coats themselves, but in so doing they have overlooked the fact that the society not only aims to provide the soldiers with warm coats, but at the same time to furnish employment for distressed women who have no other means of support.

of support.

The demand for these waist-coats and gloves, by both officers and men, is very great and in order that the supply may be sufficient to meet the demand we must have an increased quantity of old gloves and leather.

No money contributions are required but we most earnestly ask you to send not only your own discarded gloves but as many as you can collect from your friends. No matter how worn, soiled or torn they may be, every piece will be utilized, and in our hands, apparently worthless articles will be transformed into real comfort for the shivering boys on the battle front this coming winter. Surely the women of America will not fail to help us in this but will provide the supply of gloves, etc. necessary to "carry through" this most worthy undertaking.

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# Their Accomplishments

Jubilee of Leader of English Suffragists

N the month of June, the English woman suffrage bill passed its final reading in the House of Commons with an overwhelming majority.

In the month of June, Millicent Garrett Fawcett, LL.D., president of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, celebrated her seventieth birthday, which was at the same time a golden jubilee marking the completion of fifty years of suffrage work, says the "New York Woman's Citizen." On the morning of her birthday, June 11, William Dunn, Lord Mayor of London, sent her "the best wishes of the citizens of London." But the National Union of Suffrage Societies, which includes women in Scotland, Wales, Ireland and England, cherished a great hope "that the House of Commons might give her a birthday present more eloquent than any speeches."

And the House of Commons "came across." On June 19, and so the week following Mrs. Fawcett's jubilee, the bill for which she had given a half-century of effort passed the House of Commons by a huge majority, 385 to 56, in favor of the principle of woman suffrage itself; 291 to 25 on the following day in favor of maintaining woman's voting age at 30 years, and 214 to 17 as the final accepting vote.

It is certain that the House of Lords will follow the large majorities in the House of Commons, so that woman suffrage so long fought for in Great Britain, may be said to have arrived.

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The Strong Woman of The Netherlands

OW is it that Holland has been able to keep neutral? The Germans want her to declare war on the Allies, so that they can get at England from the Holland coast. And England would like nothing better than to have Holland fight Germany, so trat she can attack Germany through Holland.

Because Queen Wilhelmina is as strong-minded as the matron of an employment agency, the Dutch are still neutral.

"No figurehead is this Queen," writes Sigmund Henschen in the "Forum." "Rather, Wilhelmina is very much business. Picture an ordinary little woman (she is anything but stately), a woman who by no stretch of imagination could be called beautiful—just a plain, capablelooking Holland bourgeoise, double-chin type, plainly dressed, wearing virtuouslooking shoes, a prim suit that has 'made in Holland' written all over it—and you have her Majesty the Queen.

"She has that look which one always associates with intense religion; and she is almost bigoted. Like the German Emperor, she loves to hold religious services herself. Her hobby is to pray before the royal household. Devoted to Holland she is. She has stated: 'I intend to carry always in my heart the words of my beloved father—that the House of Orange can never, never do enough for Holland.'

"One of the most important plays in the game against Wilhelmina is this: If German spies catch any violation of Holland neutrality by England, it gives German diplomats a ground for demanding reciprocal concessions. If English spies catch a German violation, it puts power in the hands of the British diplomats." So at the outbreak of war she developed a marvelous secret service to trail German and English spies; to search every train, motor, wagon, and person for contraband that went into Germany; and she saw to it that no German spies passed into England with Dutch passports.

"She is honorary commander-in-chief of the Dutch army, and she is in the saddle for hours at a stretch. She wears an officers' uniform, and rides astride.

"With every belligerent trying to drag Holland into war, keeping the little land out is a job for a strong man. It is being done by a strong woman."

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Woman Efficiency Expert To Aid the Red Cross

THE American business woman has been given recognition through the selection of Miss Ida C. Bracher, of New York, to systematize and card-index American Red Cross activities in France.

Miss Bracher is regarded in the American business world as one of the most capable organizers in her particular line in the country. She has not only had a wide practical experience in cataloguing, filing and indexing, but has written several manuals on the subject, one of the most recent of which has been adopted by several of the leading banking institutions of New York City as a

guide in the systematizing of their business.

Miss Bracher has been loaned to the American Red Cross by Columbia University on "leave of absence for war work." She was engaged in the University as instructor in the war emergency classes for young women conducted by that institution.

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WE NEVER KNOW

By Caro Taylor

E never know when clouds of grief
may shadow

Our happy homes, so dear to you and me;

We never know how soon our hearts in yearning

Will sigh and long for days that used to be;
We never know how soon the shroud of sorrow

Will hover o'er our sunny land of dreams; We never know which pathway on the morrow Will follow to the vale of grief and tears.

We never know how soon the hopes we cherish
May fade and die, as sunset rays at night;
We never know when all but love shall perish,
And tears bedim all else to mortal sight;

We never know the hearts we cheer in passing
With just a smile, or kindly word or two;
We never know how soon we may be casting
The seed of future life in pastures new.

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Too High a Standard

Lerret: I hear that Shortcash, who married the banker's daughter last winter, is in desperate financial straits.

Yadilloh: I'm not surprised. He probably has been trying to live up to their wedding presents.—Life.



# Aims of Warring Nations

(Continued from page three)

declared: "On the day of final settlement, when they object to restitutions, which are not annexations in the democratic sense of the word, being based not upon violence, but solely upon right and justice; and when we have to take account of the terrible devastation that the war and the barbarity of our enemies have inflicted on the country, we shall point to the provinces, which have been devastated, not for any military purpose, but solely through the barbarity of a people that talked of civilization without knowing anything about it, and ask for just compensation."

Second, no indemnity, but reparation. Russia states, through its minister of foreign affairs, that all violations of right must be, as far as possible, "repressed in the name of humanity." Humanity, acting through the tribunal whose judge shall be the conscience of the human race, will see that this end is attained. Indemnity is not a war contribution, to be placed as a fine on vanquished enemies, but Russia and France will naturally call for fair compensation, which at best can be but a partial reparation.

Terestchenko said, when the subject of annexation was broached: "It is ridiculous to speak of the allies' schemes for annexation, which would constitute a menace to peace based upon right, when we can see, at the present time, part of France, Belgium, Serbia, and Rumania crushed under the foot of the foreigner."

The objects, then, of the war? Russian democracy declares openly that, having become mistress of her destinies, it has in this war never been guided by a spirit of conquest or covetousness. Russian democracy considers war necessary, unavoidable, for the defense of the freedom of nations. Any other interpretation must stifle its enthusiasm and could not be entertained by them.

France echoes: "We will continue the struggle, not in a spirit of conquest and overlordship, as our enemies are doing, but with the firm determination to recover what, by right, belongs to us."

There is nothing fundamentally separating the great democracies joined in this warfare. They are inspired by the same spirit; their desire is a lasting

peace, which can only be assured if based on justice and the rights of nations. And to secure such peace they cannot, will not, allow to endure the military despotism which is an insolent and constant menace, has been the scourge of the world, and will, if permitted to flourish, continually endanger peace, even though—as far as non-Prussian races are concerned—such peace be founded on equity and justice.

Repeat too often we cannot the fact that no one disputes the right of the German people to live and freely develop, a right which should be denied no one. President Wilson enlarged upon this eloquently in Washington; it is echoed heartily in Petrograd; and it is at the heart of the French democracy.

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Young Johnny had been reading the evening paper, and paused contemplatively for a few moments. "Father," said he, "what is 'inertia'?"

"Well," replied the father, "If I have it, it's pure laziness; but if your mother has it, it is nervous prostration."-Tit-

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ALFRED METZGER, Editor

\* \* \*

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In the Midst of the Shops

### Our Kiddies' Corner

(Continued from page twenty-two)

one laugh. Some one said he was a little actor man,

Our little pleasure-seekers next found themselves in front of a place that must have been a ship—for there it was, rocking in the water! The queerest animals were looking out from windows of the boat—every kind imaginable—and a wooden-faced man was peering out of the uppermost window. He had a spyglass in his eye, but he really couldn't see anything, because he wasn't a real man. The name of the ship was "Noah's Ark," and that was Mr. Noah himself looking out at the people! That is the reason he had all of those funny animals with him. Why, he even had a whale!

The children's governess proceeded to tell the children the story of Noah and the Ark, and the Salt Babies listened carefully, for they had not heard it before. They did know about the whale and a man named Jonah, who was swallowed by a whale, as some whale babies in the ocean once told the Salt Babies all about it.

Our little party went inside the Ark, and the Salt Babies had a hard time holding on to the ankles of the children, for the Ark was really a puzzle house, with floors that moved and chairs that collapsed. The Salt Babies and the children also were a bit nervous, and were glad to get out of the Ark—and, funny thing!—to get out, they had to step out of the whale's mouth!

Once again they were walking along the pier, when Dodo exclaimed: "Oh, oh, see there in the distance—what is that funny thing sticking out of the water?"

"Gracious.me!" shouted Soso, "Why it looks like a periscope! I do hope these people are able to see it!"

But, alas! no one took any notice. Of course, Salt Babies can distinguish more on the ocean than any place else.

"Dear me! Something dreadful will happen to us all if they fail to see it. These human beings are not any better prepared against danger than we are. And that big gray warship with our blue boys is somewhere else up the coast! I am so worried for them all. I im-

plore the god Nadine to transfer me to that periscope, and make me visible to these people, so that they will understand that danger is very near them, and no harm must come to these pretty children."

No sooner had Dodo spoken than he found himself perched on the object that was really the periscope of an enemy submarine, and our little Margaret was the heroine of the occasion, for she was the first one to whom the periscope was visible.

"Oh, see that little white bubble out there!" she cried, and as if by magic the alarm was spread. Terrible chaos and excitement prevailed, and suddenly, as if coming out of the very ocean itself, was the battleship—in all of its regal strength and beauty, and there, amidst the cheers of many thousands of thankful people, the suspicious periscope disappeared from view, and so far has never been seen again. It is thought the fire from the big guns of that battleship has quieted its evil purport forever.

But poor little Dodo disappeared with it, and Soso and Toto knew that what Margaret thought was a cloud was their own little brother Dodo being blown to pieces. The two remaining Salt Babies were grief-stricken. Presently a Voice they knew and loved well whispered something to them that made them smile as they toddled back to their home in the sea.



### Letter-Boxes

Strapped like martyrs with thongs of iron

To walls of brick and posts of steel,

Their metallic maws heavy with mysterious messages,

They flap their iron lips from day to day, Hungry and forever unappeased of life. Green-clad sentinels on the outposts of hope and grief,

Sphinxes that dream of the riddles flung into their hearts,

The letter-boxes stand as things apart, brooding on the fatalities of written speech.

Benjamin De Casseres in Life.

### Master and Maid in the Motor

Sarah Jane was everything that a domestic servant should be, save for this one fault, which, alas! human flesh is heir to. She was very jealous of a certain Mrs. Scraggs, a former fellow-servant, who never tired of writing to tell her of the glories of her new home.

"To think of her sauce and airs and graces, ma'am!" she said to her mistress. "Eliza Scraggs writes saying that she has a conservatory of her own. Rats! I'll lay all the conservatory she's got is a couple of cracked flower-pots with geraniums in them on the kitchen window-sill! I'll get even with her!"

"You should not let such trifles trouble you, Sarah," said her mistress.

"Well, ma'am, whether or not, I am going to ask you a favor."

"What is that, Sarah?"

"I was thinking, if I got the photographer to come up, perhaps you would not mind me and the master being taken together in the motor. That would be a settler for 'Liza when I send her the photograph!"—Tit-Bits.

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EQUITABLE WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT,
210 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.

### MUSICIANS AS HOOVERITES

(Continued from page thirteen)

But getting back to Mr. Bowden it appears that he has let his handsome studio to his pupil, Miss Catherine Urner, after four or five years of collecting exquisite prints and paintings and old furniture, selected with great care.

The studio proper is in tones of blue with brown that shades into dull gold which old Sol burnishes up the greater part of the day, for Mr. Bowden does not fancy gloom and candle light as aids to vocal teaching; and the blue is deep and characterful and not at all of the boudoir type adored of women-when their skin is fair. It is a masculine blue with which the old mahogany grand piano and priceless writing desk match perfectly. Over the latter the eye unconsciously fixes on a picture of a file of women, a blue-grey gem that is, in fact, a genuine Sargeant and outshines many other lovely wall decorations. Opposite is the tea table in a big window lighting it. And for evening there are giant lanterns of old gold swinging from the ceiling-a charming place to give a tea or hear a ballad.

But to speak of the studio proper is to begin backward, since it is reached through a reception room of equal beauty, a restful, welcome spot that speaks of refinement and good taste. Such is the professional home Mr. Bowden leaves for the present in search of pastures new.

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### Thanatopsis

So act that when the impulse comes to join

The drawn-out waiting line which moves To that busy news-stand where each shall get

A copy of his favorite magazine, thou go not,

Like the trembling criminal to hear his sentence,

Fearing the worst; but sustained and soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach the window

Like one who has taken pains to order Life in advance,

And is filled with most pleasant anticipations.

Edmund J. Kiefer in Life.

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### A Keen Observer

The following dialogue, which took place when a Hungarian applied for naturalization papers, is reported.

"Who is President of the United States?"

"Meester Vilson."

"Who makes the laws?"

"De Kungress."

"Who elects the President?"

"California."

He got his papers.—Everybody's.

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#### WOMEN INVENTORS

(Continued from page eighteen)

casual little summary of a few things recent patent office records accredit to women:

A pan for collecting soot from oven walls; a portable bed warmer for the sick; a portable folding wardrobe; a parcel post egg carrier; a knee-rest for crutches; a go-cart cover; a mending patch; a direction indicator for automobiles; a security envelope; a shipping package; a disinfecting poultry roost; a new combination for preserving eggs; a patent drinking cup; sanitary garbage cans; ash-cart covers; devices for removing hot dishes from the ovens.

Mme. Fritsche patented a galvanic chain for sanitary purposes; Mlle. Auerbach invented a comb which brings a liquid directly upon hairy leather; Mlle. Dosne invented a pocket type-writing machine.

From sweeping before her own doorstep to cleaning the public streets is a direct and natural step. And it is said to have been Mme. Rozet Larouge who invented an automatic machine for washing public roads.

It is more than reasonable to suppose that bringing woman into new callings has extended the reach of her inventive skill in the past three years. Her record shows that what she has undertaken has benefited by her resourcefulness. As women participate in civic life more and more, this resourcefulness will be called out to meet the new demands upon it. It is a pity that the proved ability of woman to respond to calls upon her inventive genius has in the past been withheld from the common human needs of the world because of a precouceived notion that "women were not inventive."

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#### NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN

(Continued from page eight)

tor in the economic conduct of the households of the nation, has been marvelous. In St. Louis, July 28th, 50,000 signed, not only the Hoover pledge, but also the registration for service.

This registration will be followed by a house-to-house canvas for the completion of the work.

The return membership card in the United States Food Administration has the shield insignia; and the "Home Card" for use of the household, which accompanies it, is a succinct summary of the program of conservation designed by the food administrator.

Let us do our part in the winning of the war! **SUTTER 2180** 

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We have taken this page in this and the next number of Everywoman briefly to tell the story of ST FRANCIS WOOD, San Francisco's splendid new residence district now being created west of Twin Peaks.

We do this, of course, partly because many of you, even though you have never consciously admitted it to yourselves, are on the lookout for that ideal location in which you would be satisfied to establish your future home. We do it more especially because all of you are interested in any civic achievement which will provide an adequate setting for hundreds of beautiful and distinctive homes for the people of our city.

That is what we claim to have made in creating ST FRANCIS WOOD,—a real civic achievement. These words, therefore, are here addressed to every reader of Everywoman.

Only a short time ago ST FRANCIS WOOD was a part—the most beautiful part—of the wellknown Sutro forest, lying on a gentle, sunny, sheltered slope overlooking Lake Merced and the Pacific. Shut off from older San Francisco by a range of hills, it seemed to possess all the charm and beauty of the country, although in reality less than a mile from the exact geographical center of the city. Best of all, its seeming remoteness had preserved it from those cheap, unsightly buildings which unfortunately dis-

minima in incinario de indicio de la minima de mante de mani, de indicio de mande de

The change has been wrought partly by the inevitable development of the City itself in its insistent demand for a new and real residence district; partly by the owners of ST FRANCIS WOOD in their conscious, deliberate planning to make of it the most charming and artistic of all existing residential prop-

The city, on its part, has just completed at a cost of over \$4,000,000 the famous Twin Peaks Tunnel with its western portal within one-half block of ST FRANCIS WOOD. It is now constructing through this tunnel a rapid transit car-line, which, when completed within the next three months, will bring this beautiful, but once remote region, nearer to downtown San Francisco than any other high-class residence district of the city.

The city has also, within this same period, constructed its splendid system of automobile boulevards, the five finest of which radiate in five different directions from the very gates of ST FRANCIS WOOD. More pleasure automobiles pass this junction every day than any other point in San Francisco. Through all these agencies ST FRANCIS WOOD has been brought close to the very center of the city's activity.

(To be completed in the next issue of Everywoman.)

Yours very respectfully,

Owners of ST FRANCIS WOOD.

# CUCRYUOMAN

Official Journal of The National Council of Women, Membership. 7.000.000



In This Issue:

Two Queens --- The Heroines of Today
By Ta Tole Fuller

The American Red Cross
By Ernesline Evans

What About the Woman?
By Constance Orexel

Editorials

City Planning

Clubs and Clublights

The Woman of India

The Junior Red Cross

Our Safety

Studios and Art Galleries

Music and Musicians

Our Kiddies Corner

Home Economics

Tuberculosis

The "Villas" of Free Flanders





Miss Constance Drexel

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- (4) "Everywoman's" subscribers are proud of feminine progress. They read of this progress in our magazine. This means thorough scrutiny of its contents and advertisers secure greater benefit as a result.
- (5) "Everywoman" is printed on excellent paper and advertisements are well placed as to reading matter. These physical advantages produce a more attractive and more widely read advertisement.
- (6) "Everywoman" has broad scope, is fearless, diversified, clean, non-sectarian and non-partisan. It has

- no enemies who would discredit those who advertise in its columns.
- (7) "Everywoman" is the official journal of the National Council of Women, composed of seven million members through its affiliated associations in the United States. Reciprocity is a strong factor to advertisers who assist in its upbuilding efforts.
- (8) "Everywoman," because of its official nature, is preserved in homes and clubs for years. This insures to advertisers greater permanency than is usual.
- (9) "Everywoman," besides estimated local readers of more than 25,000 each month, goes to 1000 clubs numbering over 100,000 women members. Local advertisers are charged for local readers only.
- (10) "Everywoman's" subscribers are busy women.

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- (11) "Everywoman" will establish an Advertiser's Index, making quick reference to any advertisement possible to readers of this magazine.
- (10) "Everywoman," through an expert, will edit each advertisement free of charge, when desired.

The advertiser who reads the above carefully must concede that not one reason has been forced and that each and every one constitutes a real advantage, whether for results or general publicity. It is our purpose to combine the natural advantages of this magazine with an efficient service which will maintain permanent relations with all earnest and far-seeing advertisers. The law of mutual benefit is thus bound to prevail.

Everywoman Works For You All Will You Work For 1152 We Ask Each Subscriber To Send in Two New Subscribers And do it Now!



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Now!

It Is Always

Pro-Humanity

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SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER, 1917

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## Workers of the World

#### Two Queens -- Heroines of the Day

ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF BELGIUM

In the annals of history, no circumstances have existed more remarkable than those in which Queen Elizabeth found herself at the outbreak of this terrible war. A Bavarian princess by birth, she faced a situation that few women in the world would be able to cope with. Indeed, it was superhuman! There was no time to ponder over it. She must choose between the dictates of a love for the people of whom she was born, and a duty which she had sworn to perform through her husband the King. She did not hesitate. She stood by the side of her husband and for the people of her adopted country, and she stands there today. The justification is hers, because it was the country of her own people who came to attack the country of her adoption. Her spirit rose against the monstrous injustice of the thing, and from that day to this she has never wavered in her attitude toward the cause of right.

#### BELGIUM LIFE

The Queen's Work and Devotion

VERYONE knows that Belgium has not fallen entirely under the yoke of the oppressor. There remains in the west between the Yser, the North Sea and France, a little corner of free territory. On this soil riddled by shells, bathed in blood and where—stubbornly—the plow of the Flemish peasant continues to till the ground, two armies are grouped, pressed closely around their sovereign; there King Albert commands his soldiers; the queen directs the battalions of charity.

Among the works, which the necessities of war has eaused to spring up, in what remains of the Kingdom of Belgium, the oldest, the most important and the most perservering, is that which is known, under the name of the "Aide Civile et Militaire Belge." It works outside of the governmental machinery, which gives it more liberty, and yet it is under its protection, which assures its stability.

It is a private organization of which the Countess Van Den Steen (who is its directrice), has assumed the moral and financial responsibility. It works over a large part of the Belgium territory, and on into the Fourth of France, where there are living a large number of Flemish refugees.

Since January, 1915, the "Aide Civile et Militaire Belge" has founded a civil hospital, a military hospital, a dispensary, a maternity home, two orphanages, a ereehe, depots to distribute clothing for the poor—and milk for the young babes. Children's schools, lace making classes, work rooms for refugee women, etc., etc.

It is above all, the fate of the children of the firing line which attracts its By La Loie Fuller



Elizabeth of Belgium.

solicitude. Since January, 1915, thanks to its column of automobiles, it has saved about three thousand children from the bombarded zone. Mademoiselle Gabrielle Block directs this service.

While shells were raining on Ypres, a number of children continued to play in the streets, and on the public squares. Many of the civilian parents had been killed; the authorities—the school teachers—had fled. Left without supervision, the little ones ran about haphazard, following the soldiers who lavished tidbits upon them. In their play they imitated the whistling of the shells, made rings and sang military songs. One day a shell burst in the midst of the group, killing one child, wounding others

Marie, Queen of Rumania

N English princess of Great Britain and Ireland, Marie, the granddaughter of Queen Victoria, daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh and granddaughter of the murdered Czar of Russia. Marie, the Queen of Rumania, at the moment of the heroic entry into the war of her adopted country could have taken her family of six children to England, and safety; instead, she remained where she was, and her children with her, to weather the storm with her people, for better or for worse, with devastation raging around her. Compelled to leave the body of her babe to the enemy, her life and the lives of her loved ones in danger, she stands at bay with a nation of loyal subjects around her, their backs to the wall, hoping and believing in the right-cousness of their cause. Whether on the field or in the hospitals, she worked everywhere, then fell a victim to the fever. No medicine was theirs—not even quinnie—to give her, and her sleeping accommodations was a soldier's cot, in Jassey, the headquarters of the King.

—and the little ones went to play further off.

The "Aide Civile et Militaire Belge" has collected at Ypres and in the neighborhood alone over three hundred children (girls and boys). It has selected in preference, complete orphans; that is to say, those having neither fathers or mothers. These children are brought up in two establishments in the North of France. The Belgium government has approved these orphanages and now subsidizes them.

The other children which the "Aide Civile et Militaire Belge" has saved, have been sent, some of them to the scholastic colonies of the government (which are in France) and others (and these are the most favored ones) to a refuge which the Queen of the Belgians has, on her own initiative, and at her own expense, organized in hugh barracks. There are over five hundred children in whom she takes a special interest.

But all these children are from five to sixteen years of age. There is another catagory of unfortunates which no one looks after. These are the little ones under four; new born babes, abandoned at birth, orphans of a few days, illegitimate babies, weaklings—unwelcomed and badly cared for, or those that are found under the ruins of bombarded houses or near the bleeding bodies of their mothers, mangled by a shell.

One day, just after a very intense bombardment, some members of the "Aide Civile et Militaire Belge" were crossing a ruined street. They heard the laughter of a child coming from below the debris of a little house. When, after much trouble, they succeeded in reaching the cellar into which the whole family had fallen, they found there five

(Continued on page four)

## Workers of the World

#### Her Majesty the Queen of Rumania

HE King of Rumania has two brothers, they are leaders in the German army. One of them has been sent to punish the king and devastate the country of his brother. A fitting example, showing the sense of justice of the German mind. Germany was instrumental in making Ferdinandi King of Rumania, then, demanded that he be untrue to the people of his adoption. A people whose hearts and souls revolted at the oppression—already of many years standing-of their conquered people of Transylvania, conquered by their present enemy, Hungary. King Ferdinand knew that to force his people on to the side of their oppressors would mean the annihilation of the very life of his country, and he sacrificed his all, for loyalty to them. True to his kingdom, he has stood firm to suffer, to die for them if need be. And, standing by his side, is a woman, of whom every woman in the whole world would be proud, if she only knew her. A woman who is the friend, the mother, the defender of the least of her adopted people. Oh! indeed, a mother may limit her love, her care, her attention-to just her own flesh and blood; but a true queen must be above all else, a protector to all her people. All are her family, and Queen Marie from early morning 'till late at night is here, there and everywhere, no places are too lowly, no holes are too dark, no malady too contagious to stop her efforts. No sights are too terrible to arrest her in her work. She is the very spirit of the soul of her country. Men are imbued with desire to serve and save her, make the effort to join their regiments and fall dead by the way of hunger and cold. So wonderful has been the example of this beautiful woman who has disdained comfort and safety elsewhere; that to the minds of her people, she has long ago left the palace throne for an angel's seat. The whole nation so love her that the war is called "The Queen's War." "To save the Queen! To save the Queen!" Peasant and prince alike call her Santa Maria.

Beautiful as a dream, a fairy princess; fair as a golden ray of the bright light of the sun, she sheds over her people and all who know her a spirit so great and glorious that God alone knows how



Marie of Rumania.

great she is. In order to destroy the king and queen of Rumania, the invading army proclaimed, in printed matter posted all over the country: "We are not the enemy of Rumania; we have come to punish your traitor king-your felon of a king!" And so the country thought the people would be spared, till the punishment began, and then they understood. No words can describe, so it is said by those who have escaped to tell the tale, the terrible and awful punishment meted out to the king and queen, through their poor defenseless subjects. Beingshuman beings-put to unspeakable torture. The cry from the heart of the queen, when they took her away and she knew that she could not save her people, has encircled the earth. The world shall know it some day, when the war is over and the tale is told.

The king is with his army, and the queen is working amongst the miscries of her people. No medicines, no bandages, no clothing for the poor who have escaped, or for the wounded soldiers. Over one million people have starved in the part of the country where the queen is. No people on earth have more helplessly suffered. Belgium is near us, but Rumania is hemmed in on all sides. It is eight hundred miles from Petrograd, which is again eight hundred miles from the nearest scaport.

Rumania is in a desperate condition; but the king and queen never falter. The queen writes: "We are standing with our jaws set, our teeth clinched, hand in hand, face to the enemy. And there we shall stand till our last ball is fired."

Now, what can we do for Rumania?

Ask Loie Fuller or Dr. Champet of Trinity Church.

The great question before the world today is—the war! The greater question before the world today is—who shall win the war?

Throughout the civilized and uncivilized world are to be found the works of man. These works were created first by thought. Ah, that's it: Thought. Thought is the thing. Thought—sentiment. Effort. Perseverance, determination, but above all, righteousness.

And when the United States of America in all righteousness unfurled its banner the battle was won!

In the bright lexicon of our nation's youth there is no such word as fail. But after—afterwards—a war of wars will live down through the ages. A war of hatred! with monuments of stone to mark the place where hatred struck the blow of hatred and gave birth to hatred. Wrong against men. Which, though we may pray and pray, can never be obliterated from the history of yesterday. Wrongs so merciless, so overwhelmingly merciless that the earth itself cannot efface them. They stand, and there they will stand, until Hohenzolerism and its disciples are obliterated from the earth.

The war of hatred will live and burn until children can be born who, looking back upon the crucifixion of their fathers and their fathers' fathers can still say with truth in their hearts: "We forgive."

Then, and then only, will the great war of 1914 come to an end, and the banner of hatred shall be buried in the past. The time to begin the planting of peace in the seeds of forgivenness is now and here. Love and protection to the oppressed, is the first great step towards the triumph over hate! By the laws of civilization, "Reason" is the leader of the majority, and in the overwhelming majority of the opinion of nations, the judges of the world today, have pronounced the Hohenzolerns and their supporters guilty! And the war of hatred

(Continued on page four)

## Marie, Queen of Rumania

(Continued from page three)

will live until the children, and their children's children, shall see and know, and say: "Ours were the guilty ones. Forgive us!" Then, and then only, shall the war of 1914 cease to be, and will disappear in the midst of a forgotten past, with the monuments of stone grown over with the greens and flowers of mother nature, to soften and obliterate the memories of men.

Charity should begin at home. But it should not end there. What can we do? We can begin by talking about it. By thinking about it. By wishing to do children may be saved. They are in the something. By expressing loving desires to help. By showing and feeling a sympathy for those who suffer, and a desire to help them. By learning to what extent others have suffered for us, worked for us, and died for our cause.

America never turns away from distress even when it is not her own. But help is wanted for children whose fathers have given their lives in our common cause, and whose mothers have been outraged, shamed, degraded, humiliated, killed or taken as slaves. More of these care of the two queens I can give you no greater proof than that of the justification of the cause. These children now have no parents; the world needs them. They are children of God.

When the dawn of peace shall burst over the earth, and when the world can live once more in the glorious light of God, there will be found unfurled, reaching from ocean to ocean and land to land a universal banner-with these words outstanding in a golden light: Liberty! Fraternity! Equality!

## Elizabeth, Queen of Belgium

(Continued from page two)

corpses—a whole family—in the midst of these horrors, a little girl of two years was playing with her doll.

Another time they found a poor, forgotten baby, reduced to a skeleton, in a farm house whose inhabitants, suffering from typhoid, had vacated.

Numerous are the examples of child lives which one could have saved if one had had the means. So many children are exposed; a great number are mutilated or blown to pieces by the German shells. There was a corpse of a baby of four months who was sleeping in its cradle; a shell fell in the room—the cranium of the child was emptied.

There are children left without anyone to look after them, picking up near the trenches, shells which explode and mutilate or blind them. And although three hundred children, boys and girls, have been saved at Ypres, in the region of that cruelly devastated place, there are many more children which the "Aide Civile et Militaire Belge" could save if they could only find the means to fetch them away and to build shanties to shelter them in, and to feed and to clothe them. But all the places far and wide are overcrowded—and the poor people are underfed.

Often little bodies of infants and children are brought to the base hospital, all maimed and dead or dving, all of whom could have been saved, if the power of the "Civile Aide" could have done it. But the ambulances are insufficient in number to do all the work required of them, even though they work day and night. For these ambulances must transport not only the wounded soldiers and civilians and children, but they must transport food and clothing.



La Loie Fuller.

Often a car must go clear to Calais with a message, must transport milk and medicines, supplies of all kinds, all through the entire part of "Free' Belgium, and over the border into France. Here, in all its corners, the "Aide Civile et Militaire Belge" has depots, stations, hospitals, schools, workships, inoculating stations, purifying and distributing water, milk and help of all kinds, visiting nurses, sisters and settlement work.

The "Aide Civile et Militaire Belge" have seven automobiles and they ought to have fifty. Even then we would have none too many. The brave little womangirl who volunteered this train of ambulances (who is she?) is so esteemed by the government for her good work that the army has made her a part of it. Her train, which for eighteen months was her sole charge, in drivers, tires, gasoline and repairs, so won the admiration of the army that they took her and her ambulances into the army and made her a part of it. Her train was militarized and she was made into a real soldier. The army therefore undertook the task of supplying her, not only with soldiers to drive her cars, but with splendid machinists. The army now provides her with tires and gasoline, but she herself must provide the cars and keep them in order. So sure is the army of her services that they know if her machine is riddled by shrapnel or blown up by a shell she will repair it within twelve hours or replace it instantly. Always prepared to accomplish this she has hundreds of small parts necessary to insure the constant perfect order of any machine. She herself flies through the country in a hundred horsepower car, to enable her to find out without delay where her machines are most

And when we think that she has to help pick up mangled bodies of mothers, regardless of her emotions or sentiments, or repulsion to hideous sights, and witness the mad despair of dying, butchered women, old men and children-when we think of that, we will not wonder that one day her heart cried out to us for help, for more cars-more cars-so that others might be spared whom she had not the facilities to save. She wrote, saying, "After three years this is the first time I have given way to my emotion-when I should be strong and brave—but it is for others I cry out to you for help, which you in America without having seen, can never understand."

## The American Red Cross Raising Mortgage On the Next Generation In France

By Ernestine Evans

THE American Red Cross has sent an infant welfare unit, under Dr. William P. Lucas of California, to France. If the United States wishes to bring an early victory to the Allies and to back up France that she may continue the heroic struggle of the last three years, this step was absolutely necessary. The depopulation problem which the French were facing before the war began has become since August. 1914, one of the most serious dangers confronted by the country.

In 1916 there were 1,100,000 deaths in France, and there were only about a fourth as many births. The excess of deaths over births was greater than the population of Lyons or Marseilles, the cities which dispute the position of second city of France, second only to Paris. With the French birth already as low as it was even before the war, and with the tragic deficit of these last three years, it is clear that it is not enough to save the present generation of Frenchmen—that part of it which remains—from annihilation or conquest. Even more precious is the coming generation.

A wise beginning has been made by the scientists, charities, and officials of France, but the scope of their work needs very considerable enlargement. Moreover, adequate resources are lacking to them. Prenatal care, the regulation of the working conditions of pregnant women and mothers, canteens for the distribution of wholesome food and the transportation of good milk directly to nursing mothers and infants—all these are important steps such as have been taken since August, 1914. These enterprises must be continued. But it the weakest links in the chain of humanity are the years of infancy and childhood, it must not be forgotten that perhaps the weakest individual link is that of the years from I2 to 16. The saving of young lives is not enough. It is essential that the young lives should be made worth saving; that the body, the spirit and the mind should all be given an equal and fair chance of growth and flowering. The boys and girls who have lived in the sound of the big guns must forget that sound. They must not only learn what bread and butter taste like, they must also learn what it is to play. The mortgage on France's future must be lifted!

The American Red Cross realizes all this and is developing its plan of campaign. To France the Red Cross is sending an Infant Welfare Unit headed by Dr. William P. Lucas of California. This unit will give immediate relief, so far as it is able, and its seven members will also make a large-scale, first-hand study of social and medical requirements. Plans will be worked out for the health and well being of the young, and arriving, generation in France.

Dr. Lucas, who commands the first Infant Welfare Unit of the Red Cross, brings to the task experience gained in Belgium, where he investigated the condition of the Belgium children at Mr. Hoover's request. Dr. Lucas has written extensively in his own field, and is Professor Pediatrics at the University of California. Returning to America after making his extensive study of conditions in Belgium, Dr. Lucas originated the "Save the Baby" movement, by which the feeding of starving infants was financed by dollar subscriptions from hundreds of thousands of givers.

With Dr. Lucas went Dr. J. Morris Slemons, of the Yale Medical School, author of "The Expectant Mother" and one of the best known of American obstetricians; Dr. Julius Parker Sedgwick, physiological chemist and professor at the University of Minnesota; Dr. John C. Baldwin, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.; Dr. J. Durand of Seattle, specialist in the diseases of children; Dr. Clain F. Gelston, Dr. Lucas's assistant at the University of California; Dr. N. O. Pearce, another specialist, and the following experts in sociology and child welfare work: Mrs. J. Morris Slemons, Mrs. William P. Lucas, Miss Elizabeth Ashe, and Miss Rosamond Gilder, daughter of the poet.

Dr. Lucas's expeditionary force of America's army of hygiene, enlisted for the battle to save the children of France, is only the pioneer. Other Infant Welfare Units will follow. They have already been organized. They're only waiting for their orders.

#### THE LITTLE TAVERN

By Edna St. VINCENT MILLAY

I'll keep a little tavern Below the high hill's crest, Wherein all gray-eyed people May sit them down and rest. There shall be plates a-plenty, And mugs to melt the chill Of all the gray-eyed people Who happen up the hill. There sound will sleep the traveler, And dream his journey's end, But I will rouse at midnight The falling fire to tend. Ay, 'tis a curious fancy-But all the good I know Was taught me out of two gray eyes A long time ago.

-Literary Digest.

#### DINANT

One of the most striking features in the scenery around Dinant is the Bayard Rock, about two miles from the town, on the road to Anscremme. The road passes through an opening, in the front of an isolated rock 120 feet high, which stands out, but close to the limestone cliff. The rock is said to have been thrown into its present condition by a meteor which struck it in the 17th

Louis XIV had the opening enlarged in order to make more room for the entrance of his artillery into the town.

Legend ascribes its origin to Bayard, the magic steed, of which we hear so much in the earlier fiction of Belgium.

The opening in the rock is over three and one-half yards square; parts of the rock have been blown away with dynamite. Napoleon passed through here on his way to Waterloo.

#### THE DEAD

By Sigourney Thayer

I feared the lonely dead, so old were they,— Decrepit, tired beings, ghastly white, With wtihered breasts and eyes devoid of sight, Forever mute beneath the sodden clay; I feared the lonely dead, and turned away From thoughts of somber death and endless

From thoughts of somber death and endless night;

Thus through the dismel hours I langed for

Thus, through the dismal hours I longed for light

To drive my utter hopelessness away.

But now my nights are filled with flowered dreams

Of singing warriors, beautiful and young; Stron gmen and boys within whose eyes there

The trimph song of worlds unknown unsung;
Grim death has vanished, leaving in its stead
The shining glory of the living dead.
—The Atlantic Monthly.

## What About The Woman?

### What of the Children --- And Their Future?

I SAW her in a creamery in the neighborhood of my home in Paris. Many months before, in passing, I used to notice her, busily bending over the cash drawer, while the young husband might be deftly arranging a litre of milk or some delicious Normandy butter in the gaping basket of a waiting cook.

But this day, in early December, I immediately noted her mourning. "A relative has been killed," I thought. Then I saw the touch of black on the three-year-old child toddling about dragging a bedraggled doll on the sawdust-covered floor. Even before looking at the woman's face, I knew. The husband would return no more. I tried gently to talk with her about it,—I had had so much experience in talking with them about it.

"He was wounded fighting in Belgium. He died in a field hospital there and was buried near. I had a telegram."

Suddenly almost a glad light came into her eyes. "How happy I ought to be. I can have his body after the war. The Government will tell me just where he is, and I can have him brought here. Think of my poor sister. Her husband was killed on the Aisne. After the battle his medal with its number was cut from around his neck. She did not hear for a long time. Finally the military authorities identified the number and sent her a telegram announcing his death. She does not know where his body is. Perhaps it is still frozen on that battlefield, or perhaps it was heaped in a great pile with others and burned. How much more fortunate am I! 1 at least may have my husband's body buried near.

She turned her attention to a customer. They were few, alas! these hard times, and she must struggle on for the baby.

On the Toussaint, November 1st, the day set apart every year for honoring the dead, I went to the cemetery. I saw the graves of the English and French soldiers who had died of their wounds in the Paris hospitals. Each was piled several feet high with flowers, mostly single ones dropped by the passing throng. I noticed from the names and regiments marked on the black wooden crosses that the men were from distant parts of France. Strangers were doing them honor. As I passed through the

By Constance Drexel

[Miss Constance Drexel, editorial staff of the Philadelphia Ledger, who was in France when the devastating hordes of Germans poured down upon that country, tells Everywoman of the sad scenes of suffering and sorrow which fell with such incredible suddenness on the helpless. That Miss Drexel was a partaker in their anguish, her picture, which forms the cover of Everywoman, in this issue, shows plainly.]

solemn crowd, the sound of convulsive sobbing suddenly came to my ear. I peered through countless heads in its direction and saw the figure of a woman. Absolutely oblivious of the throngs surging in the narrow paths about her, she was the embodiment of frantic, abandoned despair. Through the heavy veil

suffering, I felt an intruder into the inner shrine of her grief. Finally a young girl went up, proffering murmured words of comfort, took the swaying figure in her arms, and I left them, a symbol of the robbed womanhood of France.

She had walked kilometres, rushing madly away when the Germans pushed through Belgium and poured their devastating millions into northern France. The civilian population, mostly women and children, fled in terror, leaving their homes, in many cases to be burned or wrecked by exploding shells. She had

#### FREEDOM, OUR QUEEN

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

AND where the banners wave last in the sun,
Blazoned with star-clusters, many in one,

Floating o'er the prairie and mountain and sea;

Hark! 'tis the voice of thy children to thee!

Here at thine altar our vows we renew, Still in thy cause to be loyal and true— True to thy flag on the field and the wave, Living to honor it, dying to save!

Mother of heroes! if perfidy's blight
Fall on a star in thy garland of light,
Sound but one bugle-blast! Lo! at the
sign

Armies all panoplied wheel into line!

Hope of the world! thou hast broken its chains—

Wear thy bright arms while a tyrant remains,

Stand for the right till the nations shall own

Freedom their sovereign, with law for her throne!

Freedom! sweet Freedom! our voices re-

Queen by God's blessing, unsceptred, uncrowned!

Freedom, sweet Freedom, our pulses repeat,

Warm with her life blood as long as they

Fold her broad banner, stripes over her breast;

Crown her the star-jeweled Queen of the West!

Earth for her heritage, God for her friend, She shall rule over us, world without end!

of crepe hanging from the front of her widow's bonnet and covering her from head to foot, one could discern that she was quite young. She had probably managed to come on alone, from a long way, in spite of the meager railroad facilities at the disposal of civilians.

Everyone stared as if fascinated. She was so terrible in her absorbed grief, her body swaying to and fro, her hands now and again clenching the air, and her body doubling over as if under the stress of the storm, that not one of the other weeping women seemed to dare approach. I yearned to do something, but as an alien, a foreigner, with no kindred

rushed away in terror when the German cannon began to roar around Soissons, precipitatedly leaving her little home, able to save nothing but what could be taken into the baby carriage with the youngest child. No railroad or any other conveyances were available, everything rollable as well as eatable had been usurped by the military authorities. This poor woman with her three children, in a straggled procession of refugees, had come on foot the fifty miles to Paris.

I saw her where she had taken refuge with her cousin, our Concierge. Like the other thousands of women who have

## What About the Woman?

been obliged to escape from the path of the enemy, she had had no communication from her husband and other relatives at the war. They could not know of her whereabouts. The fear of her husband's anxiety, in case the sparsity of news at the front had given a hint of the conditions in northern France, seemed to worry her more than her own harrowing plight. She was living on the daily one franc twenty-five centimes (25c) for herself and fifty centimes (10c) for each of the three children allowed her by the French government, and eking out a few additional sous per day in sewing on shirts for the soldiers. Out of the money earned, she was hoping to save some to send to her husband at the front that he might have a little in addition to his own sou a day to spend if he ever got near a village.

"I do not complain," she said to me.
"I have my children with me. So many were lost from their mothers those terrible days en route."

I knew her at the outbreak of the war. She was the wife of a hard-working architect left behind in Paris, while she and her little boy of six sought rest in a primitive Brittany village by the sea. Not being the type of woman who read the newspapers or kept in touch with the world's affairs, the war cloud those dark days of dread at the end of July hardly dimmed the sunshine of her life. But when the storm finally burst, when, on that never-to-be-forgotten Saturday afternoon, the first of August, the leagues of trembling wires radiated from Paris to every little hamlet of France the government's final decision to mobilize its reserve army-when the tocsin rang out the news from the village church, then she knew.

I saw her an hour or two afterwards. She had already been told that all trains, telephones, telegraph and even the postal service had been taken over by the government for sole use in mobilizing its army. "But perhaps I won't see my husband before he goes. Paris is eight hours away. He can't even communicate with me. I don't know what day he must be at his post. I've never paid much attention to his 'carnet militaire' with its instructions as to when and where he must join his regiment. O how awful, and I, too, tied here hand and foot!"

She dared not voice her hovering fear, and I surmised she was thinking of her baby coming in autumn who might never

know its father. But that was not the torment tearing at the vitals of her heart. If that calamity befell her, her conscience could not trouble her. She finally confessed having quarreled with her husband, her longsuffering, hard-working husband toiling away in the hot city that she might be having a holiday by the sea. Long since she had known it was her fault, but had thought to tell him when he could get away to snatch a little vacation. Now the war was to

#### MORITURI SALUTAMUS June 5, 1917

By WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH

(Professor Carruth, contributor of the following poem to The Bulletin, is the head of the English department of Stanford University and the author of "Each In His Own Tongue" and much other notable verse.)

Notable verse.) Own Tongue" and the block,
Heart choked with rage and feet irresolute;

Not like dumb beasts that crowd the deathward chute,

Snuffing the blood of their own slaughtered flock;

But clear-eyed, lifted up upon a rock, Would we this day enter the grim dispute. We being about to die, our Chief salute. Highly prepared to meet the ultimate shock,

Ten million men, we answer to the call; Three million lives—our lives—we offer, and

We ask but this, our leader, once for all: Since we must pay the cost, to understand 'Ere the full tempest from the heavens fall,

The concrete terms on which we stay our hand.

-From San Francisco Bulletin.

take him, and she was impotent to act, with a guilty conscience which seemed for the moment more terrible than the new responsibilities thrust upon her.

In a neighboring villa under the pines by the sea, the father was a Captain in the army who, at the outbreak of the war, was on convalescent leave. During his service in the French colonies his family had always accompanied him, even Indo-China. Now, because of his sick leave, he was not obliged to report for duty, but he was determined to. Against the pleading of his wife and children, he had notified his Colonel days before, when war looked imminent, to order him to the firing line with his regiment.

I saw them the evening before his departure. The next day he would leave for Paris. From there he would be sent forth, where, he did not know.

"Oh, if only I could go with him," cried his fair little wife, her face wan from the uncertainty of the past few days. But this waiting and watching, without news for days, not knowing what is happening, nor even where he is—as, it is far worse to be left behind. So many of the officers' wives are going along, to work as near their husbands as possible in the field hospitals. But I—I am not strong enough. The climate in China nearly killed me. Oh, what shall I do here, thinking, thinking, thinking all day and all night, with the children continually asking for their father."

The husband tried to comfort her, for he adored his wife, but I saw he did not realize her sacrifice. His martial spirit and idea of duty spurred him to be off. He would not have changed places with her, but she would have with him, for she counted his lot of action far easier than hers of helpless anxiety.

We watched the black Breton-costumed figure labor up the walk in the twilight. Before we had a chance to see the tell-tale face under the neat little Breton cap, we knew why it was she, in spite of the broken arm in the sling, who was bringing us our milk that evening.

"Bon soir, mesdames," came the courteous French greeting, in spite of all.

"Where is Marie?" We had no need to ask, but thought to comfort the poor creature.

"Ah, you must know what has befallen my poor country. You heard the tocsin, the bells tolling, this afternoon. My Josef, being only 24, is among the first to go. He must join his regiment at once. He leaves for his post tomorrow. You can imagine that his wife did not want to leave him the last night. Ah, poor, poor Marie."

We had a vision of the bright carefree girl as we had seen her blithely bringing us warm milk at twilight or in the dew of the morning. She was just a peasant girl, who, perhaps, had been no farther into the world than Nantes or even Saint Nazairre. But we had marveled at her bright, intelligent features, cultivated language, and had envied her contentment in her wholesome farm life, her happiness in husband and baby. How her eyes would shine beneath the straight-drawn braided hair under the stiff starched Breton cap as, leaning against the garden gate, she would pour forth her simple narrative

(Continued on page twenty-seven)

## CVERYWOMAN

## EDITORIAL PAGES

Jeanne E. Francoeur, Editor

## Prussianizing America Is the Traitor's Game

MONG the most deadly poison gases which the hydrophobiac brain of the Kaiser and his hirelings have planted in America is the traitor. He is here in families, squadrons and battalions. His game is to Prussianize America if possible—though this seems unbelieveable to many—he has had some success. His tools he finds among the weaklings, the degenerates and the ingrates of all nations who seek and find shelter in this hospitable and too trusting country. He also finds, among their descendant-born on this continent, quite a herd of tricksters, with the same taint, who are even more dangerous than their ancestors, because they are a trifle more clever; and because they make treachery their lifework. This is the class of whom Mr. Gerard speaks in "My Four Years in Germany," when he tells of the "Americans" who vilified the President and the Country, and of the shame which they brought on the name of America.

They are just as disloyal, just as brazen, and just as active in this country today.

So, in like manner, while poor liberty-loving Russia was giving the best blood in her veins to free her country from slavery and the deadly example of decaying autocracy, the same brand of professional traitors were zealously digging her grave, through the efforts of the unscrupulous and degraded aliens and natives, with the same deceptions and disturbances. through which they have sought to disrupt the working force of this country.

Knowing all this; it is quite clear, if the administraters of our laws do not take more drastic measures against those criminals and their depredations, America will have a problem to deal with which will give the peoples of the world an unforgettable shock. For, America will be compelled, out of self protection, not only to close her doors against this class, but will have to deport the flood of traitors who are trying to Prussianize this country. That is one of the dastardly Junker schemes of degrading a country.

The contemptuous indifference with which the laws of this country have treated the variagated brands of anarchists and conspirators has given encouragement to these shatter-brained abnormals—accustomed as they are to the kicks and bayonets of intolerant rulers—they utterly fail to understand the patience of the Americans.

When the Berkmans, the Goldmans and their bomb throwing followers and associates have been allowed to air their monstrous and degrading beliefs all over the country, under the guize of "free speech," and "living their own lives," as they are pleased to call the sordid vulgar indecencies which they attempt to pass off as Socialism, Bohemianism, etc., into which they draw young girls of decent families, whose imagination is far stronger than their mental balance, and whose very immature natures are poisoned by these human leeches; it is high time for the lawmakers and the judges to wake up and give them a taste of what America understands by proper punishment for the crimes of anarchy and treason, which they are hourly committing under the name of "labor," "free speech," "peace" or any other shield, with more money at their command in a month—as lawbreakers—than all the honest working people could save in a life-time.

## Make the Punishment Fit the Crime

THEN will the law-makers of America give enough thought to framing laws which will give judges the right to impose upon criminals sufficient punishment to fit their crimes? If you have any doubts on that subject take a look over the files of Judge Van Fleet's Federal Court, in San Francisco, for the last couple of months. Men found guilty of the most dangerous crimes against the United States Government, through the foolish limits set for punishment, escape with ridiculously light sentences, considering they are men who were aiding and abetting our enemy's government. These are: Lawrence de Lancey, D. J. Harnedy and William Mullane, co-conspirators, in the attempt of liberating the former German Consul, Franz Bepp, and the Vice-Consul, E. H. von Schack, who were interned in Angel Island, as dangerous aliens. de Lancey had no trouble at all in finding bondsmen to put up \$20,000 for his bond. His fellow criminals were less fortunate—they had to wait. Considering the gravity of the crime, we felt that the conspirators were being gently delt with; de Lancey being given only one year and a half in the penintentiary at McNeil Island, and a fine of \$5000. His tools were sentenced to one year each in the county jail, and \$1000 fine each, as they were only tools. It seems that their usefulness has ended, as there was no one there to bail them, while de Lancey must have proved himself a pretty good weather shield for the "higherups" whose agents eagerly furnished \$20,000 bail on the spot.

There is no doubt that this fellow, de Lancey, came into this country to carry out the conspiracy of our enemy's government; for, he was too well steeped in its peculiar brand of criminal stupidity, for anyone to make a mistake.

It is true, Judge Van Fleet did reprimand de Lancey for

It is true, Judge Van Fleet did reprimand de Lancey for enlisting the services of his companions in the crime for which he was found guilty; and, for the stigma which he cast upon his fellow countrymen—who were good and loyal citizens.

Just then, memory flew back to Judge Murphy, and his estimate of what was due to criminals. We could not smother a sigh of deep regret and sorrow as we thought of the satisfaction it would have given him to sentence those traitors to seventy-five years on every count. He would have quickly wiped away with righteous justice and pleasure that stigma placed upon his countrymen. He is not too old yet; why not elect him—or appoint him to some vacancy—where he can handle just such cases.

Of Course, they say, the limit of punishment for entering into such a conspiracy is only two years, and one should not blame Judge Van Fleet for not exceeding the limit; but, where was there ever a limit, which California could not raise? If it fails to sufficiently punish such criminals, we very much fear Judge Lynch from Montana, may wander into California some fine morning—very early; and, we have a kind of an intuition—the judge is rather a silent, but active gentleman, who does not enjoy stigmas placed upon himself or his country, by any traitorous ruffians—as long as he is able to remove them. And he usually is able and willing.

able to remove them. And he usually is able and willing.

We quite agree with Mr. Samuel Gompers when he says: "Expell all traitors!" But, all things considered, as ships are scarce and swimming is wet, we are still under the firm conviction that the Honorable Lynch is the most genuine and thorough "Expeller" we know by name at present.

#### Advisory Council of Everywoman

Mrs. Philip North Moore
Mrs. John F. Merrill
Mrs. John E. Millholland
Mrs. John Rothschild
Mrs. Edwin Goodall
Mrs. Eugenie Schroeder

The Countess of Aberdeen
Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst
Mrs. A. W. Scott
Mrs. James C. Jordan
Ina Coolbrith
Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper

Dr. Kate Waller Barrett
Mrs. Henry Payot
Mrs. E. Gerberding
Mrs. Georgia Sperry
Mrs. James E. Wilkins

## Make Right and Energy Co-operate

S matters stand today throughout our country, we need every particle of our strength, thought power, energy and loyalty—and we are daily wasting more of these priceless treasures than all the money in the banks of the country could buy. While conservation of foods, labor and all the necessities of life are being solicitiously cared for, there is one enormous reservoir of power and patriotism clogged and neglected, and largely wasted; all because men—even the best of men, have not enough of the divine spark of justice mixed in with their thinking powers, and because they have too much of blind selfishness, close to the surface, and always on tap.

It is hardly necessary to say that this world embracing force is National Woman's Suffrage, which is hampered, scattered, neglected and belittled to the verge of loss. No thinking body of men and women on earth can, with any

degree of justice, deny these facts.

Lay aside, for a time, the right and justice of the Suffrage Cause—as a people, loving freedom above all other things—and look carefully into the wisdom—even selfish wisdom, and, there is such, where is the gain to our government of scattering the forces of, practically half of our people. There is absolutely none. On the other hand, the overwhelming loss is beyond calculation. Look at the energy, the devotion to occupation, home and country, which is daily wasted, in the open struggle made by women to obtain the rights, for which their mothers fought, for at least fifty years. And while we cannot always approve of the methods used to attain the desired and just success, by some enthusiasts, we plainly see the enormous advantage to our country if that energy were turned into its true channel.

Of course, it is hopeless to talk of National Suffrage ever becoming a reality by State Legislature. If anyone were hopeful enough to grasp that chimerical bauble, as a child grasps after a soap bubble, then that one's time is wasted. A pretty good proof of this fact, if proof were necessary, was the recent political chicanery and silly excuses put forward for the defeat of Suffrage in the State of Maine, last month. We all know—and, particularly, politicians know—that full Suffrage will never come to the women of the United States except through an act of Congress.

Pass the Susan B. Anthony amendment, and you release a force for good which will astound and delight the heart of the most conservative law-maker. His fears would vanish as miasma before a California sun.

#### ्रीय भीय भीन

## Rid America of Traitors By Making Women Their Jurors

EN of America! Congressmen! Every man! Give those spirited, educated, energetic young women of today their full rights. Do not make them work with crushed pride and in half-hearted measure for their country. Remove them from the sneering scorn of the slackers and traitors, who make "Scraps of paper" out of their too easily acquired citizenship. Put these same young women to work who are now wasting their lives—in too strenuous efforts—to gain their simple rights. Put them on the jury

panels of the country, and see what will become of the traitors then. See what will become of the saloons—next to the Kaiser and Senator La-Fool-la—the greatest curse on earth. See what will become of the white slavers. See what will become of the exploiters of child labor.

The very first election, following the granting of National Suffrage, will put them off the map—and, with them, their whole brood of off-springs.

Through the fatal delays in the granting of these rights, which, shame, alone, will force men to grant one of these days; less than a year ago, we lost—to this world at least—a girl of divine genius, beauty and loyalty—Inez Milholland Bossevain. If the world has had her equal, we have never seen nor heard of her. And that one glorious life, sacrificed to the cause of freedom, for which good men fight and die—gladly—was worth more to the world, than ten million lives of slackers who receive the rights of Suffrage, only to barter it away to the enemy.

We all know—and know with sympathy and understanding—the trials and tribulations, diplomacy and duplicity (same thing in the long run), which surround our President at this time; we know that he cannot do everything. But, he can do this thing: He can appoint a great specialist—such a man as Dr. Hoover is in his own line, to handle the Congressional end of the Suffrage matter.

We firmly believe that Colonel Roosevelt, were he given full charge of this grievous side of American Democracy, would straighten out the tangles, as well as straightening out any obstreperous congressman who wishes to uphold laws which exploit women and children.

We need every ounce of loyalty, energy and intelligence in America today. And we need it on the job.



## The National Council of Women Planning for the Future

Our President of the National Council of Women, Mrs. Philip North Moore, writes us of the mapping out of the work to be accomplished by the women of the Council during these troublesome times. All the Chairmen of Committees are preparing recommendations and suggestions for the reconstruction of affairs among the women of warring nations, in readiness for the ending of the war.

Owing to the fact that the privilege of this effort is accorded to the oldest members of the International body, of which Lady Aberdeen is the head, very great works of reconstruction and of sympathetic help and understanding, are sure to enter into the future upbuilding of the devastated countries and their stricken population. And, as our works shall be for Democracy and Humanity, all Chairmen are requested to bend the efforts of their programme hour, at the Biennial Meeting, toward this plan of work.

With the eagerness displayed by this great body of patriotic women in every field of service, the results to the world is sure to be tremendous. The programme for the future work of the Council is now being formed in Washington, D. C., and in our next issue we shall be able to give an account of a large part of the work which the members are to perform.

## City Planning

## In the Historic Past of Washington, D. C.

THE second official visit was to our national capital—Washington, D. C. Letters to the proper officials from Mayor Rolph gave the same fine

(Continued from September)

By Abbie E. Wilkins



This illustration shows the ground as it originally existed, giving the original form and limits of the city. You will notice that there were only three little villages in the City of Washington-Hamburg, Carrollsburg and Georgetown. These were the plantations of the nineteen original owners, and their names are still mentioned, such as Beall's Levels, Abby Manor, Hop Yard, etc.

introduction to the proper persons as noted in a previous article.

Every one interested in city planning, city betterment and city beautifying seems to have an interest in every other city that is taking up the same subject, and on this account they accord to every new investigator the greatest attention and assistance, and here, primarily, Col. Harts gave his attention and placed his work at our disposal and much that will be given in this article is quoted from him and from his lecture. We are also indebted to him for our copy of the slides that he uses in advancing the interests of the City of Washington among its own people.

Washington is an exceptional city in many respects. First, it is the only city in the United States for which a plan was drawn before anything was builded towards forming the city. Washington was founded in a very peculiar way. It is probably the only city in the world that has been laid out and designed with

a view to protecting the government from its own people. The people who live in Washington have nothing to do with its government. Congress is the city government and for me to tell you why, I must go back and give you a little history which I quote from Col. Harts:

"In 1783 a resolution of Congress was passed in which it was stated that Congress had been grossly insulted and its dignity assailed by the City of Philaledphia, where they were then sitting. At that time a number of Revolutionary soldiers, who had encamped in the vicinity of Philadelphia, took things in their own hands and threatened Congress with force in case they failed to agree to their demands to pay them their salaries which were long overdue.

"Congress was not in a mood to be threatened and passed a resolution, stating that their dignity had been assailed, and at that time they passed a resolution to the effect whenever a capital should be selected, it should be so

selected that it would be taken care of by their own powers, by their own strength and by their own methods and not trust to the local police force, which in the case of Philadelphia seemed to be unable and unwilling to protect Congress. At that time there grew up a desire in Congress, which later found its fulfillment in the city. They wanted a place where they had exclusive jurisdiction in everything they did. So this was the beginning of the idea long before the law organizing the city had been passed, and that was the event which inspired in their minds this desire to insure their own safety by having exclusive jurisdiction and ownership of the capital city."

Seven years after this first resolution was passed Congress ordered President Washington to select a place for the capital on the Potomac river. They also directed him to construct a building for the home of Congress, to build a house for the President of the United States and other officers, and all this without the appropriation of any money. He was authorized, however, to accept land, to accept presents, but he was not given any money to do business with. Today such a thing would be considered impossible, but Washington was a man of great resources, of great patience, and of great influence, and after inspecting the locality along the Potomac river, he selected the one where the City of Washington now is, which is on a peninsula between the Potomac on one side and what was known at the time as the Eastern branch of the other. Doubtless, this was a piece of ground of great beauty, but the question which had to be solved was how to acquire possession, how to supply buildings, how to do all that this called for without any money. The selection of the Potomac river as a location was in a way a tribute to Washington, The northern states, clustering about Massachusetts, desired to have their capital very much nearer the center of population. The states around Virginia, as the center of the southern population, desired to have the capital nearer their center. The whole of the United States at that time, you remember, was nothing but a fringe of states along the Atlantic seaboard, with no greater population than that of New York City at the present time-hardly as much, as the entire population was about 4,000,000. Many

## City Planning

things had to be considered, such as transportation, and at that time there was no steam, no electricity, no transportation other than horse power or sailing vessels. Of course, this had great effect because the easiest transportation was by sail, and they must be near the seaboard. The northern colonies wanted to have the city selected near the head of navigation of some stream in Massacrusetts; the southern colonies desired a point near the head of navigation of the Potomac. In both instances, the desire was to have it as far from the seaboard as practicable, but well within reach of the sea. The first thing that Washington sought to do after his selection of the site, was to see whether he could make terms with the owners. The original owners were nineteen in number, and they owned all the ground between Florida Avenue on the one side and the Anacoata river on the other, and the Potomac river on the west. The plan that was really adopted was that all of these owners should transfer to the United States the ground for all the streets and alleys necessary for the new city. They were to be paid at the rate of \$5 an acre for all land for public use, parks, etc., and the actual price for these acres came to about \$30,000. The remaining space was divided into lots, onehalf of which was to be given to the United States and the other half to be retained by the original owners. About 53 per cent of the area was given to the Government and 47 per cent was to be owned by the original owners in equal parts, so each owner got about one-fourth



The plan of Major L'Enfant. It contained a method of approach to the center of the city that is not necessary now, but was then, and that is a method of using canals. We find the old James Creek Canal running from the Potomac up to the Capitol, by which all the material for the Capitol was unloaded and brought there for the building. We find the old canal running along what is now B Street, Tiber Creek Canal. This was the method of transportation for garden produce.

of the original holdings, but the increase in price was to be sufficient to pay him for his entire interest which he had before. The United States was to sell these lots, and the money to be received from the lots was to provide the new buildings. This was not sufficient, but with the aid of individuals from the State of Maryland, the State of Virginia, and several other states, money enough was secured to accomplish the construction of the buildings.

In 1800 Washington was to have the buildings finished and ready for occupancy, and Congress did really move into the Capitol, and the President into the White House in that year, although they were still in an unfinished condition.

Washington selected Major L'Enfant, one of his officers during the Revolution, a Frenchman, whose father was an artist of some celebrity. Major L'Enfant designed the old City Hall of New York and part of the town of Paterson, N. J. He also designed the badge which the members of the Order of Cincinnati still wear.

## (To be continued.)

A Guarded Statement. — A village butcher, a big man, possest a deep voice, and he was exercising it at the local concert organized for the children's school-treat by singing several unapplanded encores.

"My!" exclaimed the school trustee's wife; "hasn't he an extensive repertory?"

"Well, I shouldn't like to say that," said the local dressmaker; "but he certainly is getting rather stout!"—"Tit-Bits."



An actual survey of the ground as made about 1800.

## Clubs and Clublights

#### Our Boys --- Who Are Called to the Colors

CUIRASSIERS OF FRANCE

By Thomas Jeffries Betts

[Owing to changed war conditions, the crack cavalry corps of the European nations have been in large measure dismounted and sent to the trenches to act as infantry.]

We Cuirassiers of France!

Oh, the bugles would bray as we cantered by, With our bridles low and our sabres high, With our black plumes flaunting to the sky From the tips of our helms, with our plates

And our hope was an open plain and free,

aglance.

With the squadron thundering knee to knee;
Of the swish of our keen, straight swords
dreamed we,

We Cuirassiers of France.

We Cuirassiers of France!

A burrow worms through our chosen plain.

Unmailed, we hold it, nor count it vain

That the squadron drop, if the ditch remain

As the boundary line of our French advance.

But beyond our dream ourselves we see,

Though our harness rust for a mockery,

Of the steel they took from our backs are we,

We, the Cuirasse of France!

where in the world. The artistic lightings, the rich fittings, the wonderful view of city and bay with the magic changing lights, blended with the moonlight on the tumbling, murmuring waves. And then—the young girls! Seven hundred of them; California beauties all! Girls belonging to the family friends of the hostess. For a moment the intake of breath as the soldier boys took in that sight, sounded like the sighing of the waves out over which they were looking.

All formalities were laid aside, and the boys and girls presented their cards, bearing their names and greetings. The music from two Presidio bands brought all into line, when Mrs. Scott and Captain Pierce led the grand march. For hours, from twelve to fourteen hundred well trained, physically perfect, handsome boys and exquisite girls danced the hours away.

Then this scene of bravery and beauty came to a close as Mme. Francis Drake LeRoy, in a voice which strung the emotions to the highest pitch, sang the "Star Spangled Banner," while the chaplains, officers and soldiers stood at attention

Following this, Mr. Leonard, manager of the Fairmont, made all who attended the ball his guests for an elaborate supper.

The Forum Club gives its regular programmes just as usual. They are made up of social, literary and art study days, and the entertainment of the celebrated travelers who visit California. The afternoons of the first, second and fourth Wednesdays are devoted to excellent programs. All day Tuesdays are given over to the Red Cross Auxiliary, when all the members work at knitting and sewing for the enlisted men. These meetings are enlivened by afternoon teas, just to lighten the ache which blends in with every stitch.

## OUR FLAG

E have no heraldic devices, no quarterings, no crest, but what true American may look on the stars upon their azure field, the red and white stripes rampant, without feeling the thrill of "My Country!"

God gave us liberty, and by His grace we will fulfill our mission to teach liberty and democracy to the world as we have been taught.

M. H. P.

#### WHAT THE FORUM CLUB DID FOR THE BOYS WHO ARE CALLED TO THE COLORS

ROM the opening of the club season last month, the presidents and the programme chairmen have had their usual routine of educational and uplift work enlarged upon and enlivened by the functions given, and to be given, by the city clubs to Our Boys, who are fast getting ready to fight, that freedom may live, and that greed and oppression may be driven from the world.

It is the object of practically every club in San Francisco to give balls, musicals and various entertainments for the officers and for the enlisted men who are called to "Somewhere in France." And neither work, time nor expense discourage the ladies who have undertaken the entertainments so far.

From the first day, when Our Boys were called into camp, Mrs. A. W. Scott, the President of the exclusive Forum Club, as a matter of habit, and out of her natural understanding, has been an angel of sympathy to the boys-particularly to the lonely ones. Daily auto trips to the Santa Clara Valley, all over the Peninsula, where the delicious fruits of California and other luxuries were free to their hands, was only part of the pleasures. So, when Mrs. Scott summoned the officers and members of her club to assist her in entertaining the enlisted men, at a ball at The Fairmont Hotel, the boys no longer felt as strangers to their hostess. And, after listening to the wonder and pleasure as expressed by her young guests that the scene and the gracious, generous manner of entertainment shall live in their memory as long as life itself, Mrs. Scott felt happy. To many, with them, it was their first



Mrs. A. W. Scott

ball, and to all the first very large ball they ever attended.

As usual, it was the most natural thing in life for Mrs. Scott to make her guests—boys and girls—feel absolutely at home. It seemed back again to the days before the Spanish-American War, when Mrs. John F. Merrill. Mrs. Scott, Judge Morrow, and their friends, having established the San Francisco Red Cross, provided pleasure and necessities for the young soldiers.

So, when the great ballrooms of the Fairmont were thrown open, on the night of September 14, to the new soldier boys of today, a scene and a welcome met them which could not be duplicated any-

## All For Our Soldier Boys

### THE PACIFIC COAST WOMAN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION

HE club women are certainly making social history, and history of a kind which will live in the hearts of the youths of this generation as long as life itself. A fine, clean history it is, too. For it is being made in the interest of our soldier boys—all, every one of them, from Major-General to the enlisted man or the youngest volunteer—who is simply aching to try conclusions with Kaiser Bill, are all our boys, and they will never grow a day older in our hearts.

Such were the sentiments of the members of the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association, and the young girl relative, debutants and college girls, who to the number of seven hundred, assembled at the St. Francis Hotel to entertain fully that number of our soldiers, on the night of September 22, when a ball was given in their honor. Whatever may be the fate of these boys, they had one evening of pure delight unspoiled by conventionalities. And so truly soldier-like was their behavior that chaperons and mothers freely expressed delight at the new acquaintances which their lovely California buds made.

To the inspiring music of a Presidio band, the dainty President of the Press Association, Mrs. Ellen Dwyre Donovan, led the grand march with Captain Harrison. Next in order came General and Mrs. Murray, Captain and Mrs. Heln, Captain McClure, Mrs. A. W. Scott, Captain Williams, Miss Emeline Childs, Signor Margutti, the Italian Consul; Mrs. Elenor Martin, Mr. J. Downey-Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Mansfield, the ladies of the Press Board and a host of friends, together with fourteen or fifteen hundred of the happiest, handsomest boys and girls in America, who, forgetful, or at least unworried by war alarms, enjoyed the greatest of all pleasures to them-dancing in such delightful company and in such magnificent surroundings as the Colonial and Italian ballrooms, which were given over, together with every service which befitted the entertainment, by Mr. James Wood, manager of the St. Francis Hotel.

## ANOTHER GREAT RECEPTION AT THE FAIRMONT HOTEL

At the Fairmont Hotel on the evening of October 8, a programme of unusual merit will also be given by the Press Association for another body of our young aspirants to the helmet of Mars. The entertainment will be under the direc-



Mrs. Ellen Dwyre Donovan.

tion of the Master, Hugo Mansfeldt, and Mrs. Mansfeldt, chairman of the programme committee for the Association. None but professionals of the highest rank will participate. Those who appreciate the best in music will surely be with us. We have faith enough in the youth of the land now under arms for the defense of the Nation that a large per cent of them are drawn from musical environments sufficiently advanced to appreciate the high-class numbers to be given.

Miss Maud Fay of the Metropolitan Opera Company will honor the occasion by a number of selections, as also will Mr. Conrady and a number of other artists.

Mr. Leonard, Manager of the Fairmont Hotel, has generously given the privileges of the hotel to the ladies of the Press Association for entertainment of their guests. Many celebrated men and women of the army and navy have accepted invitations, and the chaplains, who are ever careful of their boys, will also be guests of honor.

#### 1 2 2

The Pacific Coast Women's Press Association opened its club year at Sequoia Hall, September 10, with a programme of unqualified excellence, none except artists of unquestioned ability took part. The programme was as follows:

Piano solo by Miss Alma Helen Rother..

- (a) Nocturne C Minor ...... Chopin
- (b) Ballade G Minor..... Chopin

A group of songs by Miss Harriet Pasmore, teacher of Vocal Music at Pomona College

Three of the foremost American Women Composers.

Piano solo by Miss Alma Helen Rother... Etudes Symphoniques .......Schumann Group of Violin Solos by Mr. Cedric Wright

- (a) Sonata in E Major ......Handel
- (b) Spanish Serenade .....
- (c) Prelude and Allegro.....

One of the satisfying, fruitful literary efforts of the past year is a book by Mrs. Daniel C. Deasy, now in the hands of a publishing house. A charming Fairy Story with illustrations, which will prove a delight to the child world. It is Mrs. Deasy's first essay in the literary field, and it is firmly believed by those who have had the privilege of reading the manuscript that this charming mother of three fine boys for whom the story was written, Mrs. Deasy has made a splendid start. We wish her all success. IN MEMORY OF MRS. GARDINER

In honor of Mrs. Sophie Skidmore Gardiner, a special meeting of the Executive Board of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association was called on August 20th last by the President, Mrs. Ellen Dwyer Donovan. The Association has suffered irrevocably in the death of Mrs. Gardiner, who through years of devoted service in various capacities, has helped greatly to make the organization a power in literary circles.

Mrs. Donovan spoke feelingly and fondly of Mrs. Gardiner, referring to her as a woman with a golden character, whose dependability and devotion were wonderful. Mrs. Austin spoke with a great sense of personal loss of the universality of affection in which Mrs. Gardiner was held. Mrs. Borle testified to her faithfulness, tact, and ability to find the proper solution of every problem. Miss Roche spoke of Mrs. Gardiner's unfailing justness. And so, every member, those who had known and loved Mrs. Gardiner for years, as well as those who had not been privileged such intimacy, joined in loving testimony of the worthwhileness and goodness of the life that has gone, and felt the challenge of her empty chair at the Board for sweeter and worthier living.

Cora Sutton Castle, Ph.D.

## The Women of India

## Marriage As Affected by Hindu Ideals

TOTHING is more difficult for the uninitiated to comprehend than the Hindu marriage system, which is the root of all their social life. However barbarious it may appear to the proselyting westerner, its comparative success as a matrimonial method has one conclusive demonstration, viz., the failure of western marriages, as shown in the increasing divorce records. There is provision for divorce and remarriage of women in the laws of Manu, the oldest Hindu law codes, whereby any husband who drinks, or is licentious; who is physically or mentally deformed, or invalided; who has taken up the life of a mendicant, or who is dead, absolves his wife from her nuptial vows, with freedom to marry again. There is no record of this law having been used. The reason is not far to seek.

The Hindu women is married when a girl. To describe her as a child is a misnomer, for adolescence comes quickly in tropical climes, and she is physically fully mature at fourteen. Mentally, she is more developed than the Indian lad of twenty. Both receive the same lessons in chants, meditation and the reading and writing of the sacred scriptures. whose precepts form the substance of their lives. The first teacher of both is their mother. When, later, the son goes to some school of formal learning, the daughter continues her education at home. Whatever its limitations as to content and method, the result is practically identical with every Hindu girl. She grows strong in ethical wisdom, great in self-giving, with a latent power to love in her heart, which, when given expression, will mould her character in depth and beauty. With her outlook, necessarily, childhood is but a dream, and girlhood only a vision of the divine reality of womanhood which realizes itself in the moment of perfect love.

It is this love, both passionate and reverential, which the Hindu maiden lavishes upon her husband. A worshipful devotion in so exquisite a form is rarely met with in the brusquer comradeship which exists between husband and wife of the west. Life becomes as natural as a flower's unfolding, when there exists but one activity, one reason for being—to pour out the fullness of heart and soul in an ecstacy of love for the Creator, who is adored in each created thing. The reality falls not far short of this ideal.

By Mrs. Evelyn Roy

Married in the fullness of longing for life's essential compounds of love and happiness, with the adaptability of youth upon her, and firm in the conviction that this unknown man, selected by parents whom she venerates, comes to her from other lives lived together, and destined for future lives to come, the young bride is predisposed to accept this new and glorious being as a manifestation of Divine love, to be worshipped accordingly. Her faith unshaken by the dubious skepticism of women of the world, her whole heart goes with the flowergarland which she throws about the neck of her husband, and when, under the marriage veil which hides them both, she lifts her eyes to meet his for the first time, the mute adoration of a trusting soul shines forth in that supreme

Were this attitude not reciprocal, one could foresee a broken heart and trampled spirit for the Hindu woman, but, fortunately, he is not more a god than she a goddess in the husband's eyes. The word for "husband" is "Swany" or "Lord" and a wife is addressed as "Devi" or "Goddess.' If she is a worshipper of his incarnate divinity, he is a passionate devotee of this embodied spirit of the divine mother. No matter what carnal love may or may not subsist between them, this mutual reverence for their marriage as foreordained is always there to preserve the sanctity of their relationship, and serves to perpetuate their union

Love is the same emotion the world over, and its manifestations are everywhere abundant. Every heart which loves truly experiences the same spiritual exhaltation, in which is mingled the adoration of the soul. It is equally true that few marriages are consecrated by love in its purest form. Something else is essential, if it is desired to preserve marriage as an institution, and each race, roughly speaking, has supplied this essential ingredient according to its ideals. It was in the very nature of the Indian people to emphasize the element of reverence and self-abnegation, in order to safeguard the integrity of the home, should romantic love be lacking and comradeship unknown.

Happily, sentiment and sentimentality are rampant in the breast of Hindu maid-

enhood as elsewhere in the world. She dreams long dreams of gallant lovers, and quite inevitably, as in Europe, when discriminating parents select a suitable candidate, her romantic heart accepts him as her true Prince Charming, and she falls a willing victim. Ultimate compatability lies, as with all but the world's great lovers, in the lap of the gods. Two lives, united by identical interests, sharing responsibility, with a mutual division of labor, can usually find grounds for comradeship, but if it be lacking. there is the saving sense of reverence and a spirit of veneration for the ideal of marriage, to save the situation.

Such is India's solution of the "marriage problem" which agitates the west. Its imperfections are not those of Europe and America-neither has she accepted their lax moral code and patent divorce as antidotes. But the "childmarriage" adopted first in her history as a measure of protection against the Mohammedan conquest of race as well as country, is destined to disappear with the evil which gave it countenance. It served its purpose by providing every Hindu woman with a husband as protector against her violation by the infidel-so was the integrity of the Hindu race preserved. And Suttee is already a thing of the past. No law compelling the wife to perish with her husband can be found in the Hindu codes, yet the passionate ardor which led the first agonized widow to cast herself on the funeral pyre, gradually became a customary act of immolation, entirely voluntary. It too, served to preserve the Hindu race intact, since most of its women gave themselves to the flames rather than fall defenseless prey to roving Mohammedan

The old order changeth to the new, even in India, whose instinct of self-preservation made her cling to custom and tradition. A spirit of revolution and reform is sweeping over the land, partly inspired by a desperate rebellion against the alien civilization which has fastened itself upon her, and is slowly grinding her people to the dust; partly due to the awakening desire to revive the ancient prestige of an illustrious nation and give her a place in the sun.

Already the women of India have caught the spirit and are responding to it in various ways. Schools for the higher education of women are gradually being founded, and scholarships are pro-

## Women of India

vided for their education abroad. They are already represented in a few professions such as medicine, teaching, nursing and writing. In the latter field there is more than a mere scattering, for the Indian intellect is not confined to men alone, and authorship, either as poetess, novelist, essayist or journalist, has long offered an outlet to those talented women who did not care to venture beyond the home.

The Indian woman is not, nor has she ever been, forced into what the West has been pleased to call subjection. Economic freedom has not yet become her slogan, nor does a life of competition in the world of business constitute her summum bonum of emancipated womanhood. Not her own desire, but rather the inexorable pressure of circumstance, is driving her forth to battle for existence. Centuries of culture has caused her nature to expand most graciously in the atmosphere of devotion and worship which men pay to that which they call holy. Though the custom of keeping "purdah," or veiling herself from the eyes of strangers, was not indigenous to India, it was introduced under the

Mohammedan regime, and she clings to self and regained political autonomy. it voluntarily. Beloved women of every age and clime have always made their own conditions of existence, and the Indian woman is herself responsible if she has preferred the shelter of the home to the paths of the world. But the supreme duty of wife and motherhood has been transcended by a higher—her country's need. The Indian women of the future will not keep "purdah." Ready at all times for sacrifice, she will not shrink when India's dying millions call to her to surrender her special sanctity of person and fight shoulder to shoulder with her men to free the Motherland from foreign domination. Only so will the cause be won. No revolution to right the wrong was ever fought without the help of women. The Hindu woman has waited long, arrogating nothing to herself, knowing full well that when her men should re-enter their lost kingdom she would come into her own with them. But the time of waiting is over. For over six hundred years India has lain dumbly under alien rule. After the Mohammedan conquest, and before the British came, she well nigh reasserted her-

But again came foreign invasion, this time insidiously veiled under commercial enterprise. The East India Company first turned a golden flood of wealth to England, before manifesting political ambitions. India was betrayed into the hands of despotism by traders and shopkeepers-and for one hundred and fifty years she has paid the price in the steady impoverishment of her land and the starvation of her people. The desperation of the dying is turning the race of philosophers and dreamers into a race of warriors, who, like their noble ancestors before them, will reconquer the land by the sword. The Indian idyl is over, if India would survive, and it is to her daughters, as well as her sons, she must turn to win her freedom. Once again they may serve their country, and as active thinkers and doers, like the women of her past, make India great again.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the second of two papers on "The Women of India," the first of which appeared in the September Everywoman, by Mrs. Roy, a California lady of distinguished abilities, married to a noted Hindu scholar and writer.]

#### "LEST WE FORGET! LEST WE FORGET!"

(If there is anyone alive who does not know why he is asked to fight for his country, we reprint the following to enlighten him:)

#### Why You Are Registering

RESIDENT WILSON in his address to Congress on April 2, 1917: "There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts-for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments-for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her

birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other."

#### ala ali

THE following verses have an historic value, dating back to September 9, 1850, on the entry of California into the Union. The Ode was written by Mrs. Wills, in honor of that momentous occasion.

The celebration took place at "The Plaza," now Portsmouth Square. The verses were set to the tune of "The Star Spangled Banner," and sung by the audience which crowded the square and overflowed into the adjoining streets. Every one in that vast, happy, cheering audience had a copy. For they were printed on a hand press right there.

San Francisco knew how! even in 1850.

#### ODE

(Written by MRS. WILLS, of Louisiana, by request of the Committee of Arrangements.)

EJOICE! hear ye not o'er the hills of the East, The sound of our welcome to Lib-

erty's Union! Pledge high! for we join in the mystical feast

That our forefathers hallowed at Freedom's communion!

Then with hands high in air our allegiance we swear,

Which time, nor dissension, shall ever impair

And the Band of the Union, oh long may

The hope of th' oppressed and the shield of the free!

Though afar on the verge of the Ocean

Our hearts are as true as the sun that shines o'er us;

Our treasures we bring of earth, ocean and sky,

Our souls that exult to join Freedom's full chorus.

Should foes o'er the land our justice withstand,

'Neath our own Stars and Stripes we are found hand in hand:

For the Band of the Union, oh long shall it be

The hope of th' oppressed and the shield of the free!

Like the star that once rose over Bethlehem's height,

And shed o'er creation the light of its beaming,

May "The Pride of the West" through the earth pour her light,

Nor set while one heart can be cheered by its gleaming.

So shall nations afar point to nations the star,

In peace softly shining, though dreadful in war:

In the Band of the Union, oh long may it be

The hope of th' oppressed, and the shield of the free!

## The Junior Red Cross

TENRY P. DAVISON, chairman of the Red Cross War Council, announces the launching of a Junior Red Cross open to all schoolchildren in the country. The new organization hopes to become a channel for patriotic service and interest to the 22,000,000 boys and girls of school age in the United States.

Membership in the Junior Red Cross is to be by schools. Whenever there has been placed in the local school fund an amount equal to 25 cents for every pupil, the school becomes a school auxiliary of the Red Cross, and is entitled to display a special Red Cross banner. At the same time every pupil becomes a Junior member, and is entitled to wear the membership button.

The school fund can be raised by the school, or collected by subscription. In some states it will be raised by cities to cover all schools in the city districts. In other states the campaign will be for a state-wide fund and the enrollment of all the pupils in the state. In every case, however, the schools are to be associated with the local chapter of the Red Cross through a teachers' committee of the chapter.

The school fund will be used for the money it will earn and the immense purchase of materials which the children will make up into Red Cross supplies, and for other uses in which the children will have a personal share. No part of it is to go for chapter or general ex-

Membership in the Junior Red Cross will be developed by states. Division managers will appoint membership committees and school activities committees for each state. The membership committee stimulates interest and raises funds for the School Supply Fund. It will be composed of some of the most influential people devoted to educational affairs.

The school activities committee will be made up of vocational teachers and other officials. Under its direction patterns of articles to be made, and other instructions for use in the vocational classrooms, will be prepared and sent to all the

The plan has been developed by President MacCracken of Vassar, in consultation with school authorities and the National Red Cross. Dr. MacCracken said today:

"I believe in the Junior Red Cross, not only because of the great sums of

amount of supplies which the school pupils, especially in our technical schools will make, but because of its educational and patriotic value for the children.

"The work of the Red Cross will teach service for others and unselfish giving; it will stimulate in our national government and its policies during the war; and it will afford a useful release for the youthful energy which is stimulated by the violent and morbid aspect of war conditions, and if undirected, may cause under wrong conditions great increase of juvenile delinquency and crime.

"It is the success attained in many schools last year which has decided the Red Cross to undertake this important new step. The vocational classes in New York State alone last spring made over 40,000 articles during the last few weeks of the school year for the Red Cross.

"Universal testimony from the chapters showed that these were in every way up to the rigid standards of the organization. Mrs. Talbot, director of vocational education for girls in the state, says that in many cases she was told that their work was, if anything, better than that in the adult work."

#### BULLETIN CORRECTIONS ON COMFORT KIT

HAVE been asked to send Everywoman the following corrections to the original comfort kit material. It has now been decided that the Red Cross will definitely not recommend that personal letters be put in kits.

The revised list of articles issued to enlisted men reads as follows, and supersedes any material previously sent you:

1 Hat; 1 Hat Cord; 1 Coat; 2 pr. Breeches; 1 Overcoat; 3 pr. Drawers; 2 pr. Shoes; 5 pr. Stockings; 3 Undershirts; 2 Blankets; 1 pr. Gloves, wool; 1 pr. Gloves, riding (for mounted men); 1 Belt, waist; 2 pr. Laces, shoe; 1 pr. Leggins; 1 Slicker; 1 Tag, identification; 1 Bar, mosquito; 1 Bedsack; 1 Shel-ter Tent, half; 1 Knitted Toque, 1 Cardigan Jacket, 1 pr. Rubber Boots (for troops in France only); 1 Brush, hair; 1 Brush, tooth; 1 Comb; 2 Towels; 1 Cake Toilet Soap; Housewives (1 to a squad); 1 Bacon can; 1 Condiment can; 1 Canteen; I Canteen Cover; 1 Cartridge Belt; 1 Cup; 1 Fork; 1 Haversack; 1 Knife; 1 Meat can; 1 Pack Carrier; 1 Pouch for First-Aid Packet; 1 Spoon; 1 First-Aid Packet. (These packets contain

two bandages of absorbent sublimated gauze, two compresses, three safety pins, one shell-wound dressing consisting of a compress bandage and three safety pins.)

On page 7 of the original bulletin, in the middle of the page, copy should read: "Section C. Use for the series of three pockets marked C, C, C. Section D. Use in part for pocket marked C on flap No. 2 the balance of pockets marked D, D, D."

Diagrams of the comfort kits will be furnished on application, but in case diagrams have already gone through, it is urged that the diagrams be carefully examined to see if the figures and letters on the diagram correspond to the instructions.

In the hospital kit no sharp things should be included, scissors, knives, etc.; no chewing gum, chocolate, or mouth

Chocolate, playing cards and tobacco are dutiable articles in France, but a special arrangement has been made by which the Red Cross can import duty free, provided the articles are addressed by special arrangement with the French government care of the American Clearing House, with the American Expeditionary Forces abroad.

Shipping directions for the completed kits read, corrected, as follows: "Completed articles should be sent to the nearest Red Cross chapter if possible. When this cannot be done, they should be sent to the Red Cross Division Supply Service in the nearest of the following cities: Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Atlanta, New Orleans, St. Louis, Chicago, Cleveland. Denver, Minneapolis and San Francisco."

On page 10 of the original copy the head should read "contents of hospital kit No. 3 for hospital use."

On page 11, the sixth line from the bottom, should read, "two five-inch strips of goods for the full width of the material."

A picture of the comfort kit can be obtained by application at this office. The Woman's Bureau within the next few days will forward you the hospital garment story for which space is asked in your December issue.

## Our Safety

#### What Free Belgium Means To All

THINK of what a tiny bit of land remains free. But remember the importance of that land. It is the key to Calais, where a million men, English and Belgian, must be on the alert day and night, ever ready for the onslaught which is ever threatening. That little strip of land is defended under bombardment which is never ending. And where the battle ever rages, with no respite or peace to cheer or comfort the souls that abide and abound there.

Free Belgium Land of the king! The Kingdom of Belgium! But while the Allied armies with King Albert in their midst, stand firm and continue to hold that little land, Belgium is occupied; but, Belgium is not conquered. Belgium is invaded; but, while the king stands on that bit of soil with his army around him, Germany is a usurper—and Belgium is still Belgium, recognized by all the nations of the earth.

Her cause is safe.

God bless our great little Belgium! Free Belgium! Flanders! the key to the safety of the world.

Realize what a great big country free Belgium really is, and how wonderful the work of the "Aide Civile et Militaire Belge must be.

That work was founded by a lady in waiting of her majesty (for the queen, and the first base hospital was given her name, "Elizabeth") and, by the wife of a Belgian minister of state. The lady in waiting was the Countess D'Ursell, and the other, the Countess Van Den Steen De Jehay. The lady in waiting has since returned to invaded Belgium, making herself a voluntary prisoner to be near a loved one who is, or was, ill and dying, and the countess took the "Aide Civile et Militaire Belge" alone! As the hospital is wrecked, she is now inhabiting a cellar of the bombarded base hospital in order to go on with the first aid work. So regardless is she of self that she is called "the little Jean D'Arc of Belgium." Mlle. Bloch in writing of her says, "She is a real hero. I would die for her."

Neither the Countess Van Den Steen (whose husband is a minister of state, and her husband's brother the private counsellor of the king) nor Mlle. Bloch like to be talked about.

I should like to speak here of the army stretcher bearers. The stretcher bearers of the army are quite differently situated to the stretcher bearers of the Red By La Loie Fuller

Cross work, as we know the Red Cross. The army stretcher bearers belong to the army medical corps. The medical department comprises a large corps of enlisted men. They do the sanitary work for the troops, they carry off the wounded from the trenches, from No Man's Land. They follow up an attack to pick up the fallen men, and they have to convey them on stretchers back to a base



La Loie Fuller and a Sister of Mercy searching out little children who flee in terror, and fall from hunger and exhaustion into a deadly sleep.

hospital, if there is one, or, to the first aid dressing station, and from there (often for miles on foot) they must carry the stretchers to where the military ambulances take them up, and transport them to the nearest railroad station, where they are left in the accumulating train (which is not always an ambulance train), and when it is loaded carries the wounded on to stations where some of the cars are dropped off and others go on. It is at these stations that the Red Cross organizations take them in Red Cross ambulances to a hospital.

The base hospitals, near the front, are always evacuated as soon as possible, in order to make room for the next soldiers! Regular army stretcher bearers must be able to give first aid as soon as possible and although they are noncombatants, and it is usual in warfare to

spare them, this is not done by the Germans, and statistics show the highest mortality is among these men, the enlisted medical corps. The next in line of the greatest danger is the infantry, then the engineers, and fourth comes the aviators. The fourth in point of danger is the aviator, but we do not, I think, envy him his safety.

Germany has conquered millions of people, undefended and defenseless people. Germany has conquered thousands of square miles of undefended country; but, the four great things she aimed to attain in this war she has not accomplished. When she found herself up against a massed force and with the advantage of preparedness on her side she failed. Need I tell you where she failed? The railway to Bagdad first and foremost. Next the Marne. The Somme. Calais. Paris, Verdun. No! Germany has expanded, but she has not succeeded in her undertaking—and she never will.

Bismark said to his soldiers when they left Berlin for their conquest of France in 1870: "Leave to the people whom you conquer naught but their eyes with which to see and to weep." And faithfully they are still carrying out this policy. But there is another remark he made which concerns our country and us. "America," he said, "is a fine fat hog, and when we are ready we will stick it." Now is their opportunity. Will they indeed? We shall see. That German country, which is much of Bismark's making, will have to find another advisor and prophet, or substitute another country. Remember the Marne. The Somme. Paris. Calais. Verdun.

It is said that Tom, Dick and Harry may now go to the front, but this is not so. It is in reality becoming more and more difficult for civilians to circulate at all, even from country to country, and they are not allowed to go freely about as they will, by any means. Dr. Clampett who was a most favored and invited guest, could tell the complications of obtaining permits, which are in reality, required for everything. You cannot leave Paris, nor enter it, nor remain there either, for the matter of that without a permit. And indeed so many different papers are required for everything which one wishes to do, that weeks frequently pass before they can be obtained at all.

## Studios and Art Galleries

The Elmer Stanley Hader Exhibition LMER S. HADER, a native of San Francisco, has followed in the footsteps of the men who are making the name of the "California School of Designs" famous and supplemented his thorough local training by several years in the Julian Academy. To these years of travel and study we are indebted for the twenty-five canvases in the exhibition which has been delighting art lovers

A realist in the broadest, finest sense of the word, Mr. Hader has depicted the peasants of Brittany in a most delightful way. In fact, nearly every canvas is so full of human interest which entrances one, that we are apt to overlook the beautiful landscapes which surround them. Delightful glimpses of Brittany, Montmartre, London, the sidewalk cafes of Paris, all, have inspired the artist. "What a happy room/" is the involuntary exclamation of all as they enter the gallery, for Mr. Hader has caught the simple joy of the European peasants' life.

Mr. Hader's handling of color is especially clever, full value given to each and not a jarring note in any canvas. Especially is this true in "The Spring Morning, Montmartre." The brilliancy of the fresh green foliage, touched by the sunshine so typical of early spring, needs no title to carry one's imagination to the busy, happy life just begun. Hanging beside it is "Winter, Moulin de la Galette" and a finer contrast can not be imagined. Here is snow, deep and wet, with rather a cold dreary atmosphere, as typical of a winter's day as the other is of the spring.

An interior which is winning much favorable comment is "La Cuisine, Brittany." The old peasant woman, bending over her cooking in the open fire-place, while her white cat enjoys its evening meal beside her. A more simple, home-like, composition can not be imagined. The white of the old lady's cap, repeated by the cat, is enhanced by the white frame, all of the canvases, by the way are framed in white, making them most desirable to adorn the modern room with its white wood-work.

The art outlook of the public has broadened and developed in the past two years, so an exhibition such as this should meet with keen appreciation and a large attendance. We need young, progressive men like Mr. Hader to assist in our art development, here on the Coast, so let us try not to let "a too limited field" drive them from us.

#### By Elisabeth Taft

#### George H. Bellows' Lithographs

With delightful Dickensonian humor, George H. Bellows has rendered our present day vagaries in his collection of lithographs, now on exhibition at the Vickery, Atkins & Torrey Galleries. His method is most interesting, apparently working over his stones much more thoroughly than most of the artists, which gives a greater solidity to his work. "In the Park" shows this handling especially. Here he has massed his whites in the group in the foreground against an almost solid black background. "A Stag at Sharkeys" is a really tremendous thing, the strength of the two figures of the boxers in the ring being most marvelously rendered. But to mention any of the prints is to mention them all, for each has its saterically humorous story to tell. I hope every one will enjoy "Businessmen's Classes," "The Sawdust Trail," "Prayer Meeting," "Artists Judging Works of Art," as much as I did. The great topic of the day, "Reducing," is not overlooked, either.

The only bit of color in the room is the life size portrait of "Master Paul Clark," son of Charles W. Clark. Mr. Bellows has been on the Coast for several months and this delightful portrait is one of the results of his stay. The happy boy, in his bright colored surroundings, is winning every ones heart.

#### Some New Murals

Roy S. Boynton has added his name to the long line of California's artists having murals of note to their credit. His have recently been completed for the Hill Tollerton Print Rooms. They form a lunette and two panels surrounding the fountain in the Italian Court which enhances the attractiveness of this delightful gallery.

The order gave Mr. Boynton many problems to solve for he had to render his work directly on the cement wall, not the fresh plaster, either, but a seasoned surface. Also he had to mix his colors to withstand the ever changing weather and atmospheric conditions. To achieve this result, Mr. Boynton has used a Japanese oil with his regular paints, attaining what he considers will be a most durable result. Certainly he has rendered a delightful imaginative and idealistic mural, taking for his subject the favorite myth of the Greeks, "The

Judgment of Paris." Juno, Minerva and Aphrodite have been conducted by Hermes, before Paris, who makes the eternal choice of youth. In the two panels Mr. Boynton has expressed nature's symbolic language, the same idea imbodied in the lunette. In delicately tinted land-scapes, we find the green tree, symbol of life, with the water at its roots signifying the source of life.

Everyone will have an opportunity to see these murals and judge for themselves for the California Book Club is to have an exhibition in the large gallery during the whole of October. Charles W. Clark of Menlo Park has generously loaned his incunabula thus forming an exhibition of importance and value never before seen on the Pacific Coast.

At the same time, in the smaller gallery, Mr. Tollerton has planned an exhibition of lithographs and paintings by George H. Bellows.

These exhibitions together with that of Rinaldo Cuneo and Ambrose Patterson, an Australian, whose work has never been shown in America before, at the Helgesen galleries, from September 22 to mid October will constitute the most interesting exhibitions for the next month.

#### Interesting Lectures

The signal of awakening art interest is found, every fall, in the lectures which always open the season. This year we are especially favored in the choice of subjects as well as in the lecturers. With such offerings no San Franciscan can honestly say that they know nothing about art.

#### · John Cowper Powys

First and most important of all is the announcement by the Paul Elder Company of the return of John Cowper Powys for a two weeks' lecture, beginning October the first. Everyone who heard Mr. Powers when he was here in April has been eagerly looking forward to his promised return and everyone who was so unfortunate as to miss hearing him before must surely not do so again. Mr. Powys is a veritable mental tonic, awakening his listeners minds and jerking their thoughts out of their accustomed groves. During his stay, Mr. Powys will give three splendid and varied courses of six lectures each, to include nine Modern Writers-Shaw and Chesterton, Oscar Wilde, Wells and Galsworthy, Meredith, etc.—six dramatic recitals of the tragedies of Shakespeare,

(Concinued on page nineteen)

## Music and Musicians

THE Woman's Symphony Association founded by Josephine Marshall Fernald on account of their many activities continued their regular meetings all through the summer and they are well along in their second season's work now with an enrollment of one hundred and fifty women musicians and an Associate membership of fifty. At the close of their annual meeting they reported having held fifty meetings during the year with interesting musical



Josephine M. Fernald.

programs and lectures by prominent men and women at each meeting, also card parties and other social functions were a feature of their year's work. The Orchestra gave a concert at the Fairmont Hotel June 24th, for the benefit of the Red Cross. Thousands were in attendance, it also formed a part of the Orchestras for the monster Red Cross meeting at the Civic Auditorium on June 23rd, and the "Tobacco Fund for Soldiers Benefit at the Auditorium in August.

Their principal efforts this coming year will be to carry out a plan of campaign which will place the women musicians on an equal basis with the men and thus accustom the San Francisco public to seeing women in the orchestras.

Along this line appeals were made to the San Francisco Symphony Association of which Alfred Hertz is leader and the Municipal Orchestra lead by Frederick Schiller, to place women in their orchestra, the former replied they would "take the matter under advisement," no answer was ever received from the latter; but when the appeal was made to Nikolai Sokoloff, an answer came immediately: "Yes, I will take some of your women, each player will be regarded strictly in the light of a musician and competence will be the only question at issue" and one week from that date women were playing in the Philharmonic Orchestra an organization which has always stood for the best in music since its inception, its primal idea being to give the public the finest music at a price within the means of every one. It is interesting to remember that this is perhaps the first orchestra of purely and exclusively a professional quality which has employed in its ranks members of the fair sex. The experiment for the entire season was a huge success, so that now no longer is their reason for any leader to draw the line between the sexes. Women are great successes as solo players. We have great women violinists, cellists and pianists and a great mistake is being made in this country when we do not utilize women in the orchestras. Women have proven that they have executive ability in everything they have undertaken and it will mean a much bigger life for women who are musicians in this country and the musical community will be enlarged by utilizing both sexes. "Throw aside social and artistic conventions; make art the handmaiden of humanity; seek not for beauty but truths. Go to the people. Hold out a hand of fellowship to the liberated masses and learn from them the true purposes of life."—(Moussorgsky "Black Gods.")



THE Woman's Symphony Association Orchestra of San Francisco, California, have had the honor conferred upon them by Major Liggett, the right to wear the cockade and the use of the title Military Orchestra for their distinct and diligent services in Red Cross and Army and Navy work.

The cockade presented to them is worn just to the left of front of the soldier hat and is red, white and blue, this being different from the cockade worn by the regular "Soldierettes," the blue is for high honors, the red for Red Cross and the white is for distinction in military drilling, thus the combination of the three is specially designed for the musicians. This being the only woman's orchestra having won this distinction.

The Military Orchestra under the direction of its leader, Josephine Marshall Fernald, gave a concert in Hearst Hall, Isalomar, August 28th, dressed in their kahki uniforms, and held the "Soldierettes" in the flag raising services at the opening of the training school of the San Francisco Chapter, Woman's Section of the Navy League.

#### Studios and Art Galleries

(Continued from page eighteen)
I three lectures on the National L

and three lectures on the National Ideals in Life—the ideals of France, Germany and Russia. The morning and afternoon courses will be given in the Paul Elder Gallery, and the evening course in the Italian Room of the St. Francis Hotel. The first lecture, on Monday evening, October the first, will be Shaw and Chesterton.

## The Art Course of the University Extension

The Grace Cathedral Foundation is sponsoring a series of six lectures at the Fairmont Hotel, each Saturday morning at eleven o'clock, beginning October the twentieth. The lecturer, Francis Melbourne Green, lecturer since 1912 at Simmons College and at the Boston Art

Museum, is presented by the University Extension Course and has chosen for his subjects: 1. Nature and Art. 2. Mode of Vision. 3. Modes of Conception. 4. Composition; Balance. 5. Rythm; Harmony. 6. Unity; Simplicity.

• The aim of the course is to state as simply as possible the principles fundamental to all fine art, and to illustrate these principles by vivid concrete examples with the aid of several hundred carefully selected lantern slides.

The course is sponsored by a score of men and women, artists, architects and sculptors as well as the art critics, Blanche Marie D' Harcourt and Cora Winchell.

#### At the Fine Arts Palace

For Friday mornings at eleven o'clock,

Mrs. Rose V. S. Berry has arranged a series of lectures at the Palace of Fine Arts to assist in keeping San Francisco abreast of the times artistically. These lectures begin October the fifth and are patronized by the City Federation of Women's Clubs. Following are the subjects and lecturers: 1. Aesthetics, Professor A. U. Pope. 2. Architecture, Building a Mansion, W. B. Faville. 3. Mural Paintings, Arthur F. Mathews. 4. Tapestries, J. N. Laurik. 5. Color and Design, Rudolf Schaefer. 6. 111terior Furnishings, Marten. 7. Rugs, Professor A. U. Pope. 8. Revival of the Arts and Crafts, J. N. Laurvik. 9. Architecture, Building a Home, W. B. Faville.

## Tales of a Teashop Our Kiddies' Corner -- In Fairy Land

A New Series for Our Kiddies HOW IT ALL HAPPENED

T was in a Japanese Teashop, and the big windows were decorated with all kinds of pretty things: dolls, cups and saucers, vases, kimonos, and many of those things that come only from the flowery picture land, Japan.

The shop-keeper's name was Honk Honk (isn't that a funny name!).

Every night when Honk Honk locked up his shop and went home, a great change would take place in his store. The dolls would become animated, and the shop turned into a busy little city. You see, the shop was bewitched by the King of the Faries at night, and that is how the stories happened that I am going to tell you about.

The King of the Fairies is a very imposing personage. He wears a golden crown set with many kindsof precious jewels, and his robes are made of clothof-gold and ruby velvet. In his right hand he carries a silver wand, topped with a shiny silver star. It a very wonderful magical wand, and he accomplishes marvelous things with it. His beard is long and white and his cheeks are pink. He always smiles at children, because he loves them. That is why he does such wonderful things for boys and girls all over the world. Everything that happens under his witchery has a moral. He wants children to be good, and he always proves to them that when they are good they are happy. But, then, we don't need the King of the Fairies to tell us that, because our parents and teachers always do.

The King of Fairies has very much power, and he left his throne of gold for just a little while, to watch events in Honk Honk's Teashop. Sometimes he was very disappointed at the way the doll children behaved.

And now you must read for yourself just what the little doll children did.

₩HAT THE RABBITS DID

THERE lived in Teashop Town a lady doll who had a little son named Ting Ling. Now, Ting Ling was a much spoiled child, who always wanted to trot along with his mother, whether she wanted him or not. He would cry and be very peevish when he was left home. They were passing a shop one day, where one could buy toys and all kinds of pretty things for children, and his mother said she would buy him something, if he would be a

By Ruth Florence

good boy and mind her. The boy's mother wanted to buy him a pretty little cap, but Ting Ling saw a queer, fascinating glassy-eyed rabbit that he thought he would like, so his mother bought it for him, and he promised to be a good little boy in the future.

The next day, Ting Ling's mama had to go to a doll mother's meeting, and Ting Ling fretted because he could not go along. Then he said if he had two



Ruth Florence.

glassy-eyed rabbits he would not be so lonesome. His mother scolded him, saying any other child would have been glad to have one glassy-eyed rabbit. It was an expensive rabbit, and his mother said she would take it back to the shop unless Ting Ling behaved.

When Ting Ling's mother had gone out and he was left alone, he tied a red string around the rabbit's neck, one end of it attached to a little stool, just as if the rabbit were real, and might run away. Then he sat down on the stool, looking at the rabbit. It was indeed a queer looking creature, with very large eyes, much too big for the rest of its body, and a funny little grin on its face. Presently, to Ting Ling's great astonishment, the eyes began to move, and the rabbit began to tug on the string.

"Oh, my!" said Ting Ling, "you are alive. Your big eyes are awful starey.

How long have you been alive? Or are you only making believe?"

"I have only been alive a few minutes, and I am not making believe, either. You are not real yourself. You are too cross and peevish to be real. Besides, I am much more useful than you," he continued, scornfully. "I can amuse people, while you are a disagreeable doll boy, always annoying your mother."

"You are a very saucy rabbit to talk to me like that. And nobody ever told me that I was disagreeable," replied Ting Ling, but, somehow, feeling that the glassy-eyed creature spoke the truth. Ting Ling said to him, "I kind of like you, just the same."

The rabbit grinned, and looked queerer than ever.

"Please take the string off my neck," he commanded Ting Ling.

"Oh, but I am afraid you might run away if I did that," replied Ting Ling.
"No, I wont; but if you free me I will just run hash to the toy when and get

just run back to the toy shop and get the rest of my friends."

Ting Ling untied the string from the stool, and the rabbit leaped away from him, saying he would be back directly. Sure enough, in less time than one could say "boo" the rabbit returned, followed by streams of his glassy-eyed companions. They kept filing into the little room, and Ting Ling wondered if there would be enough space to hold them all. Soon the room was crowded. Ting Ling would not have known which rabbit was his own, if it hadn't had the red cord around its neck, they were all so much alike—all of them with the strangely large eyes and a peculiar grin.

"These are my brethren," said the spokesman, Ting Ling's own rabbit. "We are just going for a romp in the woods. and we will take you with us, if you would like to come."

"Oh, I would just love to," replied Ting Ling in delight.

"In less than a second, Ting Ling was seated in a tiny jinricksha, drawn by the rabbits. Away they sped, through space, until they came to the woods. The air was very balmy and delightful, and all the birds in the trees made sweet noises. The rabbits showed Ting Ling their pretty little houses, scattered through the woods, and Ting Ling was taken as an honored visitor to each of the tiny homes. Bye and bye, they went to a park, where a band of rabbit musicians were playing.

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## Home Economics

#### The Influence of Home Life

In the words of our beloved leader and distinguished teacher, Ellen H. Richards, Home Economics stand for "The Ideal home life of today, unhampered by the traditions of the past; the utilization of all the resources of modern science to improve the home life; the freedom of the home from the dominance of things and their due subordination to ideals, and the simplicity in material surroundings which will most free the spirit for the more important and permanent interests of the home and social life."

Its practical application to the school and college curriculum comprises instruction in all those sciences and arts which are necessary to the building and maintaining of the physical home in all its ramifications, embracing partly architecture, and sanitation, decoration and practical furnishing—clothing and materials (or textile), food, nutrition and cookery—hygiene and many general household problems. Efficiency and labor saving are becoming essential features of the class work.

"Great bodies move slowly," and this movement which, to quote Sir Vernon Harcourt, "is one of the most comprehensive and wide spreading movements ever launched upon the sea of human endeavor for the betterment of humanity," has taken rather more than half a century to find its place as a permanent science in the system of education of the country and to become a recognized necessity by the public mind. It practically has been a "fight for the home" for fifty years.

Its early advocates saw with apprehension the industrial changes which were affecting the home. They saw them not only taking away the labor and its interests therein, but, also, carrying away the workers and making them mere parts of the machinery they were handling. They feared lest the home be made empty, and the woman's mind forced to a state of desuetude because of monotony. It was, therefore, a determined effort to hold fast to woman's prerogative, so to speak-to offset the emptying of the home of all those interests which had already been there (and according to the vision of those days must always stay there). It was to resist the onslaught of trade, which was causing the future young home-makers, and the potential mothers, to neglect the old school of house-wifery, where inBy Mary V. Shailer

struction and experience went hand in hand which always made for efficiency in the home keep in the days fast going by.

But the wheel of evolution makes no halts and respects no creeds. It grinds on and on, and those of us who think we know what is best for us sometimes are suddenly brought to a realization that the gods do not think as we do. Thus came the effort to bring to light some of the theories which had been reflected on the mirror of public press by such early sages as Catherine E. Beecher and her contemporaries. Until 1873 there had been sporadic declamations of appeal for instruction in home-making, and in that year the Iowa State College opened its first course for such instruction. That year, also, instruction in cooking was started in some public schools throughout the country and at that time there was a considerable effort made in Boston for establishing such teaching. There was, however, little open agitation, outside of cooking lessons, until well into the nineties. What had been done had scratched the ground and sown the seed, which was in due time to yield a rich harvest.

Few great thinkers of the world but had expressed their opinions upon the need of girls receiving some education to fit them for home keeping and caring for children. There was no dearth of criticism on the lack of preparation for woman's special prerogative, and one would have thought that a very little criticism such as we find in so mild a form as Spencer gives us in his "Essay on Education" but would have aroused the mothers of the day to get together and help along the efforts of the few, to establish instruction in or out of the schools, at least, for these daughters who were embarking upon their own careers. But there was little real interest shown, and this was plainly evinced, when, at the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, only a handful of women gathered together to organize the Home Economic movement, for the purpose of reaching the general home maker and club women. There was shown, as there generally is, some enthusiasm when a new thing is cast on the screen, but it later proved a labor of love to clear away the dead leaves of tradition, and cut down the briars and

brambles of opposition, before the mother branches could be reached and bent to the sunlight of a broader comprehension of the ethical, no less than the practical needs of the home of the day. The A, B, C of the science was a dead letter to many audiences. New conditions pressing hard upon the house-wife only seemed to make her ignore the new duties the more. Was it a desire to escape the responsibility, was often asked. when some enthusiastic soul, imbued with the knowledge that it was woman's business to know whether the food she fed to her family was pure and clean, or, whether the plumbing in her house was defective and endangering the health of the family, or, whether the clothing her children wore were really wool, cotton or jute, would find only sporadic response to her appeal, and then, a lapse into the silence which is so exasperating to the one who gives heart and soul to the work in which all women should take an interest.

Much of the apparent lethargy shown by women in those early days was due in part to a misconception of the term "Household Economics." The cooking class was being pressed upon the school and opposed by the powers that were. Mrs. Richards frequently said to the writer, that she regretted that a broader nomenclature had not been given to the "cooking class" because it narrowed the conception in the public mind and the larger meaning of the movement was lost which delayed progress not a little.

When the National Household Economic Association issued its propoganda from Chicago, laying its lines in every state from ocean to ocean, it was necessary to define the meaning of the term in emphatic language, so dense seemed the general idea of the subject. Said the club women: "We live domestic science all the time, why do we need to have a few faddists give it a high-sounding name and thrust it upon us? When we go to our club we go for diversion and entertainment, and do not want to bring our pots and pans with us." Others said: "We are organized for literary study and prefer to leave cooking and housekeeping at home." So it was a campaign of education from the start to bring out the broad and higher ethical meaning to the movement. Not till it was clearly understood and its relation to every condition of life was seen to be important, was

#### Home Economics

progress in both educational and private circles relieved by the burden of having to "Educate the Audience."

To that first group of leaders at Chicago, among whom were Mrs. John Wilkinson, Dr. Mary Green, Mrs. Henroten and later to the group of eleven at Lake Placid, guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Derry, composed of such women as Maria Parloa, Emily Huntington (originator of the Kitchen Garden and Little Children), Mrs. Richards and Anna Barrows should be given full credit for its splendid start.

Their untiring zeal for the first few years in working out the association's idea and their willingness in getting together once a year for ten years at the Lake Placid Conference, and there ratifying the work of the previous year of the various committees appointed from all parts of the country to work out and prepare schedules of study for schools and colleges, deserves recognition. Every year sees the circle widening out in scope in the system of education, and more and more getting its fuller meaning before the public forum. Originated by the home makers it has developed through the work of the technically trained teacher, but now it should be upheld by all home makers,

We are now brought face to face, with alarm, a condition which might not have existed if fifty years ago the warning given by those early pioneers had been heeded, and if the schools had introduced instruction in practical home science. It is among the thousands of young girls who leave school and spend their young impressionable years in factory, shop or mill, unprepared to meet their physical needs with intelligence, that we should be deeply concerned. In the school one could wish to see Home Economics imbibed with the study. Considering recent

industrial changes and upheavals, it would seem that the present is the moment for instant action. It may be a mere platitude to say that it is a saving grace to growing girls to have a knowledge of how to keep their homes, whether it be in an attic or in a palace, but it will bear reiteration, and furthermore, it will bear practical application. No better means can be found to raise the standard in tenement homes than to make the addition to the public school system of a course of instruction in a model home. It raises the girl's conception of the duties of the woman who must perforce do her own housework. It elevates that last remaining process in the home, the daily round of housework, which in its present form of operation is a relic of the archaic. In these days of agitation about "efficiency" and "labor saving devices" and a dearth of intelligent workers in our homes it would seem to be a psychological moment to start a propoganda on the subject to attract attention to the dignity of self-help in the home. There may come a time when the last word in the domestic labor situation will be "None but graduates of Home Economics need apply." Meanwhile housekeepers should not cease the hammering at the door of the authorities for greater instruction in home sciences. There are on an average of twenty thousand young girls each year who leave school at fourteen to sixteen years of ago and go to work. Then why? Factory, mill, shop all day. Untrained, innocent, ignorant of much of life's dangers, loving the light side of life (God forbid we should deny them the happy joyousness of youth), are we doing all we should for these young girls, the potential mothers of the race. Have they that instruction of the vital necessities of life which will teach

the best in moral nature, and the best institution the human family knows of at the present age, a well cared for home? Time was when we might have floundered in this matter. When we had no definite system of instruction to offer, when there were no teachers to expound the rules of home science and its equipment. But now-now we are armed with it all, and truly it is stated that if our present awakening and effort to establish a system of vocational training for our potential mothers, does not carry a banner inscribed with the flaming letters "11, E."-then truly we bear great responsibility for much of the misery and wretchedness resulting from the ignorance and helplessness of young girls.

The gods have ground out new ideals of home life in their industrial and economic evolution, and have set new values before us. Modern science demands attention from women and is pressing upon all classes the need of a greater efficiency in every department of human effort. Man has grasped that which made for efficiency in business, for there the pocket-nerve was concerned. His housekeeping, in great hotels, steamships and armies, illustrates the need of an open mind which he "seeks and finds," that which points to success in business sections. The housekeeper must realize that "saving is earning" in one situation as well as another, though the home has not held a place in the money market.

What is needed today is a determination on the part of women to cut away the dead leaves of tradition and gain a broader vision of the new condition. There is need of a constructive energy which will utilize the resources of modern science and free the home, as Mrs. Richards tells us "of the dominance of conditions which delay the fullest development of human beings."

#### TO OUR DIETETIC GUIDE

(From one husband)

We've substituted corn for wheat
And pallid cottage-cheese for meat;
With nobly simulated zeal
We chew the dull potato-peel;
We've tested every new disguise
For making rice a glad surprise,
And never throw a bit away,
But mingle all in queer puree.

O doughty Dietetic Guide, Lead on, lead on! We're satisfied. —Chicago Tribune.

#### THE JUGGLERS

them to value the best in physical health,

The kaiser plotted in 1905 to seize Denmark. The czar said, "All right; go ahead." They planned to close up the Baltic—each, of course, intending to wipe out the other and get the whole thing.

Now the czar is gone and the kaiser is going. All history reads that way. Conceited parasites at the top have made their plans in which nations and human beings were pawns. And in the end the pawns have played their game with the kings.——San Francisco "Call."

Faithful Cook's Reward.—There is an elderly member of the faculty of a New England university, a noted entomologist, who has retained in his employ a faithful cook for twenty years.

Recently the professor summoned her to his study in a ceremonious way which was unusual.

"Regina," he began, "you have been in my employ twenty years. As a reward I have determined to name the bug recently discovered after you."—"Harper's Weekly."

## Tuberculosis

#### Its Symptoms, Its Prevention, Its Cure

THE most common instance of a tuber which may be understood by anyone is the potato. The disease, tuberculosis, ordinarily consumption, an expression synomyn by the way, is so called because the germ indicative of the disease form tubercle of infinitesimal proportions it is true but nevertheless a tubercle.

The tubercle of tuberculosis is commonly referred to technically as being the size of a millet seed and each of these tubercles, small as they are, contain millions of microbes.

Tuberculosis is the most prevalent of all diseases, the so-called white plague. In eighty per cent of antopsies recently made in a New York hospital the germ was found active or passive, showing that 88 per cent of the individuals thus examined had at one period of their existence been host of the bacteria tuberculosis, though it may not have been the cause of death, proving one may entertain a stranger unawares.

Attrition is a common factor in encouraging the disease. Anemia, wasting tissues, with no great pain may indicate the presence of the germ but no especial attention is paid to it and one suddenly "picks up." The healthy tissues have formed a coalition against the bacterial invasion and the tubercle is enclosed in a surrounding wall of healthy tissue which renders it inert and harmless though still existent.

This is the method of nature's procedure. First, the white blood corpuscles, those scavengers of disease, come like a defensive army to quell the invader. These infest the germs and carry them off with the blood stream, then the fresh, healthy blood and tissues wall off the tubercle and it is isolated, incapacitated.

But if the white blood corpuscles fail in their mission and the invader conquers, new tubercles are formed, millions of sapriphytis are nourished upon the disintegrating tissues and the disease progresses until it culminates in death.

Even in the instance of walling off the germs or healing in evident or advanced stages of the disease there is always the danger of recurrence for the germ is inevitably there ready to spring into active life upon the least provocation, indeed it seems almost to be possessed of intelligence and waiting for a break-down in the surrounding wall By Dr. Margaret Pladwell

of healthy tissue to invade the body ad libitum.

A well nourished body is the greatest enemy of tuberculosis. Attrition as opposed to nutrition is its greatest ally. The tubercular germ may remain dormant for a life-time but where existant in the human body (and it invades every organ and tissue) the danger of a breakdown of the surrounding healthy wall is always imminent and a menace. Yet hundreds of thousands of persons are host of this invader and do not know it.

There is no portion of the human body exempt from the germ of tuberculosis. It invades every organ, tissue and bone. The lay mind naturally thinks of "consumption" as a lung disease and in this respect it is most predominant. surrounding atmosphere with its dust particles is full of these germs, and breathes them in everywhere innocuously under ordinarily healthy conditions but let there be a weak spot and at once a focus of infection is formed, the nucro organism develops and multiplies prodigeously and invasion of the lung tissues begin and in youth rapidly disintegrates. The consumption of age is a slower process but more sure.

The greatest enemies of tuberculosis are nutrition, fresh air and sun light. These kill the germ and render it ineffective. Close, fetid and dark rooms, uncleanliness and malnutrition are its most effective aids.

Consumption is a singularly expressive definition of the disease. It is a consuming force. Restlessness, fevers, night sweats are its external manifestations and these of course are symptomatic of its species.

The bacterium tuberculosis is a remarkably resistant germ—will lie dormant indefinitely but will not die except under extraordinary circumstances; therein lies its menace.

Just now we are told tuberculosis is rampant in the Central Empires of Europe and though our information from that area must of necessity be duly discounted—yet it seems probable to the medical profession that such a condition exists for we know that isolated as the Germans are they must be suffering food shortage and attrition is one of the most encouraging incentives to the "Great White Plague." This is known to the world at large. The Germans particularly are eating a "composite bread" which from the quality of its ingredients cannot be nutritive and tuberculosis is as axiomatic under such circumstances as two and two are four.

Tuberculosis is not hereditary but the tendency is. A tubercular mother may give birth to a child which is normally healthy but the chances are that this child will succumb to tuberculosis much more readily than the child of normal parentage.

Also those who have had the disease in any form are more susceptible to the invasion of the nucro-organism.

In Potts disease, for example, i.e. tuberculosis of the spine, often diagnosed wrongly by physicians as appendicitis, because abscesses form in the region of the appendix, the tubercles may be walled off—pro tempore, but devitilization of the tissues, dissipation, alcoholism et al. cause the disease to break out afresh, not necessarily as Potts disease, but as tuberculosis of the lungs or otherwise and under such conditions is usually fatal.

There is a wholly psychic condition too attributed to the consuming qualities of this bacterium. It is said to be the cause of immortality of many men in the world of expression.

Personally I believe that genius does not exist in the brain of man but in his spirituality. I cannot myself define this, because I do not myself understand its source but it is said that the toxins of the disease tuberculosis have a force upon human conception.

Says Dr. Jacobsen: The toxins of tuberculosis have facilitated the release of creative personalities in many notable instances. He names Charlotte Bronte, Roussean, Robert Pollas, Michael Bruce Channing, Kant, Milton, Ruskin, Kingsley Locke, Mme. de Stael, Elizabeth Browning, Molieve, Thoreau, Stevenson and a host of others, whose genins he attributes to the bacteria tuberculosis.

There is no doubt the disease carries an optomism in the patient. A consumptive never believes he is a victim to the fell disease. He is optimistic to a

(Continued on page thirty)

## The "Villas" of Free Flanders

refugees—those brave cultivators that the war has driven from their land and from their farms-have known America. From the beginning of their troubles, the generosity of the United States has eased their lot. Therefore when war was voted by the American Senate, it caused joy indescribable but no astonishment, for all in that corner of the earth which constitutes today free Belgium, all knew the nobility of sentiments of their great friends of the other side of the Atlantic. Gifts arrive from all over the United States, both for the needy, these newly poor of which there are so many, and for the hospitals at the front. They knew it well—these "Flamands" of free Belgium-and they also knew with what scrupulous devotion, with what untiring charity the American committee had organized the supplying of the Belgians on the other side of the lines-of those who had borne for nearly three years the unintelligent cruelty of the invader.

But how do they picture the friendly country? When one speaks to the little chlidren of this immense republic, of its natural splendors, of its tremendous industrial activity, what is it that strikes the children most—the uneducated people? In order to render thrilling the description of the great American cities, it suffices to speak of those long wide avenues with their houses of 15 or 20

They know how rich and powerful a country must be that gives so much help to the unfortunate. They know that the moral of the people-today allies—is on a level with their fortune, but the sky-scrapers, in their imagination, symbolizes the strength and originality of America.

You must know that, in the unoccupied Flemish villages, high houses do not exist. The old buildings of the old towns had two stories at the most; many of them were masterpieces of architecture and the general effect of the city would have been spoiled in building houses too high. Besides, in the most characteristic of these towns the German artillery has levelled to an equal height the high and low houses. In many villages, as in the towns situated near the front, all is on a level with the ground. The inhabitants of these destroyed cities, of the farms shattered by shells, have fled; they are to be found in England, in France. Many, however, have not been able to leave their "Patrie" (country). They wanted to

remained to them, and one has seen, along the roads, houses spring up of a surprising architecture. Those who have not lost everything have been able to build themselves fairly elegant wooden pavilions and sometimes—but very rarely -comfortable. But these are exceptional and nearly all of the refugees have had to make use of anything they could get hold of, to reconstruct their family shelter.

A few beams—generally trunks of trees taken from the destroyed districtsrefugees themselves-form the framework of the house. The flooring is the beaten down earth. The walls form the greatest variety. Sometimes they are made by a screen of twisted dead branches, covered with a potters-clay peculiar to the country. Sometimes the walls of the house are in wood. Then one sees the strangest assembly of old packing cases. As these pieces of wood have kept their inscriptions, it is not unusual to read such indications as: "Bacon 50 lbs." or "Packed in accordance with government specifications," etc. We have even seen near a hospital a house built entirely of wood from boxes on which could be read: "American Clearing House, Rue Francois ler. Paris." It is true that one could have constructed many houses with the innumerable cases which have been sent out by that organization. At other times the walls are made of the tin of the boxes of conserves abandoned by the armies. However, this metal is generally reserved for the roof. The refugees are masters in the art of improvising, a waterproof roof of old tins, or failing these, with cardboard covered with bitumen. Often the roof is made of thatch, touching souvenirs of the demolished farms.

This makes, if we dare say so, houses of a few meters in size. They are known in the country as "tentes," but on each one of them a card announces, with an irony which has become habitual-that it is a villa. Thus it is that along the high roads are dotted tumble down old places bearing names which would be more in keeping with a fashionable watering-place. Many of these shelters bear the name of one of their owners: Villa Louis, Villa Marie. The patronage of the sovereigns is claimed by others. Innumerable are the Villa Albert, Villa Elizabeth, Villa Marie Jose and other names of the royal family are frequently employed also. For the others—the "Flammand" never loses his taste for irony—the name indicates riches or

T is a long time that the Belgian hang on to the scrap of ground which beauty: Villa des Millionnaires," "Villa Beau sejour," "Villa de la Fortune." Others recall the war: "Villa des Allies," "Villa Shrapnel," "A l'arrivee de l'Obus," "Villa Blindee." Often also the souvenir of a regiment that has been quartered in the neighborhood christens the habitation: "Villa du Canada," "Villa Indienne," "Villa Galloise," "Villa des Poilus," "Villa Tommy," etc., etc.

> When one enters into these villasso low that a person of average height has to stoop to get through the doorthe first thing one sees is the stove. It is not always lighted—often coal has been very scarce—but it is always bright and shining. In these miserable shelters, papered with old newspapers, where it is very damp and cold, the stove is the pride of the housewife. It is also to a certain extent the symbol of her home which she takes much care of. It reminds her of the high chimney on which, on a gallery of carved wood, were grouped the curiosities of the family; tiny armed sailing ships, placed in the inside of a bottle; candlesticks in colored glass; scenes from the Passion represented by rag dolls dressed in gold-paper dresses. All these things were on the old chimney piece which the shells have demolished. Today nothing remains of these objects which formed the little family museum.

Thousands of families live in such huts. The families are large in this district and one can understand that often elementary hygiene cannot be applied. Thanks to wise measures, it has been possible—since the terrible epidemic of typhoid in 1914-15-to avoid all epidemics. However, it is cold and damp in these dwellings and illness often occurs. Also they are not very safe, and often a cowardly and useless bomb from an avion strikes a villa, killing or wounding its inhabitants. War wounds are frequent among the civil population. It can be seen that the victims cannot be cared for in their homes and that they need hospitals. And other pavilions larger and more solid have been built to shelter suffering of all sorts. these hospital pavilions, American help has been precious. Surgical dressings, medicines, clothing, gifts in money have arrived in abundance since the beginning of the war.

Alas! the misery is great and it is impossible to give sufficient to relieve all of it. There is so much suffering, so much misfortune.

Perhaps you will understand now why the sky-scrapers excite so much admiration among the inhabitants of the villas.

## A Guide to Women's Success

THE war which has raged for three years has, in an indirect way, helped to spell economic freedom for womankind. It has opened the way to woman's activities in many heretofore untried lines of endeavor. In the munition factories of European countries, and, indeed, in many American establishments will be found women, young and old, doing the work which before had been performed only by the sterner sex. Not only in the factories are they busily engaged but on the tram cars of London and the auto buses of Paris. and, for that matter, Berlin-women are drivers and collectors of fares and report has it that their work is very well done. The stirring and trying time of war has demonstrated that the fair sex is a power to be reckoned with, and to be depended upon in the great emergencies. In the United States with, our comparatively recent entry into the great conflict, the necessity for women to take the places of men has not been so great until now when hundreds of thousands of our most active young men are being called to take their places beside those who have thus far been bearing the burden in the great fight for democracy. Gradually but surely are the easy going people of the greatest republic coming to a realization of our active part in the struggle for freedom; slowly but surely are we admitting to ourselves the many sacrifices we must make in men and money before victory finally crowns our efforts. The very fact that this debt to humanity must be paid, impresses us more and more with the fact that our economic situation must not be neglected. The places of the men who have answered the call of their country must be filled, and are being filled in many cases by women who, even in the short time which has elapsed since their entry into active manufacturing, business and professional pursuits, have clearly and cleverly demonstrated their entire fitness for the new roles they have been called upon to portray. There are many opportunities for women to get out of the beaten path and away from the more or less mediocre positions, by taking up some of the professions. One of these is life insurance. The selling of life insurance is a profession—and many women in America testify not only to the fact but that it is a mighty good profession for a woman to follow. The larger insurance companies were among the first American institutions to recognize the possibilities

of women representatives. Today nearly every company that pretends to be among the "six best sellers" has its women's department, presided over by a woman and with women filling responsible positions all along the line. Active women workers actually out in the field are earning large remuneration from their efforts. And the women are not devoting their entire efforts to the solicitation of applications from among their own sex either; it is quite the opposite. Insurance is recognized today as a very necessary part of our economic existence. Incidentally, the men of the United States have protected their families with 24 billion dollars of life insurance, and it is comforting and gratifying to know that this insurance protection will, in most cases, follow the American soldier through all the risks and hazards of war without a cent of additional charge. New policies issued to those directly subject to war service will naturally have war clauses added and in which is usually included an extra premium charge. Whether war claims run into hundreds of thousands or tens of millions, they will be paid, thanks to the stability of American life insurance. This means the prevention of much poverty and distress among dependents. Here is a vast economic asset of which the nation may well be proud, for American life insurance exceeds in volume that of all other nations combined. Very many in America who have dependents should protect them with life insurance. Those who have no one depending on them should have insurance of the class which provides for their own "old age" time of life. A glance at the latest census report shows that there were in the United States in 1910, 3,949,000 persons of both sexes over 65 years of age. Of these it has been estimated that 90 per cent are wholly or in part dependent on others for support. If this ratio is a true forecast of the future, only one of every ten of the present generation who reach the age of 65 will have sufficient means of support; the other nine will have to look to others for the necessities of life. There is no need for this; reputable companies issue income policies which guarantee monthly or yearly payments from the time old age hits us, and which, if taken out early in life, are very reasonable in cost. There are innumerable forms of dependable insurance which will protect our families in time of sickness and death, or in the

later years of life. Who, better than a woman, can present the many pleasing, encouraging features of such a proposition? The insurance field offers many alluring prospects to the woman who through necessity or by choice must earn her own living.

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Keeping Up with Science.—Doctor— "What? Troubled with sleeplessness? Eat something before going to bed."

Patient—"Why, doctor, you once told me never to eat anything before going to bed."

Doctor (with dignity)—"Pooh, pooh! That was last January. Science has made enormous strides since then."—"Christian Register."

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A Literal Shopkeeper.—"What have you in the shape of cucumbers, this morning?" asked the customer of the new grocery clerk.

"Nothing but bananas, ma'am," was the reply."—"Christian Register."

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E are living in an age of science. Harum-scarum, slipshod methods which were considered good enough by our parents and grand-parents have no place in modern times, for we have come to realize that there is a definite something which has to be done, if we would be assured of definite results. In medicine, particularly, has science and scientific research accomplished much.

Chiropractic is a recognized science, licensed by and under the supervision of the various state boards of health. But as all do not comply with the law, the seeker after truth should not place himself in other hands than those who are licensed.

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SAN FRANCISCO

Prof. A. W. Richardson, President

#### Our Kiddies' Corner

(Continued from page twenty)

"I never knew rabbits could be so clever," said Ting Ling, in surprise.

"Oh, indeed," said the spokesman, "we do not want any rabbits who are not clever. When they are young and do not show any usefulness, we hang them up by their ears."

"Ouch!" exclaimed Ting Ling, imagining they were referring to him, "I thought someone pulled my ear."

"O, it was just your conscience, letting you know you are not as good as you ought to be," said the rabbit, grinning saucily at Ting Ling.

They took their visitor to many interesting places—grottos in the woods, where tiny fairy sprites, not much bigger than grasshoppers, were holding entertainments. Their singing and dancing was beautiful. Ting Ling wished he might take a couple of them home with him.

His own little rabbit, reading his thoughts, said:

"No, you cannot have any fairy sprites. They are only meant for good rabbits, and not for peevish children."

Ting Ling sulked, and something tugged at his ear again.

"Oh, dear me," he said, "I can't see why I can't have a few sprites. There are so many, you surely won't miss them."

Again the tugging at his ear, and Ting Ling thought it was a sign that he had better say no more upon the subject.

Next he was whisked away to a different part of the woods, and was conducted through little rooms where hundreds of rabbits were seated, reading books.

"These are our schools and libraries. We have very few lazy rabbits, as you see."

Indeed, the little rabbits were very studious, and seemed to be entirely unaware, apparently, of Ting Ling's presence.

Again the little visitor was conducted through space—over trees, houses, through grottos and caves—until they came to the seashore.

"What are we going to do now?" asked Ting Ling in surprise.

"We are going to have our daily ducking," was the answer.

Then the rabbits went through the queerest series of evolutions; diving in the water, and turning high somersaults in the air; each in turn, in severe, well-trained regularity.

"Now, Ting Ling, we are sorry, but you have to have a ducking, too," said his conductor.

"But I don't want to get wet," replied Ting Ling.

"You just have to," said his own rabbit, in a very positive way, "You may have your own way at home, but you can not here with us. You will have to do just as we do."

"But I won't get wet—I won't—I won't."

"Let's hang him by the ears," shouted the grinning rabbits with one voice; "we'll see whether he wants to get wet or not."

But Ting Ling was very stubborn, and refused to go near the water. The rabbits demonstrated what would happen to Ting Ling; a scaffold was brought, and a few truant rabbits were hung by their ears until they promised to behave, when they were allowed to go free. Ting Ling looked on in fear and bewilderment, realizing that he was no match for this band of glassy-eyed creatures, but he wouldn't give in to them.

"You don't dare touch me," he said, defiantly.

"Oh, well, we'll see," they replied. Then they seized Ting Ling by his ears. Of course his ears were short, and it hurt him terribly when they started to lift him up in this manner.

"Ouch! ouch!" he screamed, "I will go in the water. Just let me go."

So they dumped him in the water, and then sat on their hind legs and grinned at him. He jumped and screamed because he could not swim, and the water was very cold.

"If your mother would do that," shouted his own rabbit, "I think you would be less stubborn."

Poor Ting Ling struggled and finally groped his way out of the water, shouting, "Mother! Mother!"

"Yes, my dear child."

It was his mother, and he clasped his arms tightly around her neck.

"Oh, mother, I'm glad you rescued me from the rabbits. My clothes must be wet."

Strange to say, he was perfectly dry, and no rabbits were around, with the exception of the glassy-eyed one his mother had bought him the day before. Ting Ling stared in amazement. Then he realized it wasn't true at all, about the rabbits. His mother was pleased that her little son had become so affectionate.

"Mama," he said, penitently, "I am sorry I have been such a troublesome son. I am going to be ever so good, and I don't want another rabbit. Do you think if we took this one back, we could get a little cap instead."

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210 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.

#### What About the Woman?

(Continued from page seven)

to our sympathetic ears. It was a privilege so to speak to foreigners from a distant land.

Only a few days before I had walked across the fields to her farm. It was such a neat little place. The onestory house of whitewashed mortar, perhaps two or three hundred years old. In the fashion of the country, the same roof covered human and animal quarters. All lived happily, the old people and the younger generation together. Marie proudly exhibited her baby boy, and its wonderful "city" baby carriage, the only one like it in the whole neighborhood.

All was scintillating sunshine. Even at moments the overhanging cloud barely darkened the sky.

"Oh, Mademoiselle, you who know the world, you do not think this war could befall us? We don't want it. We are so happy. My Josef would have to go the very first day, if the government orders a mobilization. Why, it seems as though he had only just come back from his three years' military service! Those were hard years, but now, to think of his going off, to be shot among the first. Always the youngest ones are shot first. He will be in the reserves right back of the active army-those now doing their service. And my baby. What use to have him grow up into a fine man? He will only have to go as his father does. Our fathers and mothers went through the 70's."

I tried to comfort her, and left her with the smile once more in her eyes.

But now the blow had fallen. Down in this little primitive Brittany village, we were close to the throbbing heart of the French people. That night, the sun set in a smurky red sky; there was weeping and wailing.

A few days later, while the mobilization was at its height, I succeeded in obtaining a pass allowing me to get back to Paris. Instead of the customary eight, I spent twenty-two hours on that train, filled, with the exception of my compartment, by red and blue uniformed troops joining their regiments. All along the line we saw thousands, millions, I should say, swarming out of stations like bees out of a hive, overflowing dilapidated third-class carriages and even cattle trains. Many of the cars were gaily decorated with flags, greens and flowers, and some had jocose inscriptions in chalk,

"Train de Plaiscir pour Berlin: aller et

retour gratuit." (Excursion train to they could endure the sight of the Berlin; free round trip); or:

"Nous reviendrons avec la tete de Guillaume!" (We'll come back with William's head!) emphasized by a caricatured head featuring the formidable mustache, and "Au revois mais pas Adieu!" (Au revoir but not goodbye!)

Strains of glorious, thrilling Marseillaise filled the air. "Allons, Enfantes de la Patrie, le jour de glorie est arrive.'

There was little sadness among these brave men, but much of gaiety, forced, no doubt, as were the smiles about the quivering lips of the women grouped about the stations. Only once did I outwardly see what I knew must have been in the hearts of many. In the great station of Tours, which seemed to be the scene of particular activity, I saw a tear-stained woman of about thirty step up to the train just as it was about to pull off. Down from the train jumped a big soldier man, still rather uncomfortable in his recently donned uniform. Under his arm he had a great bundle wrapped in newspaper-extra clothing, no doubt, urged on him by his wife, or sweetheart, perhaps she was. Anyhow. she was his woman, and he was her man. In their clinging together I saw them like the one human being they were, typifying man and woman the world

Even in the natural course of events, death would separate them all too soon. but why, why this unnecessary parting? For the man, a gallant death might speedily claim him; for the woman, the lonely path stretched long and dreary.

At Deauville, into which I was plunged as the fashionable seaside resort was being transformed with cinematograph rapidity into a nucleus of hospitals, l marvelled at the sangfroid of the women. Many of those who turned to the work of caring for the wounded were foreigners, like myself, face to face with a war instead of a gay, luxurious season. But those who slaved the hardest, who seemed most stoical in bearing the sight of the mangled forms as they were lifted from the trains to the autos and trucks waiting to take them to the hospital, were the little, frail, delicately nurtured French women. I wondered how, thinking of their own dear ones, wounds.

Ah, that was just it, they were thinking of their dear ones, and in this service, they were casting their bread upon the waters, hoping their own would receive the same loving care.

If a soldier died, no matter how lowly he was, with his family impossible to reach, he was laid out by tender hands. The dreaded tetanos (lock-jaw) claimed many wounded during the early part of the war. In our hospital, installed in the once gay Casino, we had several deaths. In each case, it was impossible, owing to crippled telegraph and train service, or most of all, to the poverty of the soldiers' families, for any relatives to be present at the funeral. Nevertheless, each man, if a Catholic, was given the rites of the Church, carefully laid out in a little make-shift chapel, once the coat-room of the Casino. There were flowers in plenty, and always the flag to deck the

In the procession of mourners behind the hearse creaking up to the cemetery on the side of the wooded Normandy hill, walked women, many women always. They, too, were doing this for their own dear ones, praying that their boys, far away, might also have the same death with loving hands to minister to them, rather than to perish, God knows where and how, on the battlefield.

#### FRIENDS-EVERYBODY

Everywoman requests that you send magazines and all good reading matter, songs, etc., to the encampment at Tanforan.

Our Soldier Boys need everything fine you can send them.

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#### SOME LIBERTY-LOAN ITEMS

IBERTY LOAN sales on the New York Stock Exchange for the month of August totaled \$19,595,-The transactions in Liberty Loan bonds exceeded the combined sales of all foreign loans on the exchange by over a millian and a half.

Reports from all over the country indicate that banks and bankers and boud houses, newspapers and other pjeriodicals and the Liberty Loan committees and other organizations and individuals who were so patriotically active and efficient in promoting the sale of the first issue of Liberty Loan bonds are getting prepared and holding themselves in readiness to make the second issue as great a success as the first.

In view of the fact that the second issue of Liberty Loan bonds may differ in some respects from the bonds of the first issue, in that they may bear a higher rate of interest and be subject to the superincome tax, the question of converting the bonds of the first issue into bonds of the second is receiving a great deal of consideration.

Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo has suggested that holders of interim certificates who desire to convert their purchase into bonds of the second issue hold their certificates and turn them in in exchange for bonds of the second issue rather than secure their bonds of the first issue and turn them in in exchange. No charge will be made for such exchange.

A question has arisen as to within what time the holders of a liberty-loan bond of the first issue can exercise the right of conversion into a bond of the second issue. Until the pending bill has become a law and the details of the second issue of liberty-loan bonds are definitely settled the question may be considered as largely academic. Secretary McAdoo will issue in due time a statement covering the matter.

Some financial writers say that wonder was expressed that \$2,000,000,000 worth of liberty bonds affected the money market of the country so little, but that the wonder has ceased, and it is believed that the awakened credit of the United States can absorb many billion dollars more without making a ripple in the money market.

#### ्रेन क्षेत्र क्षेत्र

Unnecessary.—"If you want a comfort in the house, get one of these instantaneous heaters. It keeps the whole family in hot water all the time."

"Don't need it. My wife attends to that."-Baltimore "American."



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ALFRED METZGER, Editor

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#### CATHEDRAL OF RHEIMS

Towards the end of the fourth century the Cathedral of Rheims was first built. But together with the pastor who constructed it, it was destroyed by the ancestors of the same people who have destroyed the Cathedral of Rheims now.

Fifteen centuries ago it was rebuilt and dedicated in 862—then repaired a hundred years later, after having again suffered reverses-indeed it would seem that these mighty edifices built by man emulate his own life by the same changes through strife and ignorance which he suffers from.

After rebuilding in the eleventh century and a conflagration in 1210 the cathedral was rebuilt as it has remained till our day; but never finished. It still required over three hundred years more work to complete it.

In 1882 the Pope prescribed a collection of art in all Christendon for the masterpiece of Rheims. This masterpiece therefore belongs to the whole Christian world.

In all the centuries the great church has never been free from scaffolding, the work never ceasing; carving, sculpturing, carving; everywhere, until little by little all the stone was being turned into form and shape under the inspired efforts of the great men of all time, one after the other.

Many books have been written on this universal work of art; but no words can describe its beauties or its wonders in accomplishment.

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#### A DISCOVERY

New French Town.—The geography lesson was about to begin, and the subject of it was France.

Accordingly, the teacher started off with the question: "Now in this present terrible war, who is our principal ally?"

"France," came the answer from a chorus of voices.

"Quite right," said the teacher, beaming. "Now can any of you give me the name of a town in France?'

A small boy at the back of the class almost fell over in his eagerness to tell; 'Somewhere," he said, breathlessly."— Pittsburg "Chronicle-Telegraph."



Not So Easy.—Here is a story our wounded boys have brought back from the front about Sir Douglas Haig.

Sir Douglas was, some few weeks ago, in a great hurry to get to a certain place. He found his car, but the chauffeur was missing. So Sir Douglas got in the car and drove off by himself. Then the driver appeared and saw the car disappearing in the distance.

"Great Scot!" cried the driver, "there's 'Aig a-driving my car!"

"Well, get even with him," said a Tommy, standing by, "and go and fight one of 'is battles for him.-"Tit-Bits."

#### BEAUTIFUL FAITH

A Young Financier.—A pretty young schoolmarm wro teaches a first-grade class in a school of the northwest section of the city is telling a funny story on herself that happened just before the close of the term. She had some visitors on the afternoon in question, and thought she would show them what a good class she had. Calling on a bright little fellow at the rear of the room, she said to him: "Johnny, if I gave you two cents and your father gave you three cents, how much would you have?"

"Seven," promptly replied Johnny.

The teacher blushed painfully, but thought she would try again: "You can't have understood me, Johnny. Now listen. and I will repeat the question. If I gave you two cents and your father gave you three, how much would you have?"

"Seven," said Johnny again, and with the same promptness.

"I am surprised at you, Johnny," said the teacher. "How on earth would you have seven?"

"I got two in me pocket," said Johnny. -Chicago "News."

of of

Ancestral Pride Crushed.—He —"My ancestors came over in the Mayflower.'

She-"It's lucky they did; the immigration laws are a little stricter now."-Yale "Record."

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#### TUBERCULOSIS

(Continued from page twenty-three) degree, and presumably this contributes to his genius and the expression of that quality.

This is a prodigious subject and worthy much greater scope than my editor is at the present time willing to accord. Some day I shall go into the matter more thoroughly and endeavor to do it greater justice for it has more angles than I can at this time, and in such limited space, define.

But the indisputable fact is, tuberculosis in whatever form has not been conquered. We know the germ, we may stain and view it microscopically, we may incubate it by the millions, but no serum, no reactionary force has yet been discovered that will conquer the bacterium tuberculosis.

### THE WHITE-RIBBON AMBULANCE

THE first white-ribbon ambulance is ready for its call to France. It was brought to National W. C. T. U. headquarters Saturday, August 25, and a photograph taken. The seven sergeants of Ambulance Company No. 9 were grouped with the car, and white ribbon streamers floated with the stars and stripes at the front. Miss Gordon, National W. C. T. U. president, formally presented the ambulance, expressing the hope that it might be under the care of Captain Dr. S. V. Balderston, it was accepted by Lauris Eek, ranking sergeant. The ambulance accommodates four stretchers and its engine is the finest made. The boys in khaki pronounced it a "dream" and a "dandy." Money for the ambulance poured in so promptly and generously from state and local unions and from individual contributors that the W. C. T. U. has enough on hand to place an order for a second car and this will be done.

#### के के के

How Dad Compromised.—"When you and your wife have a difference of opinion," sad the father who was giving advice to his newly married son, "and you are right, and you are unable to persuade her that you are right, you must compromise. To illustrate my point I will give you a little experience of my own. One summer your mother wished to spend the season in Maine, while I was anxious to go to the Adirondacks."

"And how did you compromise, father?"

"Well, we stayed from Friday to Monday in the Adirondacks, and spent the rest of the summer on the Maine coast." —"Youth's Companion." SUTTER 2180

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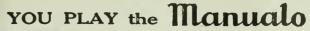
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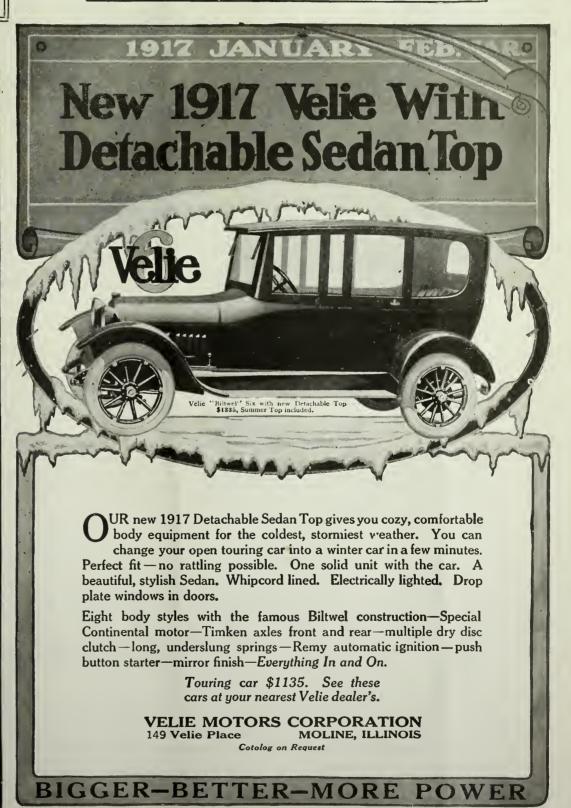


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## How the Texas Tube test happened!

T nettled Bill Parr considerably!
So many Motorists had So many Motorists had carelessly stated that "all Tire Tubes are just Rubber."

He determined to show some folks the difference, in a way they would never forget.

There were four Cars at the door, and their Owners or Drivers at his elbow.

To these he said,—
"Boys,—how strong do you think this Goodrich
Brown Tube actually is?
"Do you believe it is strong enough to tow Mr.
Oden's five passenger Car, with four people in it, for 20 blocks?

"You don't, eh!

"You don't, eh!

"Well now here's a bit of a Bet I want to make
with any, or all, of you.

"I will bet you a Dinner that this little old regular Goodrich Tube (34x4) will not only tow Mr.
Oden's Car, but will tow all three of your Cars,—fully
passengered,—through the streets, for the full 21 blocks

onen's Car, but will tow ait whee by your Cars,—Ininy passengered,—through the streets, for the full 21 blocks more than a mile and a half)—starting and stopping as many times as the crowd makes it necessary.

"I will,—if you Gentlemen are agreeable,—line up all four of your Cars, right here and now, take three regular Goodrich Tubes hap-hazard out of their boxes,—tie one tube between each two Cars, (which means hauling three Cars on the first Tube) and tote Youall that way to "The Corners."

"Are you willing to bet a Dinner that any one of the three Tubes will 'go broke' on the way, or show a flaw which would leak Air, or prevent its being used for its original Tire purpose afterwards?

"You are, eh?

"Well,—the Bet's on!
"Come along, and you be the Judges."

. \*

THE Dinner was a very Cheerful Affair.

As Oden said afterwards (when putting up his share of the Bet) "you could have bet me a Million on' that, Parr, and I'd have taken you up,—even if I had to borrow the Million.

"I don't see how the plamed Tubes ever did hold out,—especially going up Saco St. under such a strain.

"With eight people in the last three Cars,—and a total load of over 8,800 pounds I sure thought to hear something snap before Second Block.

"Whaddye put into that brown Goodrich Rubber anyhow, to make it hang together like that?"

Fritz said that what puzzled him most was the brown Rubber Tubes "not being all stretched out of

shape after such a tug, even if they did hang together

at the finish. "Look "Look you," said he, "when we released the load,—after the Haul,—they instantly snapped back into just three-quarters of an inch longer than they

were at the start!

"And that ¾ of an inch, they took up again in less than two hours rest."

he smoothed out a wrinkle in his well-filled vest, "that'll stop the Argument about all Tire Tubes being 'just Rubber,' won't it?"

"If the Brown Stuff that toted all you Heavy-weights,—and your Cars,—for 21 blocks, without a Sign of Heavy Duty afterwards, isn't something MORE than 'Just Rubber,' like other Tubes,—then you'd better buy the 'Just Rubber' kind hereafter.

"I'm going to ask all of you to sign your names to this 'Texas Tire Tube Test,'—just to show that you have taken part in a regular Exploit which is mighty well worth recording."

So indeed they did,—and here is the affidavit

#### AFFIDAVIT.

This certifies that we, the undersigned, took part in and witnessed, the Texas tube test referred to in the advertisement entitled "How the Texas Tube Test Happened!"—that the test was made on date of Nov. 11, at Waco, Texas, the distance covered being twenty-one blocks and that the result was not described. was as described.

W. M. ODEN, J. M. NASH, B. A. FRITZ, W. A. PARR. Signed-

Subscribed and sworn to before me by W. M. Oden, J. M. Nash, B. A. Fritz and W. A. Parr, this the 3rd day of May, A. D. 1916, at Waco, Texas.

Signed— J. G. WREN, Notary Public, McLennon County, Texas.

Now what think You of these GOODRICH Tire Tubes that could bear up under such a gruelling test? Reflect that they *cost* you no more than the *tary*" Tubes you so carelessly accept!

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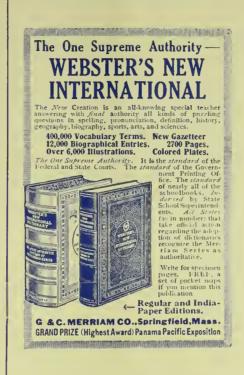
\$17.50 for the round trip.

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## One of the New Homes in St Francis Wood

A LETTER TO THE HOME LOVERS OF SAN FRANCISCO (Continued from this page of September's Everywoman)

278 Post St., October 1, 1917.

To the Readers of Everywoman:

We have again taken this page to complete our story of ST FRANCIS WOOD, the wonderful new residence district toward which so many are looking as the long awaited car line through Twin Peaks Tunnel nears completion.

In the last number of this magazine we told how San Francisco was doing its part in bringing this beautiful new region close to the very center of the city, first by its \$4,000,000 Twin Peaks Tunnel, next by a splendid system of automobile boulevards radiating from ST FRANCIS WOOD, and finally by the new rapid transit car line from our gates through the tunnel to Market Street-a line which will be completed early next month.

Meanwhile what have we, its owners, done in the transfiguration of ST FRANCIS WOOD? More, far more than we can begin to tell on the remainder of this page. Many of the finest trees of the original wood, Monterey pine, cypress and eucalyptus, have been preserved; the best of gently winding streets have been constructed and accepted by the City; sidewalks with distinctive, artistic brick patterns have been put down; gas and water mains have been so laid as to obviate any tearing up of the pavement for house connections; telephone and electric wires have been placed in conduits-not a pole to deface the streets of ST FRANCIS WOOD; generously wide lots have been provided, with adequate restrictions to preserve the sunlight, and prevent the crowding which defaces the older portions of the city.

So much on the side of utility. Still more inviting are the artistic features of ST FRANCIS WOOD. The Wood is, in fact, a great private park designed as a setting for charming homes. Parkways banked with shrubs from every quarter of the globe, and brilliant with flowers, line every street. Parks, large and small, delight the eye with their green lawns banked by masses of shrubbery. Playgrounds are provided for the children and splendid tennis-courts for the grownups. All these are to be forever the exclusive property of the residents of ST FRANCIS WOOD.

The gateways, fountains, and similar architectural features it is impossible adequately to describe in words. Of these, the new St Francis Fountain, just finished at a cost of over \$15,000, and ornamented by Leo Lentelli, the sculptor of the Court of Abundance in the Exposition, is pronounced by those who know to be one of the notable artistic achievements of the West.

In a word, neither pains nor expense is being spared in making this garden spot for homes more and more deserve the praise of such city planning experts as United States Senator Francis G. Newlands, who, in a recently published interview, referred to ST FRAN-CIS WOOD as "the finest residential property in the United States." But, more than this, we want it to be of such a drawing power that scores of readers of "Everywoman" will come to look upon ST FRANCIS WOOD as the one ideal spot for an ideal future home. We want the time to come, and come speedily, when the question will be, not "Can I afford to live in ST FRANCIS WOOD?", but, rather, "Can I afford not Yours very respectfully,
MASON-McDUFFIE COMPANY. to do so?"



ippines

Our Flag on the Pacific

## 20 Cents

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Official Journal of The National Council of Women. Membership. 7.000.000



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- (10) "Everywoman," through an expert, will edit each advertisement free of charge, when desired.

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It Is Always

Pro-Humanity

VOL. XI. No. 18

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER, 1917

20c Per Copy. \$2.00 Per Year

EVERYWOMAN is the Official Organ of the National Council of Women, with which the General Federation of Women's Clubs is now affiliated. Its membership in America is 7,000,-000. The membership of the International Council, to which it belongs, is 17,000,000, thus making an organization of 24,-000,000—the largest and most powerful body of women in the world.

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## If Everywoman Wills

## Science and Satire Rivaling Dean Swift

Ι.

ALIANT stood aloof from the rest of the revellers at the May Festival. The other young fellows with easy going airs had tried to coax him into a throng of girls who fluttered over the Campus like a lot of Magpies chattering their enthusiasm to the awakening blossoms of a laggard Spring. But Valiant begged off, awkwardly, confessing to a total ignorance of the requirements of such a soirree as well as to an inbred horror of mixing in a crowd. It was a feeling he could never entirely overcome; in the presence of a crowd of young women he felt himself so hopelessly bashful that he would at any time have given all the wealth he possessed to have been on some other planet. Yet this day he seemed to be hesitating. Some remarks the other young aristocrats had made about him "being a dead one" hurt him more than he cared to confess, even to himself, as he leaned his broad shoulders for a moment against a big cypress and shot an indignant glance in the direction of the animated throng. Not that he envied anybody anything; on the contrary he believed that everyone was entitled to extract all the pleasure possible out of life. But for the first time, in his rather detached existence, hearing just how he stood in the estimation of others sounded so much like a reproof to his sensitive nature that it filled his heart with resentment against those who did not understand him or sympathize with his lack of social instinct or ability to shine among the gay young Sybarites of his native town. It was that slur-and this resentment swelling in his bosom which started Phil Valiant on the road to startling complications.

#### Wiping Out a Slur

Stimulated by this resentment a sudden resolution took possession of Valiant's soul; a resolution about as incomprehensive to the average San Felician as his former bashfulness had been. To use his own words, he resolved "to cut loose—to show these confounded intellectual Lilliputians that instead of being a 'dead one' I am very much alive!"

As he stood there frowning Valiant ventured the assumption that he had money enough to do as he pleased, to startle society—to distinguish himself. He reasoned to himself that to resign from his favorite Aerial Club and to

By William Rutledge McGarry

Author of "From Berlin to Bagdad," "Marooned in America," "A Man of Destiny," "Silva," "The Heart of the Rockies," "The Battle of the Somme," Etc., Etc.

Written for Everywoman

marry a girl without a dollar to her name would be an extraordinary accomplishment in San Felice. Indeed it would be quite an achievement to discover a girl in San Felice who was not an heiress. The mere fact that a person lived in San Felice was sufficient to establish a high commercial rating as well as an exalted social standing. And this arrangement now struck Valiant as too irritatingly one-sided to harmonize with his stubborn resolution to marry a penniless girl. To marry an heiress, he peevishly concluded, would be equivalent to burying himself in the impenetrable luxury of San Felician gayety and sinking to the level of a common millionaire! He didn't like the notion. Neither did he like the aggressive gorgeousness of San Felice, itself, with the supercilious elegance of which he discovered himself growing unaccountably too unsympathetic for comfortable reflection.

#### Complacent San Felice

As a matter of fact, San Felice had always looked upon itself as the most aristocratic suburb on San Francisco Bay. Individually its inhabitants vied with one another in such a spirited patronage of the fine and useful arts so that when their social habits were examined in the light of candid criticism they were generally conceded to be nothing less than the natural outgrowth of the selfcomplacent privacy and arboreal luxury which blossomed from a comprehensive scheme of landscape gardening and architectural elegance which characterized the place. And, in justice to Valiant, men of general understanding were willing to concede that a young fellow inheriting a goodly portion of this exclusive Paradise might be permitted to regard Society as an unmitigated nuisance as well as an unpardonable disturbance to an utilitarian mind which slumbered along in solitary isolation, skeptical of the fascinating subterfuges which had often been intended to entice a handsome fellow from his too stolid indifference to the wiles of San Felician heiresses. So, this day, when Valiant made up his mind to "cut loose," and permitted his rebel thoughts to wander in the direction of the quaint old Observatory which towered in stately solitude upon an isolated hill he was laying the foundation for the most biting analysis of human life that had ever been presented to the San Felician mind.

#### Cupid in Solitude

The Observatory, of course, was merely incidental: Near by, and shrinking away from the cool winds of the Bay off into the green terraced hills of the suburbs, where it looked benignly down upon the Golden Gate, nestled the modest little bungalow of the daintiest wisp of a girl Valiant had ever dared talk to for more than a minute during the whole of his retiring life. And as a matter of fact Valiant was not altogether alone in his estimate of this young lady's attractions. If any unprejudiced person in San Felice had been asked to name the happiest, the wittiest, or the most interesting girl around the whole Bay the reply would, undoubtedly, have been: "Avis Sapiens."

The only local reflection against Avis was that she could never possibly hope to become one of the San Felice heiresses. And this handicap was sufficient to apparently disqualify her in the minds of some from ever aspiring to a desirable catch. Indeed Avis may have entertained such an opinion of herself, judging from the heartiness with which she tortured her many admiring suitors. And vet it was this artless indifference, perhaps, which did more than anything else to thaw Valiant's own frosty isolation and cause him to ardently consider Avis as the only girl in San Felice whose worldly possessions were illusive enough to make her really worth while. Having known her since childhood he had her sized up as a natural, unsophisticated, voung creature who rose above environment and displayed an adorable disregard of conventional artifice. He knew that her knowledge of this world had been largely acquired from constant association with a patriarchal father who had abandoned the Ministry and spent most of his time investigating the Heavens from the old theological Observatory; and to his conception of harmony this arrangement seemed perfect, judging, as he did, that the complimentary requirement of one who directed his daughter's thoughts heavenward on Sunday necessitated a sound understanding of astron-

## If Everywoman Wills

omical laws. Hence, to Valiant's aesthetical judgment, the astronomer's daughter appealed with a fine suggestion of proportion as a retiring cherub plucked from the Summer sunshine and reflected into his matrimonial mirror as an indispensable vision in the upkeep of his dogged determination to appropriate none other than Avis to join him in the sentimental enjoyment of the happy memories which clustered round his old Colonial home.

#### Help Wanted

Valiant's musings were manifestly selfish; but when Valiant wanted anything he wanted it badly. In a heart-to-heart encounter he was as fearless as he was bashful in a crowd. He now believed that he wanted Avis to help carry out his resolution; so whirling around defiantly he swung away like a gladiator in the direction of Observatory Hill.

Winding his way along the serpentine path, overhung with live-oak and scented with bay leaves, he looked up at the robbins flitting from bow to bow and amourously teetering on slender wild rose stalks, willing to convince himself that Nature was co-operating with him to promote the accomplishment of his purely selfish mission. A little to the right he could hear the mild splash of a brook tumbling into a thin granite basin and gurgling its liquid music in harmony with the low voice of a girl humming to her virgin fancies as she carelessly moved among the agitated shrubbery atremble in the mid-day breeze.

Where a large fallen cypress spanned the brook and formed a tempting rustic bridge he wabbled along gingerly, gazing into the crystal pool beneath. The overhanging foliage, shot with patines of sunshine, were drifting anto an inverted cloud flecked heaven, dimpling into soft prismatic brilliance and dissolving into an amber sunset at either side of the pool. Then out of the watery distance a pair of sly eyes peeked up through the clouds at the other inquiring reflection and seemed to ripple away in a liquid, melodious laugh. The strong light from above, sifting through a glory of tresses, began decomposing into a soft yellow circle, like a halo round the head of a Lippi virgin, and flashed into relief the coquettish features of contented girlhood unconscious of the beauty she reflected.

Valiant looked up quickly to the elevated bank ahead. Then back to the opposite bank. Losing his balance in the movement his feet slipped in four different directions and he found himself, presently, submerged to the arm pits in the surprised pool beneath.

"A little too cool for bathing," rippled a tantalizing voice as a young girl's head peeked from behind a boulder at the incongruous figure in the pool and a pair of red lips parted gracefully into waves of merry laughter.

"You can estimate the distance a body falls by the difference between the time it strikes bottom and the time of the report," replied Valiant, unwilling to admit that anything could happen to him in his present mood without a corresponding gain in useful information.

"And I suppose the density of a moist body may be estimated from the time consumed in evaporation," suggested Avis academically.

"'No foolin',' acquisced Valiant taking advantage of the situation to drive his mission forward and looking ruefully at his dripping figure: "Is there a sun parlor handy?"

"You may sit in the Observatory—father won't object."

#### Impressing Avis

Valiant straightened up and threw his shoulders back as though the suggestion were a threat. He recalled the old man's opposition to a number of the young sprigs of San Felice and it flashed across his mind that he might encounter a similar barrier himself. A stroll on the lawn has got that beat a mile," he demurred, manouvering to postpone the parental interview until he had settled the more important details with the young lady herself.

The fluctuating character of the scenes that followed this suggestion are more easily imagined than described. At first Avis was decidedly skeptical—her pleasant railery keeping Valiant's temperament wavering from the chills to prickly heat. But finally she compromised, with assumed reluctance, saying, in a low voice, and with her eyes pensively gazing into the shapeless future: "If daddie raises no objection,—why—I'll tell you after dinner."

It seemed a little difficult for the girl to concede so much; but the moment she had given her conditional answer she brightened up and danced around in such a way as to make him capable of facing a herd of buffalo, to beard a dozen lions in their den, to overcome the opposition of ten thousand eccentric fathers to his eligibility as a son-in-law. His enthusi-

asm was unflagging. He tackled the astronomer courageously that evening after dinner and held his own so well that he was more than certain of success. Still, when the astronomer did give his answer the whole matter was again referred to Avis with the possibility of other complications to ensue.

#### Courage Captures Father

"I shall regard my daughter's judgment final, Mr. Valiant," the old astronomer answered, weighing his words slowly, as they discussed the subject before the Elizabethan fireplace after the evening meal. "I knew your parents very well. Your father was—I don't know just how to put it; but your mother—she was an admirable woman." Squinting earnestly at Valiant for some moments as if he were studying the convolutions on the surface of Mars the old man concluded: "You resemble her, somewhat—"

"Thank you, Doctor," began Valiant, quite comfortably.

"About the eyes, I mean," interrupted Sapiens. "Your forehead and nose, too, seem to remind me of her." Then he began lacing and unlacing his fingers, his great head bowed, his mind apparently weighing the future of the Universe. Straightening up and sitting out on the extreme edge of the chair and glancing pathetically into Valiant's eyes: "I hope it'll be all right—let Avis consider it carefully. But, pshaw! that chin of yours should carry you through!"

Valiant's heart beat quickly. "I shall regard your approval, Sir," he began, in his most deferential manner when a thing happened which threw him into confusion and changed the entire current of his life. "Excuse me, Valiant!" interrupted Mr. Sapiens, excitedly, springing to his feet and running to the window. "Look! look! there he is—Mars! Mars! I know those are gardens—TRUCK GARDENS! I must hurry to the Observatory," and with a soft gray hat pulled down over his ears he strode buoyantly, almost triumphantly out into the night.

Valiant sat bolt upright, and looked after the retreating figure with wide open eyes.

#### Coming Events

"Father has a theory," smiled Avis, coming to his side and resting a hand on the back of his chair, "that there is a highly developed civilization on the planet Mars—"

"Nonsense," grunted Valiant, "if any-

(Continued on page eleven)

## Food Supplies:

## Surer Than Gold In Winning the War

THOSE of you who know me will, I think, readily admit that I am an optimist rather than a pessimist. So that when I say at the beginning of my remarks that Germany has won the war, as things stand at present, you will understand that I am merely indicating the situation as I see it. If Germany could conclude peace on the basis of her present conquests and at the present time, she would be in control of Middle Europe, would have the great ports of Antwerp and Constantinople and everything in between, and could draw from the 235,000,000 subject peoples, who would then be under her control, an enormous army that would necessitate war preparations on the most elaborate scale upon the part of every nation in the world.

In this country we have not faced the situation as clearly as we should. We have not fully grasped the fact that the collapse of Russia has thrown the burden of a decision in this war upon the United States. Next to Russia the United States has been the victim of the most elaborate and insidious German propaganda. Even now we meet it at every turn. One of its principal phases is to delude our people by discussion of early peace and by suggestive rumors of all sorts. Only yesterday we were told that "Belgium would be liberated," and then in small print, "provided that," etc. We simply must pay no attention to these ear-ticklers, but go right ahead with our preparation for the most serious contest in history. The program of the United States at the present time is first food, then ships, then naval vessels, then airplanes, soldiers and artillery. It is in this order that we will be able to offer assistance. Mobilization of our food and of shipping is the great problem of the war for the next few months.

#### Save the Food and You Save the Men

Mastery of food will mean mastery of the war. During the next eight months we will simply have to draw enough from our stocks of food to supply the present needs of our allies. We will have to do this in the form of concentrated foods that can be shipped in the very limited shipping space available. We must remember that there is not only a world shortage of food, but a very distinct shortage of food among us, our By Dr. Ray Lyman Wilber President Stanford University

allies and the European neutrals when our food supply is pooled. Many will have to be woefully deprived of food, if not actually starved. It is our duty to see that this does not involve our allies, either their soldiers on the front or their families at home.

#### Food More Precious Than Gold

We forget that food is different from money. If in eight months the world's food is short, there is absolutely no way to replace it except to grow it. Credit in money can be obtained. Credit in food can only be obtained if the food exists, for food not grown cannot be eaten. Living as we always have amongst a great surplus, it is difficult for us to understand what food scarcity really means. When we realize that practically all of the nations associated with us are on rations, and that the neutral countries of Europe look to us to prevent many of their people from starvation, we can perhaps better understand the problem.

One of the greatest mistakes that can be made by any country is to assume that, under such conditions as exist in this present war, business can be conducted as usual. Great Britain nearly wrecked its success in the war by a foolish attempt to adhere to that program. Business is not as usual. It is absolutely unusual and will be, not only during the war, but for a time thereafter.

Our government is getting stronger each day in the prosecution of the war. The men and groups of men that are gathered around in Washington for special work are doing a service of inestimable value to the country. One of our very strongest weapons is the Exports Board. The Embargo Act, as administered by them, is worth at least a million soldiers on the battle front. The control of exports which they have and which they are exercising will cut off a sufficient supply of food to Germany, particularly of fats, so as to require them to turn at least a million men from war work to agricultural production, in order to maintain the nutrition of their people.

The Shipping Board, the Priority Board, the various Purchasing Commissions, the Railway Board, and the Food Administration are all working together and, with the regular departments of the government, will meet the unusual conditions that have arisen. In all of them we find a remarkable support from the commercial and business life of America.

In the Food Administration we have had many inspiring experiences. The aim of the Administration, as exemplified through Mr. Hoover, has been to stabilize existing business, to squeeze out exorbitant profits and profiteering, to ask business to maintain itself with suitable profits under the strain of war conditions. Perhaps I can best illustrate the remarkable and encouraging attitude of our great business men by reading to you the grain men's patriotic endorsement of the Food Administration plan for the development of a grain corporation to handle the wheat crop of 1917. This grain corporation is under the general charge of Julius H. Barnes of Duluth. There is no finer or more patriotic citizen in America than Mr. Barnes. After a conference of over a hundred representatives of the grain and elevator trades of the country, addressed by Mr. Hoover and Mr. Barnes, and after a careful discussion, these men, who saw clearly that service to their country necessitated that most of them would have to close their offices for the period of the war, grasped the situation at once and unanimously and enthusiastically passed the following resolution:

"Realizing that the operation of Government control in wheats and rye is essential under present war influences in order to adequately protect our home supply and furnish our allies with the aid we owe, and realizing that the establishment of an efficient Government plan of operation means to all of us curtailment of our business and to some of us actual retirement from active business during such period, we do express our pride in the character of service tendered by the grain trade in the sacrifice by these men of ability who are placing their experience and energy at the service of their Government, and that we approve the general plan of operation as explained to us today as being sound, workable, and necessary, and in its general lines it appears to us as being the most efficient and just plan of operation which we can conceive.'

(Continued on page twenty-nine)

## The Law and the Woman

In a hundred and seventy pages of a handy library edition of Rose Falls Bres, of New York City, has consolidated the conpus juris, respecting woman's legal status in the various jurisdictions of the United States.

It is written in a manner to give the reader the fundamental principles of the law governing the subject, divested of the technical phraseology which only lawyers understand, and furnishes a comprehensive grasp of all the law indespensable for women to know in her broader field of life. As such, this helpful and instruc-

N a hundred and seventy pages of a tive volume should be in every woman's handy library edition of Rose Falls library.

Beginning with an intimate discussion of the constitutional principles upon which all modern legislation rests, the reader is carried along through the various and varying laws of "domestic relations," "marriage and service," etc., existing in all the states, so that a perusal of the book cannot fail to satisfy the minds of all who are in search of a super-understanding of the law concerning women.

Every woman should have it.

The inspiration for the promenade concert is due to Mr. Nilsen Laurvick, director of the Palace of Fine Arts, and the inspiration of the delightful tea and a large part of the treasures which made the place a dream of artistic delight came from Mrs. Hearst, who was so ably assisted by her friends. The concert, under conditions far less favorable, would have been one to remember, but, placed as it was, in such surroundings, it was ideal.

The rotunda was transferred into an auditorium for this occasion, and, there, among the splendor of tapestries, statuary and color Mr. Laurvick assembled his musicians. As many of the favorites as possible were there. Sigsmond Beel and Bernat Jaulus were the leaders. Gyula Ormay was at the piano and from the de Vally Opera Company of artists came Madame Du Chene and Georges Simondet, who have charmed San Francisco audiences for weeks in the interest of the wounded French soldiers. Never have those artists who have won fame at home and abroad gave of their talents more generously to an audience. And, never, never, were they more thoroughly appreciated. The tea, which followed, in the exquisitely decorated tea rooms was in accord with the whole entertainment.

This innovation, introduced by Mrs. Hearst and Mr. Laurvick, is sure to become a most valuable feature of the Palace of Fine Arts, which is sure to be as lasting a part of San Francisco as the Golden Gate Park.

### Dreams of Other Days



Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst

THE Panama-Pacific International Exposition seemed to come to life again as by some miracle on October the nineteenth when the Palace of Fine Arts was thrown open for its first promenade concert and tea. If you looked neither to the right nor to the left of the "Old Fair Grounds" but passed into the shaded driveway, lined on both sides with limousines, from which poured forth the most fashionable women of San Francisco, and hundreds of visitors from

all parts of the country, the glory of the golden sunshine pouring down through fragrant branches of the trees, the vines and the flowers upon the summery costumes of the ladies made a picture that rivaled in beauty and harmonious coloring, any artist's production, no matter how rare.

Within the cool, subdued colorings of the well remembered colonnade of the Palace of Fine Arts the illusion of the Exposition was farther borne in upon the mind, as there was Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, hostess of the first promenade concert, and Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs. Frederick G. Sanborn, Mrs. Arthur Murray, and in fact, almost all of the Woman's Board of the late Exposition, their friends and hundreds of visitors. Mrs. Hearst had issued a thousand invitations and that number certainly responded.



The Palace of Fine Arts

## American Red Cross

## What It Is Accomplishing Everywhere

Washington, October 5.

THE Red Cross War Council announces the receipt of the following cable from the Red Cross Commission in Paris:

"The first of the line of Red Cross canteens, for French troops traveling on leave, has just been opened.

"An average of 2000 men daily have thus been given an opportunity of obtaining proper hot meals and a comfortable place for eating and recreation while awaiting change of trains. Arrangements for announcing the departure of trains has enabled between 300 and 400 men to catch a few hours of much needed rest in comfortable, clean quarters, without fear of oversleeping trains. Such quarters are provided for 600 men. Showers and wash basins are also provided. The pleasure and appreciation of all the men who pass through is most gratifying.

"Strangely enough the first visitors were a troop of Chasseurs who had been instructing our American troops, and on the same evening a large number of American engineers, leaving by a train at one o'clock in the morning, were given a warm welcome and send-off by our workers.

"Personnel consists of eighteen women who serve, day and night. Soup, bread, meat, vegetables, salads, cheese, eggs, coffee, chocolate and tea give an idea of the variety of menu served, and an additional store offers canned goods, chocolate, fruit and tobacco for men to take for consumption on the train, as well as postcards and other small materials.

"To see men comfortably swapping stories over a cup of coffee, struggling over a game or a puzzle, or chatting over the counter with our workers, convinces us that our first effort to divert the thoughts of the men from the excitement and horrors of the trenches into quiet and relaxing channels has been successful."

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This is the first of a series of canteens being constructed behind the firing lines for American and French troops by the American Red Cross. The Red Cross War Council has appropriated \$700,000 for this work, and in addition to building rest stations along the railroads, traveling canteens are planned for every corps in the French and American armies.

By Ernestine Evans

Nearly one hundred women have already gone to France as volunteers in this canteen service, which is under the direction of Mrs. Wm. K. Vanderbilt. More will be sent as additional canteens are opened. In addition many American women living in France have worked in this service.

## CHILDREN TO DO RED CROSS WORK

Knitting and Sewing for War Uses Planned for Schools

THIS coming winter the children for whose education you are providing will no longer bring home to you, as signs of their appreciation, the aprons and the work benches and the match scratchers which are the byproducts of vocational training. For the State Department of Education, through Commissioner of Education John H. Finley, has worked out a scheme of cooperation with the national officers of the Red Cross at Washington whereby children of all school grades may carry on in their school hours Red Cross work adapted to their particular age and ability.

This work will in no way interfere with the school curriculum, but will be substituted for some of the vocational crafts, sewing and manual work, which are regularly a part of the school curriculum. Instead of making themselves blue gingham aprons, or pink petticoats, they will sew and knit for the destitute children of Belgium or Poland, or wherever else the National Red Cross may designate.

The officials at Washington have accepted as a working basis for this work of the Junior Department of the Red Cross the plan that the Department of Education has worked out in the past few months in the schools of the State. It is the plan of the Red Cross to extend this system in the public and private schools of the entire country. Several Western States have already, on their own initiative, started similar departments in their public schools. The work in the East is under the supervision of Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken, president of Vassar, and of Dr. Anna Hedges Talbot, specialist in vocational training of the State Department of Education,

Dr. Talbot, who is in New York City now working for the extension of the Junior Red Cross work in the city as well as the State schools, is planning a development of the work in the Atlantic division of the Red Cross, including New York, Connecticut and New Jersey.

"During the past year," said Dr. Talbot, "the State Department of Education has started the children of public schools all over New York State in this work. Albany, Troy, Utica, Buffalo, Yonkers and smaller towns and rural communities, have all seen the results of the work done in school hours by the children. One Gary school in Brooklyn has worked all winter. There has been no objection that the work interfered in any way with the school curriculum, for in every case it has been adjusted and adapted to the school schedule. The entire direction, aside from the giving of material and the statements of what was wanted, has been left in the hands of the school authorities.

"In this State we have enrolled in the public schools alone 2,000,000 pupils, of whom 50,000 are girls between the ages of twelve and sixteen. These girls are normally receiving instruction in sewing and cooking, and even before the beginning of the war, the Red Cross had realized the potential resources in the ranks of these school children. Before the declaration of war by this country officials of the organization and Dr. Finley had already worked out a scheme whereby these classes were sewing for the destitute children of the allied countries. Six weeks before war was actually declared letters were sent by the Commissioner of Education to the school officials throughout the State authorizing the sewing classes to work for the Red Cross as a part of regular class work.

"One hundred and forty-five cities set to work, and sent in records later, which have now totalled about 25,000 articles, made by 3000 girls averaging one hour a day. This is only a small part of what might be done if the 300,000 available girls began to sew for the Red Cross. The total output at that rate would amount to not less than 3,000,000 articles in six weeks, giving one hour a day for five days a week. If the plan is made national, as now seems possible, the output might be ten times greater, or 30,000,000 articles every six weeks. This product would include hospital supplies,

## American Red Cross

knitted jackets and mufflers, surgeon's gowns and any other specified articles needed. Boys can work as well as girls, for splints are as necessary as bandages, and packing is all essential."

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Washington, October 7.

THE American Red Cross, through its Town and Country Nursing Service, has chosen the Richmond School of Social Economy at Richmond, Va., as one of the training centers at which scholarships in public health nursing will be offered this fall.

To encourage trained nurses to take these courses and qualify for public health work, a series of scholarships of \$250 each have been established at various schools throughout the country.

The Red Cross is seeking especially to interest nurses in the South in these courses, since the demand for public health nurses in the Southern States is far in excess of the supply. Not only must applicants be registered nurses, but they must also be women who have had experience in the field or others of unusual ability and initiative.

Unlike the trained nurse serving in a hospital or under the immediate direction of a physician on private cases, these public health nurses work independently under local organization in cities and in rural communities, handling problems in health and sanitation which require expert attention. They are employed in many cities and states by the public health authorities.

Fifty public health nurses have been assigned for duty by the American Red Cross to the zones around national army cantonments, national guard camps, and naval bases, where they work under the Red Cross sanitary directors in cooperation with the local State and Federal health authorities.

The work at the Richmond School of Social Economy will include courses in prevention of diseases, rural health problems, anti-tuberculosis work, public health nursing, field work with public health nursing agencies of Richmond, biology and bacteriology, diet and the farmers' budget. The course will be in charge of Director Henry H. Hibbs, who received his doctorate at Columbia Uni-

The sum of \$250 in not sufficient, of course, to cover the expenses of the training but a nurse receiving a scholarship will be privileged, when necessary,

bed linens, pajamas, surgical dressings, to utilize the Student Loan Fund of the the American Red Cross for families Red Cross to an amount equal to the scholarship.

> A Red Cross Home Service Institute has also been established at the Richmond school by Dr. T. J. Riley, National Director of Home Service Institutes. These institutes are being established in connection with twenty or thirty schools and universities for the training of Red Cross volunteers who wish to assist in the "Home Service" of

of the United States soldiers and sailors. की की की

Others Have Noticed It.—Uncle Ezra -"So ye just got back from New York! What's the difference between the city and the country?"

Uncle Eben-"Wal, in the country you go to bed feeling all in and get up feeling fine, and in the city you go to bed feeling fine and get up feeling all in."



# CVERYWOMAN

## EDITORIAL PAGES

Jeanne E. Francoeur, Editor

#### Be an American— Or Be a Traitor!

BE an American! Or be a traitor! Such were the smashing words of truth—a few truths from among many—which were hurled by former Ambassador Gerard, from the platforms and press of this country, as he told of his knowledge and experience covering his "Four Years in Germany." Backed up by the every-day disgusting deceptions and crude, flaunting falsehoods, which passed as diplomacy among the members of the Imperial German Government, it is small wonder that a man of Mr. Gerard's cool, clear legal judgment, should hold such perfervid bullies in open contempt, no matter what their claims to the might of arms may be. Truly, those four years must have been hard ones for a man of honor and integrity.

The deceptively written article taken from the official newspaper is proof positive of what the world may expect from the slaughter-acting and the peace-mouthing Hohenzollerns, as Mr. Gerard discovered when he investigated the truth:

"I heard of so many instances of the annoyance of prisoners by the civil population that I was quite pleased one day to read a paragraph in the official newspaper, the North German Gazette, which ran somewhat as follows:

"The following inhabitants of (naming a small town near the borders of Denmark), having been guilty of improper conduct toward prisoners of war, have been sentenced to the following terms of imprisonment and to the following fines and their names are printed here in order that they may be held up to the contempt of all future generations of Germans.

"And then followed a list of names and terms of imprisonment and fines. I thought that this was splendid, that the German Government had at last been aroused to the necessity of protecting their prisoners of war from the annoyances of the civil population, and I wrote to our consul at Kiel and asked him to investigate the case.

"From him I learned that some unfortunate prisoners passing through the town (in a part of Germany inhabited by Scandinavians), had made signs that they were suffering from hunger and thirst, that some of the kind-hearted people among the Scandinavian population had given them something to eat and drink, and for this they were condemned to fines, to prison, and to have their names held up to the contempt of Germans for all time.

"I do not know of any one thing that can give a better idea of the official hate for the nations with which Germany was at war than this," was Mr. Gerard's comment on this incident. Though, this is only one out of scores of inhuman actions which come to light every day.

In this war, there is no midway-plaisance: Be an American!—Or be a traitor! is the soul belief and the slogan of Everywoman.

#### Lives of Great Men— All Remind Us

Lives of great men all remind us

We should make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us

Footprints on the sands of time;—

The Psalm of Life never fitted into the actions of man with such force and vividness as it does today into the lives of the ninety millions of American people. For the first time in the history of the world we have the wonderful privilege of being able to make our lives sublime. Think of it! Every one of us-from the greatest in station to the most humblecan do his share in this colossal fight for the sake of humanity. And where, and how, can you draw more happiness from any earthly source, than in serving your country? We can not all go on the battlefield-we are not needed-but we can with all our heart and soul support and encourage the men in the trenches who are fighting the battles, not only for our own selfish selves, but for the down-trodden little nations of the earth. Yes, and for the preservation of Christianity and humanity, which has been trampled in the slime of hypocricy and tyranny by a mad autocrat and his military hirelings.

When the great men of the earth, backed by their ages long devotion to the advocacy of Peace, voice the following sentiments, as did Cardinal Gibbons on his acceptance of the honorary chairmanship of the League of National Unity, it is clear that the only hope of peace for us is victory. In a letter to President Wilson the Cardinal says in part:

"In these days of the gravest problems which have ever weighed upon our American government, our thoughts go out to the chief executive, warmed by a heartfelt sympathy for the heavy burdens of office which he must bear and freighted with the unwavering determination of loyal citizens to stand by him in his every effort to bring success to our arms and to achieve those ideals of justice and humanity which compelled our entrance into the war.

"Guided, as we are, by the sublime teachings of Christianity, we have no other course open to us but that of obedience and devotion to our country. \* \* Therefore he who resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God, and they who resist purchase to themselves condemnation.

"We have been exerting our every effort and will continue to do so to persuade all Americans that they can do the greatest good to themselves and their country by a cheerful and generous performance of their duty as it is pointed out to them by lawfully constituted authority."

#### Advisory Council of Everywoman

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The President wrote to the Cardinal in reply:

"May I express my very deep and sincere appreciation of your letter of October 6. It has brought me cheer and reassurance and I want you to know how much I appreciate your own action consenting to preside over the important and influential group of men and women who have so generously undertaken to support the administration in its efforts to make the whole character and purpose of this war and of the government of the United States in the prosecution of it, clear to the whole people."

In the splendid pledge of aid during the war, given by Cardinal Gibbons, to President Wilson, our enemy must see the hopelessness of their treachery in this country.

The great American Cardinal has lighted the broad road of duty with the blazing torch of truth so that all his children and all true men and women can plainly follow the sublime path of victory—to freedom, for a tortured world.



## Better Death Than Triumph of False Philosophy

GAIN the voice of justice calls for extreme action against the hordes of destruction. In words which will enter and dwell in the very souls of millions of our citizens, the Most Reverend Archbishop Hanna of San Francisco gave voice to these words:

"Better we all die in this war than let the false philosophy which caused it triumph!"

There is a sentence which should be delivered from every pulpit, from every platform in this country every day while this monstrous war lasts. Every newspaper, every magazine and every printed page should spread these words, which carry the very essence of truth, clothed in strength and simplicity, to all who are hypnotized by the deeply laid plots of Kaiser-made peace for America, while slaughtering our people with the most cowardly devices that fiends ever invented. The ruthlessness of the enemy caused his Grace, the Archbishop of San Francisco, to address his people in Salt Lake City, a couple of weeks ago in the following impressive manner:

"Better we all died in this war than let the false philosophy which caused it triumph," declared the Most Rev. Edward H. Hanna, archbishop of San Francisco, in an address today before members of the Escalante Club, a Catholic organization in Salt Lake City.

"There is no doubt about the justice of our cause," declared the prelate.

In the address the archbishop said that the people of the

United States had hoped that the wave of blood might not touch our shores.

"But the cause became so great and the danger so imperative that we had to throw in our lot with the other nations. And on this day we are the mightiest factor in the struggle."

Yes, thank God, we are the mightiest factor in the struggle. But, we must maintain that struggle until the forces which caused it are blotted from the earth.



#### A Story of Romance, Science and Satire

PVERYWOMAN esteems itself exceedingly fortunate in securing the first serial rights of the latest satirical romance by William Rutledge McGarry, which starts in this issue.

It is entitled "If Everywoman Wills," and is one of the most delightful satires on modern civilization that has ever been written. And the remarkable thing about this alluring production is that it was written amid the whirlwind of the author's other multitudinous labors, as orator, diplomat, business man and Pan-Pacific protagonist among the nations of the Far East.

The historical basis of this delightful satire touches the depths of one of the most colossal international intrigues of the generation, and will reveal to diplomats and students illuminating flashes upon the methods of some governments in dominating the activities of the human race.

In its romantic aspect, it floats along amid smiles and tears, throwing technique to the winds, and whirling the reader through scene after scene of delightfully inspiring beauty, into fields of rollicking surprises and thrilling situations.

It carries a potent, a marvellous lesson of self-enfoldment to every woman of the present generation, and will become a keepsake and a treasure to all our readers when it is later published in book form. For besides the serial rights Everywoman is negotiating for the book, dramatic and photo-play rights. In this effort the readers of "Everywoman" can materially assist by sending in their application at once for the book, so we may know whether we can meet the author's terms.

These terms are patriotic. He insists that a large percentage of the sales be devoted to the families of the war sufferers throughout the world; and if Everywoman can furnish the best avenue for this splendid benefaction, we as women, will, in advancing our own cause through the book, be establishing ourselves more firmly as benefactors of our age.

## Future Activities

#### Of the National Council of Women

S the time draws near for the Biennial Meeting of the National Council of Women, December 8-12, in Washington, I realize this November issue of Everywoman should have all possible helpful announcements.

However, early October, you realize, gives us still two working months, so I can give only the fine co-operation of the Committee on Local Arrangements, without last details of the program.

It was decided at the Board Meeting in May that a representative of each National organization in membership should form this Local Committee.

Up to date we have the following members:

Mrs. Archibald Hopkins, Woman's Department, National Civic Federation, General Chairman, Local Committee and Chairman Entertainments.

Mrs. Kate Waller Barrett, Chairman, Halls and Places of Meeting.

Mrs. P. P. Claxton, Federation of Col- in private homes. lege Clubs.

Mrs. Ellen Spencer Mussey, Chairman, Legal Status of Women.

Mrs. Mary M. North, Women's Rivers and Harbors Congress, assisting in Hotel Arrangements.

Mrs. W. H. Bayley, Young Women's Christian Association.

Mrs. Raymond B. Morgan, Association of Collegiate Alumnae, Chairman of Motor Vehicles.

Mrs. John N. Speel, Ladies of the G. A. R., Chairman of Luncheons.

Mrs. Mabel T. Blake, Women's Benefit Association of the Maccabees.

Mrs. Emma S. Shelton, Women's Christian Temperance Union.

Mrs. G. S. Rafter, Congress of Mothers.

Mrs. Carrie E. Bassett, Ladies of the Maccabees.

Miss Catherine Watkins, International Kindergarten Association.

Mrs. W. S. Corby, Florence Crittenden Mission.

Miss Eleanor G. Du Puy, Needlework Guild.

Mrs. Court F. Wood, D. C. Federation of Women's Clubs.

Mrs. Adolph Kahn, National Council of Jewish Women.

Mrs. Isabel W. Ball, Women's Relief Corps.

Others may be added later. The spirit

By Mrs. Philip North Moore
President

of initiative and helpfulness assures us a fine meeting.

We are specially fortunate in the offer of the Y. W. C. A., giving us the use of their charming new quarters, formerly the Elizabeth Somers School, Eleventh and M streets. The atmosphere of the place is inspiring, restful and homelike.

The auditorium will be used for the morning and afternoon sessions and there are adequate committee rooms; while the arrangement for luncheons promises a charming setting for the speakers.

It was decided to name such hotels as we could recommend, with location and price, and thus let each one send for her own assignment as she might prefer. This list will be sent very soon.

Beautiful receptions are being arranged in private homes.



Mrs. Philip North Moore

The evening programs will be patriotic in character, held in Continental Memorial Hall or the National Museum.

These are the details that must be announced later than this date of writing.

The program, as outlined for the Chairmen of Departments, will contain suggestions and recommendations for the

reconstructive period after the war; while the National Organization will tell of their special service in present war work.

We shall have the great pleasure of welcoming again Lady Aberdeen, President of the International Council of Women, and her distinguished husband.

With the exception of August, I have been in Washington every month, on the work of the Women's Defense Committee.

The result of this constant work, its constructive nature, will be given in my report of the two years' activities.

We believe the National Council of Women will show that it has been of value to our own country, and that it has an opportunity for service among the sorrowing women in the war stricken countries.

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#### AFTERNOON ON A HILL

#### By Edna St. Vincent Millay

I will be the gladdest thing
Under the sun!
I will touch a hundred flowers

And not pick one!

I will look at cliffs and clouds
With quiet eyes,

Watch the wind bow down the grass And the grass rise.

And when lights begin to show
Up from the town

I will mark which must be mine, And then start down!

-Literary Digest.

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Put Yourself in His Place.—Burks—"lle's the meanest man in town."

Smirks—"And why?"

Burke—"I told him that I bossed my wife and he went and told her."—"Everybody's Magazine."

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Stirred Up His Vocabulary.—"I used to think Dubwaite was a man of few words."

"What caused you to change your opinion?"

"I happened to be sitting near him at the baseball park the other day when the umpire made a rank decision in favor of the visiting team."—Birmingham "Age-Herald."

## If Everywoman Wills

(Continued from page three)

one told him that they had dug potatoes in those 'truck gardens' he'd think the fellow was a nut!"

"Bow-wow," barked Avis saucily and sinking on the arm of his chair; "what do you know about the heavenly bodies?"

Valiant drew her into his arms impulsively and caught her unawares: "That-this-one," he confided between demonstrations, "is-the-most-radiant-one-of-all—"

"And absolutely out of her orbit!" she pouted, struggling away from him and tucking in a startled curl. "I think you are perfectly horrid."

Valiant's face darkened. He was too new at the game to properly estimate the significance of the girl's mental reservation. "I'm awfully sorry," he panted with an air of abject contrition—

"Don't tell me that!" snapped Avis, her eyes flashing indignantly.

"I'll take it all back, then," bowed Valiant with a scowl. "To be perfectly frank Avis, if you'll let me, I'll do it again—"

"I like your nerve!"

"Thanks; a little more exercise and I may be able to pass current in the best society—"

"Where do you think you are?" sneered Avis alluringly, with a more forgiving light in her eyes.

"Oh," drawled Valiant a little more confidently, "on the threshold of Heaven, if you'll permit my comparing you to an angel—"

"That's barbarous," coquetted Avis, blowing a curl out of her eyes and looking pleasantly into the fireplace.

"I may become humanized if you'll tell me the size of the ring," Valiant blurted, keeping his mind on the main chance.

Avis turned round slowly, her hands clasped behind her, and began considering the young man earnestly. There was something in the way she looked at him that told Valiant that to gain the love of this young woman, with all her surface gaiety and apparent frivolity, would be worth more to him in the way of human happiness than any other possession in the world. And he seemed to instinctively feel that her answer would be

reassuring as he swept her with his admiring glances. The exquisite rapture of such a feeling was too new to Valiant not to be greatly disturbed, however, by the unheralded intrusion of the doll-like Japanese maid:"

"Skuse ma, Mess Avis, a-telefon' ewe eet speek," she stammered demurely and glided noiselessly backward through a pair of swinging doors.

Avis ran to the telephone in the pass pantry.

#### Casting Shadows

A few minutes later she returned. "It is for you, de—," she blushed through his sharp glances, fully revealing what she had intended to express.

With a light heart Valiant pranced out to the telephone, Avis accompanying him happily as far as the swinging door. But as the door screeched back to place and hid him from her the color fled from her features like one who had been brought suddenly face-to-face with death.

When Valiant returned to the library there was a haunted expression in his deep set eyes. He appeared to brace himself as he cleared his throat and shot his chin aggressively forward while waiting for Avis to renew the conversation.

Avis approached him timidly; "I never saw you look so wonderful before!" she impulsively exclaimed, revealing more in that expression than if she had told him directly all that was taking place in her heart. Had Valiant been a little more observing he might have noticed this. But something the telephone had burned into his unwilling ear seemed to hold him tongue-tied, irresolute and dumb.

A less diffident young man would have confided in her and taken his chances on the outcome. But Valiant was a true off-spring of San Felice. A situation he could not master, or a problem he could not solve he preferred never to discuss with others, reasoning that to do so was to cast an undeserved reflection upon his own capacity to withstand the vicissitudes of fortune. "That's very kind of you, I'm sure!" he responded coldly, like one irredeemably estranged.

#### The First Doubt

Avis looked up quickly. "Oh," she said proudly, her cheeks growing red. "I'm sorry, Mr. Valiant, if I am detaining you. I suppose you're dying to get home—"
"'Home,'" he echoed dismally; "can't
I make this place my 'home'?"

Avis observed him skeptically. She thought she discovered a note in his voice that was strangely out of tune with the magnificent plans he had been formulating for developing Valiant Park into a splendid estate. "Surely," she thought, "the old Colonial homestead off in one corner of the grove, with the grape vines stretching from the lattices up into the overhanging branches, must be regarded by everyone with an air of poetry in their souls as the dearest old home in all the world." The Valiants had lived there since '49. Phil's father had spend oodles of money in beautifying the grounds, collecting bronze and marble statues, sinking artificial lakes and flower gardens and transforming a wilderness into a fairyland. And he had thrown it all open to the public for recreation and delight. The place was loved by everybody around San Felice; and Avis found her affections for Phil considerably stimulated as she thought of the old house, shrinking so modestly away from public gaze and extending its transepts, like the arms of a mother, to an only child.

She had no knowledge of the message which had been communicated to Valiant over the telephone; nor any conception of its effect upon his future life. She realized, only, that his voice sounded too sadly to harmonize with his professions of love during the short hours they had permitted their fancies to mingle in the fugitive pencilings of happiness during that afternoon. And the sudden change she discovered in Valiant began to so disconcert her that she secretly prayed for something to happen to dispel the irritating uncertainty when the old astronomer dashed breathlessly, and bareheaded, into the room.

#### A Stranger in a Strange Land

"Come, Phillip, hurry!" he exclaimed in great agitation; "you must help me carry her in."

Avis sprang forward and grabbed Valiant's arm; and, together they followed the excited old gentleman in a spirited run to the Observatory parapet at the

## If Everywoman Wills

eastern extremity of the garden. On their arrival they were confronted with an unusual sight. Two small balloons, held together by a circular frame incased in a kind of metal which emitted a phosphorescent light, were waving lazily to and fro and producing a low musical sound from somewhere within. In the center of a tube-like carriage a girl lay panting for breath, her hair switched in all directions over her face and shoulders, her bare arms hanging limply over the sides of the glistening frame.

Valiant ran to the girl and attempted to lift her from the seat. After tugging a while vainly, "how in Sam Hill are we going to get her out of this?" he growled: "I wonder if she's injured—"

"No doubt about it!" affirmed the astronomer, sympathetically; "poor child, it's a wonder she's alive at all." Then addressing Avis, who was clinging nervously to Valiant's coat sleeve in an effort to be of some assistance; "run to the house, Avis, quickly, and bring my electric lamp,-hurry!"

The girl started on a run down the path after casting a world of meaning in the glance she flung at Valiant. And as his eyes followed her until the shadows blotted out her figure he thought that Diana never presented a fairer vision as she floated nimbly through her native forest. Her light, quick, elastic step; the graceful poise of head; the gently parted lips; and the alert glance of inquiry she had cast in his direction, ere she fled upon her errand, imprisoned her image in his agitated heart and forced from his breast a deep, compassionate sigh.

"Isn't it distressing?" sighed the kindly old scientist, placing his own interpretation on Valiant's exhibition of emotion.

"Rotten!" admitted Valiant, thinking of another disconcerting matter; "and while Avis is away I'd like to submit a hypothetical question upon which I want your candid answer."

Sapiens glancing significantly at the unconscious figure in the air craft.

"Suppose the Supreme Court had decided that a rotten old inheritance tax upon your property was valid; that your lawyer phoned you that it would trim you out of house and home; and that you were anxious to get married,-what in blazes would you do?"

"Why," replied the astronomer cryptically; "I'd keep quiet about it until I had recovered my fortune."

"A good idea," acquiesced Valiant; "but if the fellow needed the money, and needed it quickly to save his equity of redemption, what would you do?"

"I'd get out and hustle; I wouldn't be mooning around-"

"By Jove! you're right; that's just what I'll-advise my friend to do."

The astronomer regarded Valiant significantly with a twinkle in his eye: "Your 'friend' will come out all right, Philip, if he's anything like you," he said encouragingly.

"Isn't it funny," rejoined Valiant dreamily, "that a fellow can't give away what he actually owns any more?"

"The laws are taking a rather communistic dip," the old man replied, a little amusedly, as the girl moved uneasily in the carriage.

#### Theory and Reality

Valiant and the astronomer sprang to her side. She had set off some sort of magneto and every part of the machine became luminous with light. Her eyes were now wide open and she looked around wonderingly from one to the other. Her body was held fast by a flexible band of metal which resembled a golden shield. Her hair was tossed away from her forehead and formed a soft mantle over a pair of delicately rounded shoulders; while her whole appearance was that of rosy health and reckless girlhood recovering from a sud-

"Are you able to get out of thatthat carridge?" Mr. Sapiens asked her, while Valiant began examining the transmission in the peculiar looking craft.

The girl did not answer. Instead, she covered her ears with her hands.

"Do you need any help?" Valiant "What is it, my boy?" inquired Mr. asked gingerly; "you must be considerably jarred."

> The girl shrank away from him and repeated the motion with her hands.

"The shock has affected her hearing," annouced Mr. Sapiens gravely.

"Where did you start from?" ventured Valiant. "We'll phone the bunch that you never missed a trick."

Still she volunteered no information; it could be noticed, however, when they spoke to her, that she invariably covered her ears with her hands while a pained expression shot into her eyes. This time, when Valiant asked the question, she placed a finger on her lips and significantly shook her head.

"Deaf and dumb!" gasped Valiant, looking anxiously in the direction of the bungalow,—"wonder what's keeping Avis-"

"She'll be back directly," replied the astronomer, critically examining the freak air craft. "Strange!" he continued reminiscently, "that such a device should appear in this age of Zeppelins and biplanes.'

#### Ancient Science Leads

Valiant signified his interest. He had the same idea, himself; being generally regarded in San Francisco as an expert aviator. "Queer!" he commented, laconically.

"Recalls what the old Pythagorian said," continued the astronomer; "that by extracting the air from these two globes one could navigate the skies. Archytas did actually fly at Tarantum 400 years before the birth of Christ, with just such a contrivance as this. Simon the Magician did the same thing during the first century of our era. lean Muller made a similar demonstration before the Emperor Frederick IV in the 15th century; and I believe that Roger Bacon was, privately, a birdman, but prudently kept the secret to himself in deference to an intimate understanding of the prevailing hostility to 'witch craft' and other advanced phenomena. Now notice," he continued, pointing to the chariot-shaped carriage, "how easy it may have been for Elijah to have ascended out of sight in just such an air craft. The radiance of these globes would have easily resembled the 'chariot of fire' as it floated away into space. And what is more common, today, than flights of a thousand miles at a time, and to altitudes of incomprehensive height?"

(Continued on page twenty-five)

## "Au Secours des Allies"

THE French Opera Company now singing at the Savoy should be cheerfully patronized by every loyal citizen of San Francisco for besides an evening entertainment of the highest order they will have the satisfaction of knowing that the money paid in the box office helps to swell the warfund; for the accomplished artists of this company are doing their "bit" by singing without pay for the cause which overshadows every other consideration in the heart of every true American.

These singers are gathered together from all the Allied countries in Europe: France, Russia, Belgium, England, Italy, Rumania, also the United States, and are offering their services freely to help assuage the suffering of earth in her travail. They are honoring us by their visitation and our appreciation should be enthusiastic and substantial.

But this is not their only claim upon our regard and assistance. M. Antoine v.K.de Vally, Directeur-General of the company and a native of Antwerp, was himself one of that small army of heroes who in spite of superior numbers held the Teuton horde for six weeks, when they first invaded Belgium on that memorable August 1, 1914.

By Marguerite d'Esmond

llistory knows no parallel to equal the bravery of this people who fought for honor and country against frightful



Mme. Bridewell, Famous Contralto

odds, and against a military equipment more inhuman than anything the world has ever known.

The sufferings of Belgium will not be told in their entirety until the conclusion of the war. But had her people been spineless, lacking in honor and knavish of soul, the enemy would have forged his arrogant way to Paris, to Calais, triumphantly onward. It was those first weeks in Belgium which saved the day for the Allies, and each man who fought with his futile weapons against a complete military system was a glorious hero.

M. de Vally was thrice wounded in he retreat from Liege to Ostend. After his recovery, King Albert commissioned him to escort the slashed and mangled remnants of the Belgian army to England, and so well did he accomplish his mission that about sixty thousand men returned to France to resume arms against the enemy.

Let us show our appreciation of their unselfish patriotism. Remember that they are devoting their services, their talents, and careers for the sake of the Allied soldiers in the trenches of Europe.

## The Women Patriots of the Philippines

THE Ladies of San Francisco, who have so nobly risen to the call for willing workers to help America in preparing for the terrible war with Germany, have done and are still doing a wonderful work. No end of affairs of all kinds are being carried out and the time being spent, energy used and money raised, are deserving of the highest praise. The women of other sections of the United States are similarly doing heroic deeds as are also the American women of our distant colonial possessions.

In the Far East, in Uncle Sam's furthermost possession, the Philippine Islands, is a very wonderful body of patriotic women, who are working night and day to help their country in its hour of peril. Shortly after war was declared between the United States and Germany, a meeting was called by the Daughters of the American Revolution to organize a branch of the Navy League. Mrs. Henry W. Elser, the president of the Manila Daughters, called on all the members to assist in organizing a big Navy League branch in the Philippines,

and then introduced the speaker of the day, Mrs. Winterhalter, wife of Admiral Winterhalter, who made a very beautiful and instructive address on America's need of a big navy and what the navy had done to make the United States one of the greatest nations in the world. Her speech was frequently punctuated with applause and the ladies who had the pleasure of being present, considered it a great compliment to have heard such a gifted speaker as Mrs. Winterhalter. Over a thousand members were obtained to the Philippine branch of the Navy League within a few days.

Then there are hundreds of American women working for the Red Cross. They have their rooms in the Manila Hotel, and several ladies meet every morning and direct the sewing. Mrs. O. M. Shuman has charge of all the bandage rolling, and has a great number of the younger set working constantly. Even the children have different afternoons to help after school. A great deal of the credit is due to the untiring efforts of Mrs. Henry B. McCoy, who was instru-

mental in starting the Red Cross, and also Mrs. George W. Fairchild, Mrs. Ida Elser, Mrs. H. D. Kneedler, Mrs. Charles Cohn, Mrs. Horace B. Pond, Mrs. Dr. Stafford, Mrs. Saleeby, Mrs. Sleeper, Mrs. Crossfield, and Miss Wolfson were very active in establishing booths around the city for the purpose of selling Red Cross membership tickets. Thousands of dollars were raised in this way. Those of the ladies who could not find it convenient to work at the Red Cross rooms, took quantities of work home, and it can safely be said no one remained idle.

Several of the ladies established booths around in different parts of the city, for the purpose of selling Liberty Bonds. Great credit is due Mrs. Pond, Mrs. Kneedler, Mrs. Thomas J. Wolff, Mrs. Fairchild, and many others, in selling in three days' time over \$500,000 worth of bonds, and that is not all. The ladies hold morning porch sewing parties, afternoon sewing parties, and often as high as fifty ladies will meet at some one's home for the purpose of sewing for the Red Cross.

## "Internationalism" Why Are Its Activities Failures?

FEW days ago an unsigned postcard was received, "Whether does the world today need most a Bible or a dictionary?" was the query written thereupon. It would be pardonable if one should pause ere replying to this question. It is not an idle question, but one of considerable moment. It might be readily conceded, and that without error, that recently many old time words such as "honour," "contract," "humanity," "soldier," "chivalry," "culture" have been so divorced from their accepted significance and import, that no modern lexicon renders a meaning at all suggestive of their present application. Indeed, in some parts of the world this fact is still more emphasized, inasmuch as every idea formerly associated with their use has become obselete through perversion.

The first part of the postal query presents a more complex and less evident problem. To at all hazard a reply, or formulate an interpretation we should have to classify the Bible in accord with an estimate already accepted and proclaimed, namely as an instrument in the international machinery of the Christian Church. In this high domain, the question and the instrument readily become ethical in the affairs of the present times and seasons.

Today, no stronger insistence and recommendation is urged, than the plea for international machinery, whereby the world's necessities and problems may be handled, and their solution secured and maintained.

Nothing, however, in the present time of transition, unrest and confusion is more startling than the fact that these things which claim internationalism as their strongest innate attribute have proved to be the most signal failures and disappointments.

Christianity, Socialism, Unionism amongst the most avowedly non-limited of human efforts in their respective fields of utility did in the moment of their supreme test, as factors of international machinery in the twinkling of an eye, lose their universalism and become sectional, social, geographic.

No transition has been more complete, more astounding; no fact more instructive.

Almost parallel in perspective, the fact that notwithstanding the all too ardent demonstration of disaster the selfsame forces with the salfsame spirit and the By Frederick W. d'Evelyn, M. D.

selfsame materials, are once again actually engaged, seriously and seduously in active effort to accomplish ends and achieve results, which in their sworn purpose and co-ordinated strength of many millions of followers in antebellum day they signally failed to approach.

This assuredly is startling. We advance no disparagement, simply admit the fact. Will the "old wine adapt itself to the new bottles? No!" In the gravity of the situation the claims of the "Dictionary" become trivial and we may as well eliminate that premises from our query. How about our other guide? Was it not startling that in a world crisis, fraught with the ghastliest hardships and sufferings for men, women and children, the claimed growth of Christianity failed to convey to its sworn disciples any message of authority to which all would give heed, nor from within its fold was there any voice to which all would concede allegiance? On the contrary, the claimed unity of faith stood self-refuted, incapable of translating its creed into a tangible, effective conviction. No disaster could be more complete, no admission more humiliating. The plans and the precepts "went astray," we will not, even on that account, eliminate ought else from our premises of the post card. What is written remains, but "our Christianity," we must either change or

The "internationalism" of our Christianity meant nothing when the ordeal came. The battle fields are simply sacrificial altars upon which men have died because we had not learned the story aright. Where was the error-in the interpretation or the application? Internationalism has become a necessity, but it must be born again. It must become a communism of individuals as distinct from a mere alignment of peoples. It is the non-recognition of this need that has caused "international machinery" as now employed to result in failure. Wrong thinking resulted in wrong acting. The "machinery" sought efficiency through its prejudices. Our uplift guides interpreted the moral law in terms factional, racial and industrial. The primal claim of the divinity of man they omitted from their estimates. This they forgot. Their failure was logical. Such was the "inter-

nationalism" that was not inter-national. The lapse must be made good, man must be permitted to come into his own, to bear once again the image and superscription of the covenant. No compromise on these terms, they must become universal. The war has not merely anticipated and answered the question upon our postal card, but in its searchings it has discredited in common, the kings that set themselves the exploiter and the political juggler, they are proven empty vessels, they have nothing to give us. We are seeing visions, we are learning things. A new age is upon us, we are taking thought. Even our faith is clamouring for a renewed interpretation.

A new spirit is animating unconsciously irresistibly the meanings and things of today. Its presence is dominating many of our ethical phases, which thereby assume new potencies and purposes. This war will make in our lives not alone simplicity but reality a necessity. Outborn of the individual conflict in the hearts of men a new internationalization is arising, and in its standard confirming the fundamental spirit of the age and its elucidation of the oneness of the world of humanity. The days of creed and dogma are doomed, are waning, they are going down in the strivings of reality. Their universalism has been found wanting. Out in the trenches where men are enduring and overcoming, speaking of the spiritual tendencies of his men, an officer writes the "isms are going rottenly, but the men are laying hold of God in splendid fashion." Transmit this sight to the people, the gain would be immense, and the benefits universal. Today, as a nation-we are under arms, combatting results with full determination that the producing causes will never again become active. "The world must be made safe for democracy," by that let us understand that there must be fashioned out of the chaos and sacrifice of the present conflict, a movement, an internationalism so universal that it shall bestow upon mankind at large, upon the world of humanity an economic, social and spiritual unity.

To some it may seem strange that formulating and urging such a unity, we should be found "behind the war."

This we do because as citizens or residents under the government, we must behave towards that government with

(Continued on page twenty-one)

## Christmas In the Trenches Everywoman Working For Our Boys

NE of the essential needs of the soldier and sailor at the front are necessities and comforts that are not furnished by the government. At this time individuals and organizations are doing their utmost to fill this want. Everywoman's Magazine is anxious to do all it can to make the lives of our boys, who are doing our fighting for us, as pleasant as possible under the circumstances. Recognizing the fact that a large number of parcels would be sent to the front if an easy and safe method could be presented, "Everywoman's" has made arrangements with one of the largest merchandising concerns in America to pack and forward such parcels to any of the boys in the trenches or training camps that the sender desires to send them to.

These packages are packed in strong waterproof containers which will insure their safe arrival at their destination. They will be sent to any address that the donor may select. Each and every parcel will contain a stamped and addressed post card to the sender so that all the recipient has to do is to mail the card. This card is also a receipt for the parcel and its contents.

The contents of the kits have been selected with the greatest care after consulting with U. S. Army and Navy officers, Red Cross officials, Government officers, soldiers and sailors and others who are familiar with the needs of men in the trenches.

The value of the parcels range in value from kit No. 1 at \$1.50 to \$10.00 for kit No. 7. The \$1.50 kit contains soap and rag, towel, deck of cards, tablet and pencil, tooth brush, tobacco, canvas gloves, memo book and diary and a sewing kit, each and every article essential. The higher priced kits contain in addition to the above enumerated articles, comb, pipe, fountain pen, wool gloves, knitted skull cap, knitted muffler, safety razor, extra heavy knitted wool sweater, toilet articles and many other things that will be useful to the fighting man in the trenches and camps.

The "Everywoman Way" is simplicity itself. Everyone can send a parcel to a sailor or soldier friend with the minimum of trouble and worry. Instead of shopping, wrapping and addressing the parcel all that you have to do is to send in your order to Everywoman's Magazine, 627-628 Hearst Bldg., for number and kind of kits that you wish to send, give the

name or names of those that you want to give the kits to. "Everywoman's" will attend to the rest. A return stamped and addressed post card to you will be enclosed in each parcel, these cards will also serve as receipt for the parcel and its contents. We guarantee delivery. In case that for any reason the parcel cannot be delivered to the one or ones that you have selected they will be returned to you at your expense or at your option they will be turned over to some deserv-

tions affiliated with the National Council of Women will be appealed to to interest the public in these kits so that they will become popular. Every woman should do all that she can toward helping the distribution of "Everywoman's Komfort Kits." Readers of "Everywoman" are invited to help boost for "Everywoman's Komfort Kit." Those desiring to help may communicate with "Everywoman's," 627-628 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco. Cal. Phone Sutter 1622.

#### A Mother of France

By Georgia Wilde

her heart loves the best You can easily tell at a glance, As she sits there at work, a red cross on her

That she's one of the Mothers of France.

One of the Mothers of France! How much In so few words we tell!

Like the glorified sons, are the mothers of such, Who knew how to mother so well.

Her hands are busy with cotton and gauze; But her thoughts are far away. Perhaps she dreams of the Bois de Boulogne, Or thinks of the Champs-Elysee.

 $\neg HOUCH$  she's far from the land that But mostly, we know by the light in her eyes, And that tender far-away gaze,

She's seeing the Tricolor pass 'gainst the skies And hearing the Marseillaise.

She lifts her specs to her brow so sweet And dries a moistened eye, When our khaki lads march down the street And she sees our flag go by.

Her hands are tireless all day long; They know not how to rest; For a Mother of France can be fearless and strong.

With a red, red cross on her breast.

ing soldier or sailor through the Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. or some other responsible agency at the front. In any event the recipient will know that you were the sender and will acknowledge receipt of your parcel.

If you have no relative or friend in the Liberty Army adopt one or more of the boys and send them one of the kits making it a personal gift from you that will be greatly appreciated by the fighting men.

Every article in the kits is standardized merchandise and at a price that is good value. The only expense and trouble to the purchaser is the first cost-packing, addressing and delivery is all provided for in that price.

Arrangements are now being made to have the kits displayed in various parts of the city. Arrangements will also be made with clubs and other organizations to take orders for the kits. Organiza-

Suggestive Habits.—"For ten years," said the new boarder, "my habits were as regular as clockwork. I rose on the stroke of six, and half an hour later was at breakfast; at seven I was at work; dined at one; had supper at six, and was in bed at nine thirty. Ate only plain food, and hadn't a day's illness all the time."

"Dear me!" said a hearer, in sympathetic tones; "and what were you in for?" -"Tit-Bits."

> A. do

An Acrobat in the Square.—Sergeant (drilling awkward squad)—"Company! Attention company, lift up your left leg and hold it straight out in front of you!"

One of the squad held up his right leg by mistake. This brought his right-hand companion's left leg and his own right leg close together. The officer, seeing this, exclaimed angrily:

"And who is that blooming galoot over there holding up both legs?"—Chicago "News."

## Awakening---

### The Modern Eve of Mexico

THE modern woman has come to Mexico as she is coming to every part of the civilized world, helped thereto by the strife and bloodshed, the economic oppression and weary struggle for existence under the masculine order. Throughout this molten country, where history is being made and a future moulded in the blast-furnace of revolution, nothing is so fluid as the condition of that vast, variegated mass of Indian, Mestizo and Spanish-Mexican women which constitutes one-half of the nation's people. Possibly, after its years of internal warfare, the feminine half of Mexico comprises the larger, and her gallant countrymen would say, the better. What was uttered as a compliment bids fair to become a truth, so significant and so inevitable is the growth of the woman movement towards broader horizons and larger fields than Mexican tradition has assigned her.

There is something alchemic in the mingling of two races to form a new one. Here in Mexico is being fused into a race-type, a mixture of aboriginal Indian and old-world conqueror—the wild, the free and the primitive met and mingled with the polished, the civilized and the decadent; and he who runs may read in the faces of this hybrid offspring the history of past struggles and perhaps a hint of future glory.

Copper-hued native, white-skinned invader and the mestizo who is the product of both are all here to interpret and philosophize upon. The social strain is as distinct as the racial, with the mestizo as the great connecting middle class between the native Indian and alien European. In alchemy lies power for good and evil, and the Mexican is a welter of seething possibilities for either. Roughly speaking, the Indians, unfortunate victims of a new order which sought to crush rather than raise them, sound the bottom of an ascending scale of civilization which manifests the two extremes of hopeless degradation and incipient power and force.

Because war has reaped such a harvest of manhood, the Mexican woman is a conspicuous and interesting force in the national regeneration. Circumstances rather than desire are forcing her to cast off the shackles of outworn conventions and slowly she is emerging a newborn phoenix.

The floodtide of Mexico's misery is

By Evelyn Roy

found in her Indian masses-and the dead-sea fruit of revolutions is written in the bleaching bones of her manhood and the dire poverty of her struggling women. One sees the Indian woman everywhere, in the city and in the fields -and her condition is invariable. Malnutrition, overwork, weakness and disease are written deep in the faces of babies, children, girls and matrons, as well as in the pitiful lineaments of old age that creeps about in tattered mendicancy. The first, great and paramount profession of the Indian woman is motherhood, not necessarily accompanied by wifehood. The stirrings of youth and love are the brightest spots in a joyless life, and the so-called immorality of the Indian is simply the natural surrender to this craving for life in its fullness. Lovers are rife, and husbands infrequent, which throws upon the shoulders of the girl-mother the brunt of the struggle for existence for herself and her brood. It is this enforced responsibility which has contributed most to that sense of moral emancipation. The Indian mother is simply that primitive female creature driven by the crime of hungry offsprings to any and every means of earning a livelihood. There are tillers of the soil, drawers of water and hewers of wood, vendors of petty wares or foods by the wayside; weavers of flower wreaths or of more enduring stuffs as delicately wrought; plyers of the needle-these are some of the callings pursued by Indian women, of whom it may be said that everyone is a worker, unless she has sacrificed her proud spirit of independence, and overcome by conditions too hard to cope with, has sunk to beggary as the easiest way. The abjectness of the general poverty explains and condones the extent to which begging is practised as a profession here. Every wayside and park. These are the pavement dwellers, clad in the dust of the roadside and fed on the crumbs of charity; but there is scant difference between their lot and that of their push-cart sister, who may have a wretched adobe hut to shelter herself and her babies-a windowless, doorless hut, scarcely man-high, filled with the smoke and soot of the chimneyless fire, and often built as a lean-to against the wall of some stone palace

which oddly suffers this leprous incrustation. Sometimes, if built in a vacant lot, there is a bit of ground about it to till into a garden, and the graceful tassels of the sweet maize hang above the humble dwelling. Scarcely ever is there cleanliness—there is no vitality for it in these creeping humans, so near the animal in their dire misery, and so far removed from their proud ancestors who once claimed the land as masters. Subjugation has eaten into the soul of the Indian and robbed him of his wild, free strength. There is little spontaneous happiness in their natures, even among the children, marked with an heredity of sorrow, and the greatest joy of the Indian woman lies in her passionate religious fervor, which glimpses a far-off heaven, and is content to make this earthly pilgrimage in penitential dust. The churches are filled with these adoring figures, and church fiestas are the closest approximation to gaiety they make. For her man, if she has retained one, there is the fierce joy of battle, or domestic strife, of gambling or cock-fighting or the forbidden bull-ring. But after the nocturnal sweetness of her first wooing, there is nothing for the woman but her children, her lifestruggle and her faith in God. There is no rebellion against her condition, and therefore no hope. In her unquestioning submission lies ultimate extinction.

It is to the mestizo we turn for the leaven of forcefulness, initiative and rebellion against the existing order. In the mestizo lies Mexico's regeneration, and it is in this olive-skinned, dark-eyed race that the advent of modern womanhood is casting its shadow dimly before it.

Occupationally the scale runs from servants and domestic labor to skilled trades and professions. Domestically speaking, the women workers are still in chains; toil is arduous, hours limitless and wages at minimum. But joint living in a household necessarily raises her own standard-food and clothing become essentials instead of mere accidentals of time and chance. The pittance, though small, is her own, with all the sense of power that ownership conveys. There are now public schools where girls may receive education, and the teachers too are women. Woman labor is everywhere -in shops, in factories and stores, in offices and schools. Women clerks, stenographers, office attendants and saleswomen figure conspicuously in every

## Awakening

industrial establishment, while as government employees in the subordinate positions, they are in about equal proportions to men. The woman who runs for office is still a rarity in Mexican politics, there being but one case on record, but suffrage is in force under the new constitution, and has already been tried out in municipal elections to the satisfaction of the Mexican public. In whatever capacity she is employed, the Mexican woman brings to her work a sense of self-dependence and potentiality for growth found in women-workers everywhere. In her scrupulously neat appearance, her business-like attitude towards her work and life, her independence and ability to cope with her environment, she marks an ascending type in the scale of Mexican civilization, as distinct from the Indian mother whose heritage of misery unfits her for the struggle for existence, as she is from that other conspicuous type of Mexican womanhood-the lily of the field that toils not, neither does she spin.

There are swarms of the latter, as in every society which supports and encourages a non-productive strata to represent their cultural values for them. It is for these butterflies that the theatre, the opera, the cafes, with their luxurious appertenances, exist and flourish. Their ceaseless-round of pleasure and frivolity contrasts just as vividly with the toil and poverty of the masses as does the existence of fashionable boulevards, lined with stately homes, adorned with pleasing flowers, magnificent monuments and noble statuary, with the unutterably squalid side-streets infested with disease and filth, which extend like a dark and sinister setting around the polished glitter of the metropolis. It is to this innermost of the concentric circles of Mexican life that we must look for the Senorita of our idle fancy-she of the age of chivalry whose langorous glances and intoxicating loves have filled the pages of romance. She still survives, and her exotic existence is just as atavistic, in the light of Mexico's future and turbulent present, as that of the dying aborigine. She dwells in the species of medieval castle still affected by the sangre azul and the nouveau riche whose giant portals and iron-barred windows are reminiscent of the 16th century. Educated in a convent school, milady returns for a brief sojourn under the ancestral roof until some lover of her dreams bestows his name upon her. Meanwhile she is as jealously guarded from masculine inter-

course as a century-old tradition demands. But somehow, in her daily airings on the boulevard, in her pious pilgrimages to church, and her evening strolls about the plaza, heavily chaperoned though she be, the forbidden fruit-Man-becomes manifest as a gallant being who watches her morning drive from the curbstone, who prances on spirited horses through her dreams, and who whispers to her in the tree-shadowed plaza, under cover of the lilting music of the band. Somehow it comes to pass that a troubador touches his guitar beneath his lady's casement window—that intimacy grows to whispered conversations between the dark and solitary figure who braves the terrors of the nocturnal street, and the unseen one above who fearfully peeps out from behind the grating and whispers soft sweet nothings in response to the impassioned murmurs from below. In technical language, he is "playing the bear," and if he play it well and faithfully enough to merit parental approval of his honorable intentions, some happy day he is invited within the mansion and welcomed to the bosom of the family. Eventually he marries his adored, and as the mistress of her own household and arbiter of her own decorum, she becomes emancipated to a truly dizzying extent. These are the relics of Mexican aristocracy, the type of lady fair who scorned the exertion of picking up her fallen handkerchief when a dozen peons existed for no other purpose than to serve her. But even she is destined to perish before the onslaught of modernity. Mexico is a maelstrom of democracy; high and low are caught in the whirlpool of events, and the solvent power of Change will purify its every element. Meanwhile, bits and scraps of the old regime come floating merrily to the surface and in their momentary suspension we glimpse the color and romance of a Mexico that was; the dashing caballero with silver spurs and ponderous hat; the fiesta days of barbecue and bullfight, with cheering, carefree throngs oblivious to tomorrow's want; the mysterious and graceful folds of mantilla or serape beneath whose shadowy depths lurk coquetry and tragedy in the dusky eyes of beauty. But the veiled heads which bend so reverently in some dimly-lit aisle of ancient churches or lift to the love-making of some 20-century Don Juan are destined to dissapear with the passing of the old order, and the advent of the woman of tomorrow. There is the glamorless light of republicanism illuminating Mexico today, and the hustle and bustle of a commercial age is upon her, which none but the self-reliant, buoyant spirit of independent womanhood can survive.



The Washer Woman at Work

meester son.

## Death and Glory Snap Shot of Free Belgium

ET us take a journey. Let us go to elegance is regulated by military orders, La Panne. Formerly this was only a "plage," a coquet watering place for families on holiday, the pretty little "trou" where the bandstand was the center of the world, where life was "bourgeoise" and "pas chere" where the children showed a long expanse of bare leg, and where the little clerks lay on the sand and forgot the cares of the administration and only used their stylos for sending brief messages to their friends on picture postcards. It is there that the traditional Beulmans fianced their "demoiselle" to the Meul-

The war has changed all this! The concert of each day, of each hour rather, is now dominated by the cannon and the machine gun. The bourgeois and holiday-makers have vanished . . where the bourgeois vanish to when there is danger. In the streets, French, English and Belgian soldiers meet and jostle each other. Wounded Belgians walk slowly along the sandhills or lie on "chaises longues" as proud of their dressings or their crutches as of the decorations which adorn their chest. On the beach, some cavalry in turbans and dressed in vivid colors gallop past on their Arab steeds. The wind blows out the ample burnous, the long manes and the tails of the horses. In these whirlwinds of sand raised by the wind and gilded by the sun this vision of the desert seems unreal, disconcerting, but is without astonishment for us, like all that has been offered to us in this paradoxical epoch.

La Panne has seen pass all colors and all glories. Often, refugees, fleeing from villages destroyed by the German artillery, pass, sad victims of barbarous savagery, on their way to France or England to find a fraternal refuge. More rarely, the mothers or the wives who have obtained with the difficulty that we can guess, the authorization to come to weep at the grave of a hero who died on the field of battle or from a glorious wound, mingle their black clothes of mourning with the many-colored uniforms.

And we point out to one another, passing in an auto or walking on the sands, the personalities of the moment, the men of the day; for La Panne has become a chic plage through the quality of its visitors. For most of them, exterior

but elegance of sentiment is what counts the most. The hours are short, and many of these who this morning contemplate the radiant sea will tomorrow lie in their graves, if they have the good fortune to have a grave!

It is not always those whose names are the most celebrated who are the most glorious; in this crowd the simplest soldiers have shared the common glory, a part that they would not



A War Angel

exchange. However amongst the guests of La Panne, many are worthy of re-

Marshals Kitchener, French, Douglas Haig, Generals Joffre, Neville, General Lyautey, all the glories of the allied armies. Here is the Baron de Broqueville, the Minister of War to whom Belgium owes the surprising reorganization of her army, General Jacques, who was colonel of one of the admirable line regiments decorated by the king. Here is Professor Depage, ex-president of the International Surgical Society, whose heroic wife, drowned on the Lusitania, reposes under the sands of the dunes; he has created at La Panne a model ambulance which has become a veritable scientific center. Dr. A. Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute, the daring and ingenious inventor of so many surgical novelties, often visits the ambulance where he has applied with wonderful success his method of treating war wounds. Here is Lord Curzon, on whose arm prettily leans the Princess Marie Jose, blonde and bareheaded. Miss Maxine Elliott has kept her barge Julian on some errand of mercy. The Duchess of Sutherland, looking beautiful in the dress of a nurse and better still doing the work of one. Passes also the Prince of Teck, cousin of the Queen, accompanying the Countess de Caraman and the Countess Van den Steen de Jehay, the only Ladies of Honor who have been able to follow their Sovereign. Here are the Princes of Bourbon-Parme, volunteers in the service of the Belgian army. Here is Father Henusse, Jesuite and celebrated preacher, now acting as chaplain. Here is one of the most animated liberal orators of Parliament, become Lieutenant of Artillery during the war. In simple khaki, Mr. Bacon, ex-American Ambassador to Paris, recognized by his height. Like Mrs. Woods Bliss, a gracious American, he devotes all his energies to charity. The English Major Gordon also saw this little "plage" when he brought to the Belgian Government, for the refugees 25 millio francs. A face well known to those who live at La Panne, Captain officer, nicknamed "the kissed officer," since Mrs. Asquith snatched a kiss from him as a war souvenir. Often one sees the expressive face and long black hair of the great violinist, Ysaye. Happy then the wounded of the hospitals, for whenever he can the illustrious virtuoso goes to raise by a seance of art the spirit of the sufferers towards the ideal. Often even his violin has been heard in the neighboring cantonments of the first line. Other artists are met there: Loie Fuller practices charity as she practices art, with incomparable grace. Art has always its faithful followers in the little free corner of Belgium and often the mobilized painters and sculptors exhibit what they have brought back from the trenches—living works which will remain the most precious witnesses of this most tragic epoch."

But Americans would find many compatriots in this crowd which passes without ceasing. There have been seen the Rev. Mr. Clampett sent by San Francisco and who has promised to accomplish wonders for the Belgians; Samuel Hill, who has the right to say: "I am the King's friend." Lieut. Colby,

## Snap Shots of Free Belgium

whom the generosity of the United States has placed at the head of a column of 50 motor ambulances for the Belgian army, and many others.

Everybody is as busy as in a beehive. And if as in a hive, they all concentrate at one point, it is because as in a hive also, there is a central cell which is the reason of their existence.

Right at the end of the esplanade a modest villa shelters a home and a woman who has given a unique example to the whole world. In this unsullied corner of Belgium, they live. In vain the murderous taubes fly over the little town. Without even raising their eyes towards them the King and Queen go down to the beach, towards their faithful followers. Everyone bows before them. Is it not honor which passes?

The Queen? One has had an opportunity of seeing her in the midst of a brilliant Etat Major, beside the King. On her horse-she is a magnificent horsewoman-she witnessed the march past of one of the glorious Belgian regiments returning from the trenches. Often one has seen her thus, and it is thus that before the war one would have pictured a modern sovereign. But Queen Elizabeth prefers another role. Each morning she goes to the Ambulance de l'Ocean and as competent and expert auxiliary she tends the wounded. The most complicated and delicate dressings are often reserved for her and the wounded are accustomed to only see in their Queen the most adroit and gentle of nurses. Other charitable work occupy almost the whole of the time of Queen Elizabeth. She has personally founded for the countries ravaged by the most cruel of wars a home for 500 children where they are brought up on their native soil, by persons specially chosen. She is seen regularly visiting all the sanitary formations, finding for each patient the word which consoles, the phrase which is dear to his memory or his heart. Several times a year she sends to all the wounded presents of tobacco and fruits and regularly each time a little bouquet of flowers is added. The brave Belgian soldier who in general is separated from his home and has only received during 30 months most irregular news-when he receives any at all-accepts these royal gifts as he would accept a maternal one and often in the portfolio of the "carnet de campagne" of a combatant is found a bouquet of dried flowers, but preciously preserved—it is the bouquet the Queen has given him, and which he always carries with him to

be shown with pride when he returns home.

Charity practised with delicacy is sweet to him who benefits by it. Queen Elizabeth has always known how to get her gifts accepted. Long before the war charming acts were cited of her: At Brussels she went through the poorest quarters relieving as much misery as possible. All misfortune immediately known of, inspired her to action. When she heard that Eugene Laermans, the greatest perhaps of Belgian contemporary character painters, had become blind she went regularly to visit him and even played to him on the violin. For it may be guessed that art has had its part in the formation of such a delicate soul. Not only does the Queen of the Belgians of these "poilus" whose surprise was great when they learned the identity of their photographer.

One could recount many similar anecdotes. The life of Queen Elizabeth is made up today of discreet devotions and touching attentions which one loves to recall. One understands now why the Belgian soldiers love her, not as a Sovereign to be feared, but as the great gentle maternal friend to be venerated.

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The Joke Recoiled.—Riggs (facetiously)—"This is a picture of my wife's first husband."

Diggs.—"Silly-looking guy! But say, I didn't know your wife was married before she met you."

Riggs—"She wasn't. This is a picture

## Union and Liberty

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

PLAG of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battle-fields'
thunder and flame,

Blazoned in song and illumined in story, Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame.

Light of our firmament, guide of our nation, Pride of her children, and honored afar, Let the wide beams of thy full constellation Scatter each cloud that would darken a star.

Empire unsceptred! what foe shall assail thee, Bearing the standard of Liberty's van? Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee, Striving with men for the birthright of man!

Yet, if by madness and treachery blighted,

Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must

draw.

Then with the arms of thy millions united, Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us, Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!

Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?

Keep us, oh keep us the MANY IN ONE!

Up with our banner bright,

Sprinkled with starry light,

Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,

While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry,—
UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVER-

N AND LIBERTY! MORE!

play exquisitely the works of the great masters of the violin, but she has also been an attentive teacher to her children, all three of whom are already good musicians. The little Princess Marie-Jose, with her intelligent face, is a very talented pianiste, and the print had popularized in Belgium a photo of the royal family executing a piece of chamber music.

It is never for herself alone that the Queen exercises her talent. She is a good photographer and one often sees her with her camera in her hand. One day she met, during a visit to the French line, a group of French soldiers. Several of them had received the portraits of loved ones at home and were sad that they would not send theirs in exchange. The Queen took successively the photo

of myself when I was twenty-five."—Boston "Transcript."

for of the

All in the Shuffle.—A Government official was discussing the morality of certain war-profiteers.

"Their morality reminds me," he said, "of a professional gambler who always won at eards, whereas at the races he always lost.

"'Oh, pshaw, George,' his wife said to him one day, 'you make me tired. Why is it you always bring home a horsecollar roll when you play poker and turn up broke when you play the horses?'"

"'My love," said George quietly, 'I don't shuffle the horses.' "—Washington "Star."

## **Art Galleries and Studios**

LD FATHER TIME having gathered to himself the summer of 1917 the artists are returning to town with their riches, gleaned from mountain or sea. The autumn season of exhibitions has opened brilliantly in the joint exhibition of Rinaldo Cuneo and Ambrose Patterson at the Helgesen Galleries.

Mr. Cuneo, being a native of San Francisco, whose artistic growth and development every one has watched with great interest needs no introduction to the public. Mr. Patterson, a native of Australia, is making his first exhibition in America, after many European successes.

Contemporaries by birth, both with a thorough European education for their background, it is interesting to note how life has developed each man. Poetry and deep feeling in the man who has staid more closely in his home environment; a touch of realism and practicality in the man who has wandered to and fro. Not too much realism, however, for Mr. Patterson's point of view is as interesting as his handling and we are delighted to become acquainted with both.

#### Rinaldo Cuneo

In his new canvases, Mr. Cuneo shows that his summer in the open has developed him immensely. His work always of the highest order has broadened and enlarged, gaining especially in atmosphere, without losing its brilliancy and dash. "Does it look and feel like the out of doors?" inquired the artist; "Not a stroke on any canvas is done in the studio, the out-of-doors is my studio now." The pictures certainly show it.

"The Trestle," Mr. Cuneo's very latest work, is by all means the finest he has ever done. A fellow artist's opinion is highly valued by the artist, consequently, Bruce Nelson's appreciation of this picture carries great weight: "Isn't that a wonderful canvas? Perfect in composition, wonderful in color and masterly in handling it is far and away Cuneo's best up to the present." The same trestle figures in an artistic adjunct to enhance another glimpse of Greenbrae. This is also a fine composition, but somehow lacks the Whistlerian touch of the first.

In two canvases Mr. Cuneo shows California winter. "Bare Poplars" and "The Veteran" with their leafless trees and the fresh green under them, giving the stranger the impression of spring rather than winter, and yet to the Californian, they are most characteristic.

"Through the Eucalipti" is especially atmospheric, charming glimpse of Marin

By Elisabeth Taft

county, bright with sunshine and full of poetic feeling. There are twelve of Mr. Cuneo's canvases in the exhibition no one of which has been exhibited before and each one deserves appreciation. May every succeeding showing from his brush prove an equal treat.

#### Ambrose Patterson

Mr. Patterson is modestly more willing to talk about the beauties of the California he is just having such a delight in exploring than in his enviable artistic record. His scrap-book, however, tells the tale for him, and we learn that ever since his first exhibition in 1903, in Paris, the critics of England, France. Germany, Belgium, as well as his island home and in Hawaii, have united in paying homage to his genius. But even then it is: "My what a city! I was totally unprepared for it, and it fairly took my breath away, as I saw it rising hill upon hill."

And his facile brush has been busy in the few weeks he has been here, for a more characteristic view of Telegraph Hill greets us in the gallery. The artist has rendered just enough of the street life of our "Little Italy" to give a most pleasing effect. Telegraph Hill from Russian Hill is also found in another canvas, while Goat Island from Nob Hill as well as a characteristic panorama over the southern part of the city, with its drifting smoke plumes, charms one. These canvases giving one a glimpse of the crowded, teeming life of the city on its many hills are indeed a pleasing compliment.

The familiar scenes give a delightful contrast to the Hawaiian canvases, for Mr. Patterson has spent the last eight months on the picturesque islands. Here is color rampant, indeed, but well controlled. "Carnival" shows the Japanese festival in February, and is a riot of brilliancy, motion and noise, so that one feels that they also have followed the procession. This is equally true of all the Hawaiian pictures. "The Hula" is a brilliant rendering of the real dance, as given to the natives themselves, not to the tourists, and the skirt of the dancer causes an instantaneous question for it is composed of the Ti leaves instead of the customary straw.

The brilliant blue of the Honolulu ocean has inspired several canvases, interesting in themselves, but all the more so for we have another glimpse of the

Pacific through the Golden Gate. Strong in handling, delicate in its nuances of color the contrasts between the western and the tropical sea are powerfully rendered.

Mr. Patterson says he is glad to be with us, we are certainly glad he is here and hope he will stay. Australia and New Zealand have already given us three powerful artists in Francis McComas, Spencer and Constance Mackey. Is it too much to hope that the lure of the west may hold Mr. Patterson also?

In addition to Mr. Patterson's exhibition, these galleries will have a showing of Phillip Lewis' work, during November. This will be Mr. Lewis' very first exhibition and, as Mr. Helgesen has a positive talent for finding new geniuses will prove of the greatest interest.

#### California Book Club's Loan Exhibition

At the Hill Tolerton Print Rooms during October the old and the new arts have been in most interesting contrast for the California Book Club have been holding its loan exhibition of Incunabula, while the oils of George W. Bellows are hung on the walls. No more striking contrast of the art of the two centuries can be imagined.

Through the generosity of Charles W. Clark of Menlo Park, San Franciscans have had an opportunity to study the early stages of printing never before enjoyed on the Coast. The beautiful print and hand-made paper seems unbelievably fine to eyes accustomed to books produced in unlimited editions and makes one rather ashamed that in this day when accomplishment is easier we do our work so much more carelessly.

The illustrations, from old wood-cuts, are of great interest, especially those by Wolgemut, who, with his advanced teaching, was really the founder of the wood engraver's art. The contrasting of the work of the wood-cutters of the various countries was also most interesting.

The illuminating with its great brilliancy of color and exquisite design was a treat indeed to the art lover. The practiced scribes whose work was then at its zenith rendering decorations of rare beauty to enhance the printed page.

Many of the books of this wonderful collection are in their original old vellum binding. It was certainly a treat, most unusual and interesting that Mr. Clark gave the public of San Francisco and for it we give the heartiest thanks.

#### George W. Bellows

The Bellows canvases which glowed on the walls, exhaust all adjectives. They

## Art Galleries and Studios

are of marvelous brilliancy, clever handling and form a collection of rarely equaled interest.

Mr. Bellows, although born in 1882, has already won many honors and achieved a very enviable record in the American art world as well as in Europe. The past few months have been spent on the Pacific Coast and many of the landscapes as well as the portraits are familiar to us.

"The Mountain Lohe" is a canvas of most appealing beauty. It is filled with wonderful color, every hue known to the artist's palette coming into play. The sunlight striking the rocky mountain side developing purple tones, decidedly unusual and very brilliant and giving the key-note for the entire composition. It is an imaginative and masterly work.

"The Fisherman" is one of the most dashing of the coast glimpses. The man on the jagged rock is in a swirl of the vivid green water which our blue Pacific often startles us by developing. There is wonderful motion and go throughout the canvas.

The portraits and character studies are of equal excellence. "The Widow" in her heavy blacks is especially notable for the fine rendering of the old hands, "Amado Herrera" is one of the fast disappearing Spanish types which always appeal to the Californian, be he artist or layman. "Padre" is likewise an old friend.

In the smaller gallery are the lithographs which satirically characterize our day in much the same way the Goya etchings, formerly shown in this gallery, did the people of the sixteenth century. It is certainly a great range Mr. Bellows shows in this exhibition from the keenest satirical humor to the most poetic of feeling. His gold medal canvases at the exposition had taught us to expect much from him and a fuller showing of his work far surpassed those expectations.

The November announcement from this gallery is an unusually interesting exhibition of rare antique, oriental rugs with two lectures by Professor Arthur U. Pope, one on November the seventh, the other on the twenty-first.

#### The Fine Arts

The activities at the Art Palace are so many and varied this fall and Mr. Lourvik's plans are so far reaching that a review in full detail is appalling. The Sunday concerts have won enthusiastic support both from musicians and public. The promenade concerts for the benefit of the maintenance fund were brilliantly

inaugurated with the finest of music by the best of musicians. Mrs. Hearst and Mrs. Monteagle as joint hostesses for the opening affair, most graciously presided and the traditions for future successes both artistically and socially and financially were founded.

The educational lectures on the "Corelations of the Home Making Arts," ably inaugurated by Mrs. Rose V. S. Berry, have met with such an overwhelming response that the lecture half has been enlarged and a waiting list established for those who were late with their reservations.

The illustrated catalogue of the Phoebe A. Hearst loan collection has been issued with articles by such well known authorities as Phyllis Ackerman, on Tapestries; J. Nilsen Laurvik on Paintings, Etchings and Furniture; Arthur Upham Pope on Rugs, and R. Meyer-Riefdtahl on Textiles. This forms a compact, valuable book of reference and will be a most valued possession for all art lovers.

The exhibition of the month is to be that of the California Society of Etchers. The spring and autumn exhibitions from this earnest group of artists is always eagerly looked forward to. Being familiar with the various work of the several artists in color, to become acquainted with another phase of their thought is a treat. Gottardo Piazoni, president of the society, announces that there will be examples of the skill with the etchers' needle, of P. E. Vibert, Armin Hansen, Gertrude Partington, Lee Randolph, Marion Pope, Louis Christian Mullgardt and Worth Ryder.

This is a very brief and insufficient review of the Art Association's plans for the fall of 1917, but there is never a dull moment at the Art Palace and San Franciscans will surely show a practical appreciation of all the hard work that is being done in their behalf.

#### At the Sequoia Club

The fire-side-chat at the Sequoia Club one evening this month was an interesting talk on "Costume" by James Albert Holden. With the aid of well executed pencil drawings as well as colored sketches the artist explained to his hearers the changes in costumes in England from 52 B. C. to the present day. To obtain his eight hundred sketches, Mr. Holden has studied old illuminated manuscripts, the effigies of Wells Cathedral, as well as the silver trophies presented to the city of Lynn by France. In explaining his authorities, Mr. Holden said:

"It is a well known fact that the ancient artists painted their subjects in the clothing they were used to seeing every day. Consequently by studying the images, principally on the tombs, I was able to obtain a complete series of the costumes of the various centuries which I hope some day to see in book form."

As a genre artist Mr. Holden has already won recognition locally, and his hearers are convinced that when he chooses to enter the historical field, he will meet with equally merited success.

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#### "INTERNATIONALISM"

(Continued from page fourteen)

loyalty, faithfulness, trustfulness and truthfulness.

Further, appreciating and accepting the clear guidance and direction of that logical, master-teacher, Abdul Baha, we anticipate, when the wrongs of the present war are atoned for; when humanism has become disorganized not organized, the world will be made secure for humanity, by a powerful alliance of the nations of right, so fixed that, if one of these nations afterwards should break any of its agreements, the rest of the nations of the world would arise and control it.

This is the spirit of the age. This is that quickening of unity that shall bestow life, reality and potency upon the heretofore dead issues of "internationalism"; shall bring man back to his heritage, enable him to go on living, and no longer condemn him to the sabotage of body and of soul, and the barter of his birthright. We have been awakened from our sleep of negligence, let us be watchful ere we slumber again.

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Treason on the Farm.—First Cow—
"It is going to be an awful summer for

Second Cow—"Yes, it will probably be treason to kick the farm help."—New York "Sun."

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Too Well Remembered,—"Did your late uncle remember you when he made his will?"

"I guess so—for he left me out."—
"Longhorn."

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Two Points of View.—Mr. Goodleigh—"Her age really surprised me; she doesn't look twenty-eight, does she?"

Miss Snappe—"Not now, but I suppose she did once."—"Candle."

## Prophylaxis vs. Prevention

## In Medicine And In Daily Life

PROPHYLAXIS in medicine is prevention of disease by counteracting its imminence, as per example the inoculation of serum anti-toxins and so on. It is a pre-eminent factor at present among physicians in their daily practice.

The doctor does not wait for disease to take possession of the body as formerly and then use a tried cure or invent a new one. He anticipates the presence of the disease-producing germs and renders them hors de combat before they can operate or in their initial stages before they become a menace.

On this principle our fighting men are inoculated with the serums and anti-toxin which nullify the activity of bacteria rampant in trench and camp and so efficient is this method of extermination that rarely even a sporadic case of typhoid, typhus or tetanus develops. The germs are met on their own stamping grounds, fought with their own weapons and destroyed.

Hygiene in camp and battle front is a powerful adjunct of prophylaxis also. Sanitation is a scientific principle and cleanliness is its prophet. The care therefore which is exercised in the selection, preparation and utilization of a camp and the military precision and regularity brought to bear upon the daily life of the soldiers show their beneficial influence in the physical well being of the individual as well as a marked improvement in the morale of the whole.

When a camp site is chosen it is only after its qualifications for such a purpose have been fully investigated and passed upon by a group of experts who know their business. Its topography, relation to other sections of country, water supply, etcetera, are all carefully considered before the site is selected. After this the area is marked off by architects who construct a model city of the highest order of sanitation according to instruction.

This too is a form of prophylaxis. In previous wars statistics prove that more men were decimated by disease than by gun fire and sword, for wherever human beings are gathered together in a circumscribed space, mingling promiscuously, disease and death breed intensively. In the present war science and sanitation have proved an effective barrage against disease.

By experiment and inoculation we have

By Margaret Pladwell, M.D.

learned that yellow fever is transmitted to the race by stego myia, that anapheles transmits malaria, the common body louse typhus, cholera and typhoid are communicated by contaminated food and drinking water and this knowledge has given us the method of destruction to the micro organisms productive of these diseases. We kill the germ-bearing mosquito in its larvae. We cleanse our water supply, and have pure food laws enacted and exterminate the bubonic plague-bearing rat.

In the incipient stages of diphtheria (which can only be communicated by direct contact with the sick) an antitoxin is injected, and if administered at once the result is almost miraculous. Funigation, ventilation, sunshine, but above all cleanliness, act as a charm against disease of whatever character.

But it is not alone in medicine that prophylaxis can be efficiently employed. It can be brought into the daily life of the individual with gratifying results.

Domestic hygiene is a large element in healthy living and can be used as a prevention of disease. Here again as in every phase of existence, cleanliness is of paramount importance combined with sanitation

In the child body posture should always be of the utmost importance to the mother. This with the daily bath, nourishing food properly cooked and plenty of out door exercise will make him a sturdy, healthy disease-defying youngster. The bacteria of disease love dark noisome places and unwholesome abnormal conditions.

Then, too, just as psycho-therapy is effectively used for the amelioration and cure of mental defects, so is psychoprophylaxis employed to prevent the acquisition of abnormal mental qualities and criminal traits. The habits and morbid characteristics of the psycopath are thus kept in abeyance or even eradicated

Prophylactic intentions can be taught the child which will dispose of any inherent abnormal tendency and keep it completely under control. This is done by suggestion, a gentle leading into the path he is desired to follow, thus impressing the quality of good upon his consciousness to the exclusion of evil. In such cases it is indispensable that the teacher—usually the mother, shall herself possess large self-control for as the personality of the child develops and his intelligence increases any evidence of weakness, impatience or temper in his mentor would arouse the morbid activity of the agent of destruction and bring about the undesired effect.

This course of treatment applies as well to the mental defective, the moron, the degenerate and even the insane. In these cases the brain equipment is unbalanced whether self-evident or not and one must needs construct a form of reasoning or interest where none is inherent or where it is irrational.

This too is a prophylactic measure since it supplies a base of thought however feeble where none otherwise exists or where the mind is abnormal.

Abnormal and criminal intentions are often meditated by the psycopath, because he is always self-centered. "He has too much ego in his cosmos" as Kipling expressed it—which engenders an abnormal imagination and delusions of persecution creating a feeling of smarting resentment against people singly or in the aggregate and especially against the established order of things appertaining to himself for which there exists no cause whatever.

Prevention of bad habits is another method of prophylaxis and is far more effective than cure since cure is always susceptible to relapse. The means employed is strength of will to combat temptation, and the power of self control.

The present tendency in all things now is for prophylaxis, whatever its specific name. Houses are built with due regard for the health of the individual. Sanitation, fresh air, elimination of dirt and dark spaces, all tend to prevent disease and destroy its breeding places. Health without camouflage is now the important desideratum in life. Make prophylaxis an established rule of the home in all its departments.



War-Training. — She (beligerently)— "Why weren't you at the station with the car to meet me as usual?"

He (meekly)—"My dear, you ought to get into this habit of some meetless days."—Baltimore "American."

## In the Field

## Young Women's Christian Associations

HEN you consider that Camp Lewis at American Lake is seven miles long and built in the shape of a great "U" and that there is no building of any kind provided for women visitors, you will readily see the great necessity for a Hostess House which is situated directly at the base of the "U." The Tacoma people have already named it Hospitality Hall. The camp is seventeen miles from Tacoma and still farther from Seattle. Three railway lines and jitney service carry visitors out to it.

One can imagine in a camp of that size the great difficulty there is in locating relatives and we have heard of instances of mothers going to see their sons and having to give up the attempt. If they are successful in finding their boys where can the mothers wait until they are off duty? The United States Government cannot expend the taxpayers money in meeting the needs of the women visitors to the camps when every resource of the Treasury is strained to equip and transport soldiers to France and to keep them in supplies. The whole job of the Government is to get the soldiers to the front in the shortest possible time.

#### Being Kind to the Loved Ones

At the request of the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities the National War Council of the Young Women's Christian Associations is taking care of the women at the different large cantonments.

The largest number of men at any one place is said to be at Camp Lewis, American Lake, and they will have a large number of visitors from the whole Western Division. Nearly every home in California has some one in camp.

To accommodate the women visitors the largest Hostess House vet erected has been built at Camp Lewis. It contains a great hall or reception room and a lunch room where the visitors can get something to eat and where they can be joined by the soldiers excused from mess to meet them. There is an information desk and telephone booths by which anyone in the camp can be immediately located. There is also a rest room for women and lavatories. An unique feature of this house is a nursery where small children can be cared for. A great fireplace is the principal feature of the social hall. At the end of the building overlooking the parade grounds is a large glassed-in piazza, also with a fireplace, where guests may have refreshments while waiting. A wagonload of ties has been donated by a railroad company and put through the camp saw mill to be cut in fireplace lengths and delivered to the house. Because of the distance from town housing is provided in the half-story for the staff and lunchroom workers.

#### Hostesses Give Food and Information

The most important feature of Hospitality Hall is the staff women who serve the visitors. Beside the lunch room director there are two hostesses to greet the people and give information. The executive hostess is Miss Constance Clark, formerly of San Francisco, who is an officer's daughter and was brought up in the army. The other hostess is giving her services free. There is also a special information desk attendant and an emergency worker who helps to find stray children or parents and lost purses and railway tickets and arrange for special visits to sick relatives in the camp hospital. Not the least of the peculiar privileges of the hostess is to give comfort and solace to the women who come to say farewell to their men folk who are soon to leave for the front.

So highly does the Government value the work done by these hostess houses that all possible help has been given in the construction work. The constructing quartermaster, Major David Stone, arranged to have the contractor who bulit the camp use a special staff of men in erecting the house. The Government architect, Mr. Alden, donated his expert advice on the plans. The Hurley-Mason Construction Company of Tacoma donated their percentage in carrying out the contract. They practically built the house at cost. Most of the money was raised in the Northwest for the building and equipment of this hostess house. The balance was drawn from the National War Fund of the Y. W. C. A. which is being raised all over the United

Construction began in October on the Hostess House at Camp Kearny, Linda Vista (San Diego). Miss Julian Morgan, the well known architect, has drawn plans that perfectly fit the location and has donated them to the War Work Council as her contribution to the work.

The house has the characteristics of a California home. In the dust-covered expanse of the barracks it will be conspicuous by its paint and interior decoration. The furnishing and interior is being planned by Miss Alice Klauber, a professional decorator of San Diego, who makes this her donation to the work. Miss Ellen B. Scripps, the La Jolla philanthropist, who has already done so much for her community, gave the entire sum for the building, equipping and staffing, which amounted to \$15,000.

At a recent meeting of the National War Work Council in New York City it was urged that a down town recreation center for girls should be equipped at once to keep the girls busy and in a measure to offset the lure of the khaki. The San Diego Y. W. C. A. is the owner of a centrally located lot but is not yet ready to build and cannot get rented quarters suitable for extensive recreation work. Mrs. E. M. Fowler of Pasadena declared that San Diego deserved the help of the whole State of California in meeting her war problem since she had so generously entertained not only the State but the Nation at her own expense during two exposition years. Mrs. Fowler has given a large sum to start outside contributions.

#### Girl Patriots Put to Work

Similar recreation work for girls is being started at Palo Alto near Camp Fremont and patriotic leagues are being organized all over the Peninsula. The idea of the Young Women's Christian Association is that if girls are given the opportunity they will respond to the chance of expressing their patriotism in keeping up the highest standard of personal conduct rather than in foolish and dangerous ways. It believes that even if war is inevitable the evils of war are not.

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Following the Text-Book.—A teacher asked her class to write an essay on London. She was surprised to read the following in one attempt:

"The people of London are noted for their stupidity."

The young author was asked how he got that idea.

"Please, miss," was the reply, "it says in the text-books the population of London is very dense."—New York "Globe."

## Hold Fast

## To Our Flag on the Pacific

A LTHOUGH it looks as if the United States would have a great merchant marine in a few years, judging by the number of vessels being constructed and laid down at the hundreds of shipyards on our eastern and western coasts, still we must not forget that the German submarines are fast destroying ships; hence, the end of the war may see our country with a merchant marine no greater than it is today.

The women of America have taken but little interest in this merchant marine question, and the women of San Francisco have been as apathetic in the matter as any of their sisters in other sections of the country. The women of San Francisco should take a keen interest in the building up of a great American merchant marine, because the prosperity of our beautiful city depends much on the business that is done on its waterfront. San Francisco is one of the greatest seaports of the world, ranking well up amongst the leading ones in the amount of tonnage which enters and leaves its harbor each year. San Francisco in a few years, because of the commanding position which it occupies as the "Gateway to the Orient," may outdistance even New York, Liverpool, or Hamburg, and become the first seaport of the world.

A half century or more ago, the American flag was seen on every ocean and more American ships ploughed the Pacifie than did those of any other nation. Away up the Yangtze Kiang, the Stars and Stripes flew at the masts of the adventurous trading ships of Forbes and other Yankee traders. Shortly after the Civil War, however, England began sending out steel ships, propelled by steam, and as we still stuck to the slow-moving wooden sailing ships, it was only a question of a short time when the American ships were driven from the ocean and sooner or later found themselves relegated to the scrapheap of things whose day was over. Some American shipping men built ships of steel to compete with the English ships, but they soon discovered that they could not successfully do this, as the cost of operating the American vessels was at least twenty-five per cent higher than that of the English ships. In a few years, therefore, the English ships were carrying to foreign parts the great bulk of American goods which had previously been transported in American bottoms. Later on Germany

By D. J. O'Connell

and Japan began to realize what great profits England was earning from her carrying trade and what an advantage it gave her in the markets of the world for the sale of her products, and soon these two nations entered on an extensive shipbuilding programme. Germany's rapid growth in merchant vessel tonnage and the efforts which her enterprising merchants and manufacturers made to capture the trade which England controlled and thought her own, soon excited a bitter feeling of jealousy in England, and this trade jealousy had, perhaps, much to do with the causes of the present war in Europe.

When in 1914 the great war in Europe started, the United States had but a scant few dozen ships in the oversea trade, and most of these vessels were running between our Atlantic ports and Europe. The only American freight and passenger ships in the oversea Pacific trade were owned by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and these boats were only a half dozen in number and were being operated at a loss.

In the spring of 1915, when the Pacific Mail people were offered what they considered a goodly sum for the larger boats of the fleet, these vessels were sold to an English steamship concern and the Pacific Mail discontinued its Oriental service and the American flag practically disappeared from the Pacific. The passage of the La Follette bill by Congress had much to do with the action of the Pacific Mail directors in selling the boats, as its provisions placed a number of impossible restrictions on their conduct of the business and likewise added an increased burden of expense to an already overburdened and struggling industry.

The good old State of California always finds among her sons a man equal to any emergency, and the disgrace of having the American flag hauled down on the Pacific was speedily wiped out when John H. Rossiter jumped into the breach and saved the honor of the American Merchant Marine. Mr. Rossiter battled night and day to get the Stars and Stripes flying again on the Pacific. At last he succeeded in getting Grace & Company to buy what was left of the Pacific Mail and obtained authority to purchase the Columbia, Ecuador and Venezuela, and place them on the run

between San Francisco and Hongkong. Mr. Rossiter wants to build up again that old Pacific Mail line, until within a few years it will far surpass in point of ships and service its former glories. He wants a half dozen or more speedy. elegant 25,000-ton boats running between here and Manila, and the order for three of these boats had already been placed with the New York Shipbuilding Company when war was declared against Germany, and the work on the boats had to be stopped because Washington commandeered the shipyards for Government work alone. He knows the war is going to end sometime, however, and he means to keep on battling for those boats until he gets them.

Perhaps not many of our readers realize what a great work this quiet, unassuming gentleman has been doing for them; how many sleepless nights he has put in figuring out how he might keep the flag flying on the Pacific, find American vessels to transport the products of the United States to the great Orient beyond. Some idea of how the American people have been playing a losing game is apparent when the figures of the San Francisco custom house show that nearly \$25,000,000 of American products were shipped through this port last year to the Philippine Islands alone, and eighty per cent of them were carried in English and Japanese bottoms. These goods should have been all carried in American ships, and they would have been if Rossiter had his way.

The women of America should take a greater interest in this merchant marine matter, and it is up to the women of San Francisco to lead in this movement for a greater merchant marine as they have led in all other great women's movements.

At the present time our women are patriotically bending every effort to help the Army and Navy, but they should not forget that a big merchant marine is as useful to a country in time of war as it is in time of peace. It is safe to say that the only thing which might cause the Allies to lose the war would be a shortage of cargo ships. Fully realizing this, it is the imperative duty of all women to give their influence and active backing to the man who has so bravely stood for the honor of America and its great industries on the Pacific Ocean.

## If Everywoman Wills

#### (Continued from page twelve)

"We may hit it up with the ancients, in time, if we keep going," volunteered Valiant.

"No doubt of it!" dogmatized the astronomer, warming to his subject. "I firmly believe that this machine, if supplied with sufficient oxygen, could be navigated indefinitely without stopping at all. Observe the transmission! It's the old cone—capable of unlimited power —of incomprehensible speed! thousand revolutions a minute would be nothing. And notice these bearingsself lubricating—they will never get hot, they can't wear out-marvelous! With those globes co-operating with this transmission in the hands of a first class aviator it may be possible to reach an altitude of thousands of miles."

"An astronomer, after such a flight, could tell whether the other side of the moon were inhabited," grinned Valiant.

"True!" affirmed the old man fervently; "but what is of more importance to science is the actual status of Mars." His eyes raised heavenward with a beatific light. "I feel—I verily believe," he continued rapturously, "though I cannot be positive, that there are truck gardens on that planet—and that fiery red light you see there is owing to vast deposits of gold!"

#### The Root of Evil

"'Gold,'" echoed Valiant with a start.

"Gee! I'd like to be there for about twenty minutes; if I wouldn't make that old inheritance tax look like a twenty-cent piece you could use my—my friend's head for a foot ball—"

"What's that?" interrupted the astronomer, cupping his ear.

"I was just thinking," dodged Valiant, "that it would take a fellow two centuries to make that beastly trip."

The old man straightened up and threw back his shoulders. "If I were a little younger I'd try it!" he declared, defiantly. "There is no limit to speed after a certain altitude is reached. Look at this engine—air, compressed air. Think of the unlimited power it is capable of developing in these chambers—almost self-igniting and with a terrific drive! Once started with this little auxiliary rotary it will supply its own fuel and heat

and light as long as you want it to run. It is the very thing our boys in the pneumatic department have been working on for the last five terms! This machine with two people will weigh less than one thousand pounds at sea level. At an altitude of 20,000 miles their weight will be about forty pounds. At twice that distance, a little over a pound; and so on, until all gravity and atmospheric resistance is released, and the machine speeds in the direction aimed at like a ray of light!"

So interested in the subject did the old man become that he quite forgot the girl and grew eloquent. His high pitched voice manifestly irritated her, for, by the time he had concluded his harangue she was waving her arms frantically and beckening for Valiant to come to her assistance.

Valiant sprang to the side of the machine. "Let me help you down to the house," he pleaded, pointing toward the bungalow.

The girl moved along on the seat rather suggestively, cast her eyes at the vacant place beside her and then pointed in the direction of the Golden Gate.

"She is asking you to take her home," urged the astronomer.

Valiant drew back. He had no desire to run away from Avis with so many things unsaid. Besides, he had no earthly use for the society of a lady whose possessions indicated wealth—at least that had been his accustomed attitude to the moment of his conversation over the telephone. And in a vague way the habit of his mind yet clung to him and betrayed him into a sudden revulsion toward the unoffending girl. "Nothing doin'!" grunted Valiant with a very sour face.

The old man kindly smiled. "Avis won't object," he said encouragingly; "I'll make your excuses to her when she returns."

Valiant shook his head. "I don't think the thing'll work," he protested in order to gain time.

#### Who's Afraid?

"I believe you are afraid to ride at night!" taunted the astronomer, good naturedly; then observing the girl shivering, he continued warmly: "can't you see, the poor thing is freezing, go on! jump in! what are you afraid of—"

"I'm not afraid of anything!" snapped Valiant irritably, hopping into the vacant seat beside the girl. "But I've got to get a hump on myself in the morning and get that money for my—friend—"

"Let that 'friend' wait till you get back."

"There's not a chance in a hundred that I'll get back in a week!" retorted Valiant ill-naturedly; "and besides I've something to say to Avis that I think she ought to know—"

#### Where Angels Fear to Tread

While he was speaking the girl pressed her toe to an electric switch. The machine began vibrating; the globes grew brighter and commenced to expand; from some place inside issued a sound like that from a small music box; then, with a quiver, the air craft began to rise, and, a moment later, waved above the white dome of the Observatory and over the tree tops to linger a second in view of a twinkling light which flitted beneath the foliage along the Observatory path. Another moment, and the machine shot upword and onward like a blazing meteor, leaving two long streamers of yellow light behind.

Valiant's heart sank. In a hazy way he thought he heard Avis calling to him as he rose above the tree tops; and the sound of her voice seemed to follow him accusingly among the encircling clouds. At first he wondered bitterly if the old astronomer had not taken this course to purposely exile him from his daughter's side reasoning, in his disappointment, that the old man was not at all anxious to lose the companionship of his lively daughter. Then it occurred to him that Avis might not unreasonably wonder how it happened that a lady aviator—and presumably a member of his own Aerial Club-should call for him at the precise time and place she did without a previous understanding. The thought fairly maddened him. Mutely he cursed the girl beside him for getting him in the fix. Gloomily he despaired of his future. A deep sense of loneliness took possession of his soul. His blood turned cold. And he felt his benumbed faculties slip slowly from control and flounder hopelessly in frosty isolation and uncertainty.

(Continued in December issue)

## **CHRISTMAS** IN THE TRENCHES

Will be a dreary day indeed for our brave boys who have gone to France to fight our battles for us. Liberty Bonds will supply those things necessary for the business of the soldier, but he will miss the little things that make for his comfort or pleasure unless each and every one of us sends a little Christmas Box.

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## Re-elect George Lull City Attorney On His Record

The women of San Francisco owe it to themselves as well as to their city to return to office City Attorney George Lull. He has done signal service to the municipality during the eight years he has been in that office, and, merely on his experience, ability and integrity, he should receive the support of the best citizens.

But there is a stronger reason for re-electing George Lull. He is backed by the clean element in every walk of life in the city. He wears the collar of no boss or bosses. He has no doubtful political affiliations. He is independent, clean, fearless.

In casting their votes for George Lull, the women citizens will be keeping it office an official who has been and will continue to be a man of whom the municipality is justly proud.



As a member of the Board of Supervisors for the past four years, I have given diligent and faithful service, and all of my time, to the public business of this city.

As Chairman of the Health Committee, I have brought to the task of my office in the conservation of the public health and sanitation of this community all the devotion and energy of which I am capable—as much as if it were my own private business.

I have always stood for economical government and as low a tax rate as is consistent with an efficient and business-like administration of public affairs.

During my incumbency in office, it has been my every endeavor to give fair and equitable consideration to all classes of our people irrespective of political, racial, religious or social standing. If re-elected, I expect to continue this course, and to give to all questions of sound public policy my unqualified endorsement and support.

Believing that this record of public service merits your continued confidence and approval, I am again before you asking your assistance in favor of my candidacy for Supervisor on November 6, 1917.

Sincerely grateful for the confidence heretofore reposed in me, and mindful of the great honor you have done me in the past. I beg to remain,

Your faithful servant,

JOHN O. WALSH.

## Elect JOE CORBETT Supervisor POLITICAL NOTES

POLITICAL NOTES

SPONSORS FOR CORBETT

The following men acted as sponsors for Joe Corbett in his candidacy for Supervisor: Jeremiah Mahony, Mahony Bros., contractors and builders; Dr. John Gallwey; R. W. Costello, president O'Connor, Moffatt Company; Dr. Theo, Rethers; A. P. Giannini, president Bank of Italy; George H. Roos, of Roos Bros., Dr. C. D. McGettigan; Chester N. Weaver, president C. N. Weaver Auto Company; James H. Fannin, John B. Stetson Hat Company; E. J. Taaffee, of William Taaffee & Co.; Walter McCarthy, McCarthy Bros.' Coffee and Spice Company; William F. Humphrey, president Olympic Club; Judge John J. Van Nostrand; Harry I. Mulcrevy, county clerk; J. C. Nealon, president Thoroughbred Breeders' Association; Mrs. Emma A. Fenwell, president St. Vincent de Paul Society; Harry M. Kelley, insurance, and member Exemption Board; James E. Wilson of the teamsters' union; John A. Kelly of the Labor Commission; Harry Hall, Building Trades Council.

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## Food Supplies

(Continued from page four)

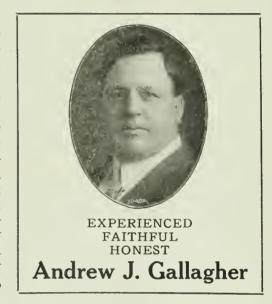
Shortly before I left, Mr. Rolph of San Francisco, who has charge of the sugar problem of the Food Administration, reported that after conference with the beet-sugar men, they had come through 100 per cent for the program recommended to them by the Food Administration. These actions are indicative of many others. They are made voluntarily and with understanding. The whole intent of the Food Administration is to emphasize the voluntary and democratic co-operation of all of the citizens of the country. It is true that in the Food Bill there are certain provisions so that those, who do not choose to be patriotic or who choose to exploit, can be dealt with adequately. There are teeth in the bill and there is a good firm jaw back of those teeth.

This voluntary feature of the Food Administration is most definitely exemplified in the Food Conservation movement which has been started throughout the country, asking everyone to join in a common service in the matter of food saving and in the use of food substitutes. It is absolutely vital that we provide certain definite amounts of wheat, pork products, beef, sugar and dairy products for export to our allies. Without these foods they cannot continue the war. We have an insufficient surplus to meet the demand. The only way that it can be met is by saving. Upon us is the responsibility of saving in the midst of plenty. We are the one great nation with a surplus. We are to be tested in the months

#### IMPERIAL

The Leading San Francisco Motion Picture Theatre Market Street bet. 6th and 7th to come as to whether we can intelligently understand this problem and as intelligently act. No one can escape the responsibility. Each one three times a day at the table either plays Germany's game or that of America. Waste, the continuous use of wheat, the failure to save fats and meat and sugar, means that you are actively assisting Germany. On the other hand, following the program of the Food Administration means that you are just as actively doing a patriotic and vital service for your own country.

Every person must sacrifice until it hurts, if we are even to approach the sacrifice of our own boys whom we are sending to the trenches. If we fail to act together and if we fail to do so promptly, it means that upon us falls the responsibility of the death of that many more of our boys. Just as soon as this is once grasped by our citizens we will not tolerate many of the things that we do now in the wasting of food, in the wasting of human energy, in the obstruction by individuals of the war program, and in various other directions. We must together voluntarily assume the great part in the war which our training, our history and our knowledge requires of us. Only by united action and full appreciation of the imminent dangers of the situation, of what it would mean to us to have the western front crack, can we hope to bring our great nation into its fullest activity. We must see that the western front, while drawn in another land, is of as vital importance to us as though it were but a few miles away. When the most important thing on getting up each day for each American citizen is to see what happened upon the western front the day before, then we will know that America is really in the war body and soul and will carry it through to a successful conclusion.



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Casey—"Oi am. An' for fear they shouldn't see it on the top, Oi printed it on the bottom, as well."—Boston "Transcript."

1- 1- 1-

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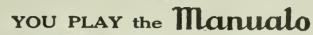
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"You don't, eh!

"You don't, eh!

"Well now here's a bit of a Bet I want to make with any, or all, of you.

"I will bet you a Dinner that this little old regular Goodrich Tube (34×4) will not only tow Mr. Oden's Car, but will tow all three of your Cars,—fully passengered,—through the streets, for the full 21 blocks (more than a mile and a half)—starting and stopping as many times as the crowd makes it necessary.

"I will,—if you Gentlemen are agreeable,—line up all four of your Cars, right here and now, take three regular Goodrich Tubes hap hazard out of their boxes,—tie one tube between each two Cars, (which means hauling three Cars on the first Tube) and tote Youall that way to "The Corners."

"Are you willing to bet a Dinner that any one of the three Tubes will 'go broke' on the way, or show a flaw which would leak Air, or prevent its being used for its original Tire purpose afterwards?

"You are, eh?

"Well,—the Bet's on!

"Come along, and you be the Judges."

. . \*

THE Dinner was a very Cheerful Affair. As Oden said afterwards (when putting up his share of the Bet) "you could have bet me a Million on that, Parr, and I'd have taken you up,—even if I had to borrow the Million. "I don't see how the blamed Tubes ever did hold out,—especially going up Saco St. under such a strain. "With eight people in the last three Cars,—and a total load of over 8,800 pounds I sure thought to hear something snap before Second Block. "Whaddye put into that brown Goodrich Rubber anyhow, to make it hang together like that?"

Fritz said that what puzzled him most was the brown Rubber Tubes "not being all stretched out of

shape after such a tug, even if they did hang together

at the finish.

"Look you," said he, "when we released the load,—after the Haul,—they instantly snapped back into just three-quarters of an inch longer than they

were at the start!

"And that ¾ of an inch, they took up again in less than two hours rest."

LLL, boys,"—Bill Parr remarked,—as he smoothed out a wrinkle in his well-filled vest, "that'll stop the Argument about all Tire Tubes being 'just Rubber,' won't it?"

"If the Brown Stuff that toted all you Heavy-weights,—and your Cars,—for 21 blocks, without a Sign of Heavy Duty afterwards, isn't something MORE than 'Just Rubber,' like other Tubes,—then you'd better buy the 'Just Rubber' kind hereafter.

"I'm going to ask all of you to sign your names to this 'Texas Tire Tube Test,'—just to show that you have taken part in a regular Exploit which is mighty well worth recording."

So indeed they did,—and here is the affidavit

#### AFFIDAVIT.

This certifies that we, the undersigned, took part in and witnessed, the Texas tube test referred to in the advertisement entitled "How the Texas Tube Test Happened!"—that the test was made on date of Nov. 11, at Waco, Texas, the distance covered being twenty-one blocks and that the result was as described.

W. M. ODEN, J. M. NASH, B. A. FRITZ, W. A. PARR. Signed-

Subscribed and sworn to before me by W. M. Oden, J. M. Nash, B. A. Fritz and W. A. Parr, this the 3rd day of May, A. D. 1916, at Waco, Texas.

Signed— J. G. WREN, Notary Public, McLennon County, Texas.

Now what think You of these GOODRICH Tire Tubes that could bear up under such a gruelling test? Reflect that they cost you no more than the cary" Tubes you so carelessly accept!

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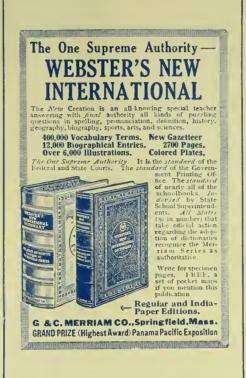
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December, 1917 and usue

# CUERYUOMAN

Official Journal of The National Council of Women, Membership, 7.000.000



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If Everywoman Wills
William Rutledge McGarry

Legal First Aid
Rose Falls Bres

Woman and Religion in India Gobind Behari Lal, M.A.

The World War Debt
The New Spirit of Japan
War Work Council, Y. W. C. A.
Women of Hawaii
Clubs and Clublights
Future Peace Hoped For
Tales of a Teashop
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Our Red Cross Is Going to
Keep Christmas
Women to Win the War

Christmas Greetings To Our Boys In The Trenches

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### If Everywoman Wills

Synopsis of Preceding Instalment

(Valiant of San Felice—the most aristocratic suburb of San Francisco Bay—determines to startle society and marry a poor girl. He fixes his heart on Avis Sapiens, who lives alone with her father in a dainty bungalow near the old theological observatory. The father is an astronomer with a fixed belief in the existence of truck gardens on the planet Mars. The evening Valiant calls on Avis and proposes an aeroplane collapses near the bungalow. A girl is discovered in the carriage of the machine when Valiant and the astronomer go to the rescue. Valiant reluctantly enters the machine to escort the girl home a few moments after learning that his fortune had been swept away, and is carried into the clouds by the strange girl).

H

· ALIANT'S mind was too confused to fully recognize the possibilities of his novel situation. In a dreamy sort of revery, his heart filled with a thousand melancholy-fretful forebodings, arising from the consciousenss of his equivocal engagement; his mind forming, destroying, and reforming again plan after plan to recoup his fortune, he seemed to feel, rather than to observe. the passing of the illuminated city into a sort of rosy unset beneath the amber undulations of the clouds.

One moment he was speeding through a warm air strata, then he heard the roar of colder winds striking the warmer surfaces and recoiling into angry vapors. Beneath him Nature's laboratory was manufacturing lightning by the friction of contending winds—the condensation of the atmosphere and the burning of tunnels through the Nimbus. He heard the sudden rush of air into the vacuums thus created and the crackling, rumbling, thunder, prolonged by successive lightning flashes stitched a golden embroidery in the fluctuating drapery of the

Away to the west a black cloud swept down, like a python. For a moment it seemed to hesitate, as if measuring its strength against the defiant rivalry of the agitated sea. Then drawing itself up into a wild coil of fury it discharged from its inky pyramid a spinning arrow of purple waters against the undulating waves. With a menacing snarl the sea sunk downward quickly; then with a wild roar it hurled back a dark cone of revolving brine into the face of its assailant, and, grappling one another, around and around they struggled, groaned and bellowed, and ground themselves together in a whirlwind of destructive power. Exhausted, at length, they wabbled apart, like colossal water demons-one snarling its disconsolate way back into the ocean, the other receding angrily into the recoiling cloud. Again, bellowing like a monstrous water serpent, it shot downward a hundred tongues of lightning and hurled its huge immensity upon the exhausted sea in a wild majestic torrent.

During this spectacular play of the elements the girl began to show some signs of returning animation. Once or twice she turned her face toward Valiant and her lips just parted in the shadow of a smile.

Valiant moved away from her to the very rim of the guard. The girl's smile departed; and into her luminous eyes shot an odic fire which blazed like an electric current in their retinal nerves and glowed in fascinating radiation. She seemed to gaze upon him electrically, to explore the cells of his brain—to read his very thoughts.

Try as he might Valiant was powerless to resist her gaze. She seemed to startle him into accepting the universal tradition which ascribed to certain beings a mastery over the interatomic forces of nature and accorded to them a positive supernatural power. The recollection of the Greek, the Roman, the Hebrew, the Indian, and the recorded conceptions of uncivilized races of a supernatural agency exerted through selected human beings suggested to his mind the possibility of his mysterious captor being one of those adepts who was gifted with the power miraculous. While he was shivering from cold, she, without apparent raiment, seemed to glow and radiate in warmth. While he was gasping for breath as the craft mounted upward, she fairly pulsated with apparent joy. To resist her spell he attempted to concentrate his mind on Avis. The effort was unavailing. In sheer desperation he took in a long breath and howled: "Where in blazes are you going, anyway?"

His voice sounded no louder than a faint whisper to his ears!

The effect paralyzed him.

He now realized that they were speeding into an altitude higher than the loftiest mountains.

Disgusted with his inane lack of attention he suddenly determined to take charge of the craft himself and guide it back to San Felice.

The girl seemed to anticipate his intention. With her disengaged hand she caught him by the collar and pulled him closely to her side. She did this as easily as he could have lifted a feather. At the same time she clasped round his body a strong flexible band of luminous metal which held him a prisoner in the seat. It was done so quickly that he forgot his resentment while admiring her dexterity and marvelling at her superhuman strength.

He now realized that he was hopelessly imprisoned in the air. From his determined captor there was no possibility of escape. Vaguely he recalled the statement of the old astronomer about bodies becoming lighter as they ascended upward and it thrilled him with the knowledge that his present position was many hundred miles distant from the earth. It was a startling revelation; and one filled with the gravest possibilities of disaster.

For the first time a wave of fear swept over Valiant's mind. He began thinking of all kinds of death. Light flashes of the girl he loved lit up his memory and filled his heart with pain. He seemed to be floundering in the depths—to be suffocating with dismay. He despised himself for leaving Avis. He burned with indignation at the spectacle of his being kidnapped by the delicate little creature at his side. And, yet, how was he to prevent it? To despise her would do no good. Nevertheless, he hated her; hated her because she was not ugly! Hated her on account of her fascinating beauty and charming recklessness in braving danger and every moment inviting death! It was a hopeless sort of hatred—with no possibility of its ever being satisfied. His mental force was dissipated. His muscles had become flabby. His strength was gone. No longer was he capable of vigorous resentment. His propinguity to the girl was gradually overpowering him. He felt the heat of her slender body develop in intensity as they continued to climb and it warmed him through and through with an exhilarating stimulus like a mild electric bath. The feeling was not unpleasing to his cold benumbed muscles. It produced a soothing, drowsy sensation, like one experiences before a comfortable fire after a long ride over the ice and snow. An overpowering languor crept gradually upon him, and he sank, at last, into an ecstatic sleep!

The theory of Mr. Sapiens that aerial flight became accelerated as the air craft mounted upward was indelibly impressed on Valiant's mind when he opened his eyes again.

The machine was now skirting a crystalline azure as swiftly as a ray of light; and from all sides of a radiant Universe the sublimest harmony resounded through the spheres.

The only disagreeable sensation Valiant felt arose from a strong odor of carbon dioxide which he was compelled to inhale-and which seemed to supply the place of fuel in the spangled canopy

## If Everywoman Wills

through which he sped. But his vision was clearer than it had ever been. Liberated from the atmospheric film which surrounded the earth and obscured the sight, Venus, to the left, blazed in brilliance and lighted up the visible side of Mercury as clearly as a crystal ball; while to his right he watched Mars, in fascination, burn its way in the distance and expose its many rivers stealing from their polar sources into their equatorial climes. From planet to planet flashed a constant series of brilliant lights as if heliographing communications to their neighbors in an effort to be understood. All around him the Solar System was revealing the sources of heat and light and power and displaying its sublime submission to regulated order and the majestic sway of universal law.

In an ecstacy of delight Valiant burst forth: "How many thousand miles from the earth are we?"

The girl shook her head and smiled as she replied in a language he had never heard before.

Valiant had never listened to a voice of such exquisite sweetness. He turned in mild astonishment and gazed into her face. She calmly returned his stare; then straightened up like one on exhibition and burst into a low musical laugh.

"Is there any possibility of your being a sister of St. Cecelia's?" he asked, jocosely, impressed with the resemblance to Raphael's delightful painting, and tempted into sociability by her apparent artlessness.

Again she replied in that soft caressing tongue which seemed peculiarly created for musical expression and suggested to his mind the old Greek interludes and the melody of that inventive language.

Although protesting to himself that his loyalty to Avis would stand unshaken were his companion as fair as Vesper it became impossible to remain indifferent to the charms of this ingenuous girl. At least, he resolved to be civil. Besides, he was her prisoner. And this suggested a more diplomatic attitude if he were to regain his liberty in time to redeem his inheritance or return alive to the girl he had unwittingly abandoned. It did not dawn upon him that there could be any complications in this well meaning plan; nor that there could be any difficulty whatever in its execution. He had no conception of the motive which had inspired his mysterious jailer to make him prisoner and whisk him away in this bewildering joy-ride beyond the influence of

gravitation or any other law which held humanity together. He only realized that science was undermining the seas with submarines, annihilating distance with wireless telephones and radio telegraph; and introducing humanity to the life of distant planets by marvellous telescopic vision. He also knew that he was an unwilling witness to the truth of astronomical assertion respecting the civilized activity of people on other worlds than ours. Secretly he began to hope, rather than suspect, that the girl beside him was one of these daring geniuses from Mars or Venus who had been trying for decades to communicate with the less scientific inhabitants of earth. And he began to wish-oh so ardently-that she would lead him to those expansive gold deposits he saw glowing from the planet to his left! He would accumulate a fortune in a day; then fly back to San Felice—to Avis; to a love that was eternal; to a happiness that could not fade!

"You seem rather delicate to be navigating this machine," he began in his most engaging manner.

The girl translated the phrase by gently forcing his mouth open and placing on his tongue a small yellow wafer. It dissolved quickly. Instantly his thirst was quenched; his hunger satisfied. It possessed an electric flavor, not unpleasant to the palate, and seemed impregnated with a stimulating ozone. His body began to warm up; his lungs expanded pleasantly and he thrilled with the consciousness of returning strength. His mind became alert; and faculties he had never dreamed of having now sprung into activity in his brain causing his face to beam with a noble masterly light.

The girl observed him admiringly. "Zamora," she sang, placing a wafer on her own tongue.

"Food," interpreted Valiant.

"'Food,'" she repeated understandingly.

"We might just as well introduce ourselves," Valiant continued.

The girl hesitated. The phrase sounded like a very long word. Slowly she made an effort to repeat it, articulating each syllable cautiously. Valiant grabbed her hand and shook it vigorously. "Good!" he encouraged warmly.

"'Good.' 'Food,'" she echoed radiantly.

Valiant, tapping himself a couple of times on the chest with his index finger and bowing politely, said "Valiant," in self introduction.

"'Valiant,'" smiled the girl; then performing a similar bow replied, "Zalia."

"'Zalia,'" he pleasantly repeated, acknowledging the introduction. "Some name! It's got 'Aurora' beat a mile. And it fits you like a glove."

Zalia didn't get it. Valiant switched to something else; but Zalia pulled him back to "Aurora" and "Glove" and made him repeat the sentence over and over until she knew it by heart, knew its meaning, and could pronounce every word as perfectly as a native Californian. In turn she translated every word into her native tongue for Valiant's information, and kept him repeating them until he caught the proper accent, the emphasis, the inflection. This accomplished they sat back in the seat and joined in a happy, satisfied laugh, like a couple of care-free children.

And so they conversed on and on, building up a line of communication and introducing to each other, as the days sped by, the language and much of the history and tradition of their respective planets.

When he informed her of the Hebrew and Christian traditions she did not seem surprised. "The reason you mortals fail to accept such truths is on account of your density," she replied. "Your world is larger, more dense, than ours. Your bodies are larger. There is more mass to you. The animal or physical attraction is so pronounced that there is less buoyancy to your spirits, and, hence, a smaller capacity for intellect, a thicker surface for the spirit to look through and a consequent contraction of religious and scientific vision. When your earth shall have become as old as ours, when the atmospheric friction it now uses for light and heat and power shall have reduced its mass to half its present size, men will have smaller bodies, keener intellects, more penetrating minds. When that time arrives what appears a mystery now will then be but the commonplace achievements of the multitude."

Valiant looked thoughtfully at the remarkable girl. His fate he perceived, now rested in her hands. Instinctively his thoughts wandered back to the girl he had asked to become his wife.

(Continued in January issue)

### Legal First Aid

K NOWLEDGE of the law should not be confined to those who make of it a profession. It is not unwomanly, but a worth-while accomplishment, to be legally correct in the every-day affairs of life and not have to make excuses for doing those things which should not be done, or leaving undone those things which should be done—pleading non mae recordo.

It is not possible to prepare every woman to at all times act as her own lawyer, for in the complicated affairs of life arise intricate legal tangles requiring expert attention. But even as it is considered well for women to know how to administer antidotes for poison and hold baby with her head down if she tries to swallow her first money allowance, so every day business laws should be as familiar as prayers. Without understanding it is hard to yield to those laws made for the greatest good of the greatest number when they work individual hardship; it is hard to get all the protection the State affords, and it is next to impossible to make the most of what the Gods have granted. Estates are wasted, interests sacrificed, effort misdirected and opportunity overlooked, because of the mistaken belief that a little knowledge of the law would be dangerous for womankind.

Because of the denial to women of physical force, a certain amount of which is permitted men in the adjustment of their differences, women need the strong arm of the law more than men do. If John discovers a business rival taking an unfair advantage of him, or some grouchy customer is rude bevond sufferance, he says things, or does things calling for arnica and splints, quite outside the code of ordinary ladylikeness. If a man catches another trying to steal his wife, judges and juries wink at a near-killing, but if a woman discovers a like invasion of her rights and prerogatives she will get no public sympathy if she forgets her gentle manners. Business and professional women meet just as many aggravating people and conditions daily as men do, but the custom of the ages, since when the mind of man runneth not to the contrary, denies them any relief but tears and the law. So that tears being uncertain, as often floating a woman into the discard as into justice, it is the law she should know enough about to find its protection.

Aside from the selfish view of saving

By Rose Falls Bres Law Editor, Everywoman

and satisfaction, it is a serious duty for the advancement of the sex that women know enough law to transact ordinary business without having to consult a lawyer at every turn, and that they use their knowledge for the weak, the unfit and the toilers in the treadmills for existence. By and through the law making bodies of the several states comes the



Mrs. Rose Falls Bres.

safeguarding of women and minors. It is not enough to know that there is no want or sorrow or trouble upon a block, in a town or state, it is incumbent to reach out into those places where legislation is indifferent to the helpless, the needy and the dependent and to lend a hand to the unfortunate. If there is any particular law in any state. North, South, East or West, tending to help or advance women, to protect and benefit children, then the women of every section should know that law, know all its terms and how its passage was secured, the advantages of its enforcement and the record of good in its wake, the better to know how to locate such law on the statute books of other states—then the garment may be spread farther and farther, even to the outer edge of the last territory admitted to statehood. If a woman or child is abused or neglected it is the duty of every woman, whether she is a lawyer by profession, a teacher,

clerk, or of that lessening class of the sheltered in the home with neither trade, profession or calling, to find a means of protecting that woman or child. If there is a law to cover the case it should be evoked and if there isn't one should be enacted. If one state places a decent age limit on the contract of marriage and the adjoining state allows children in their early teens to assume the marital relation, then the women of both states should unite to prevent the legislation of one state doing an injustice to the people in another, for so long as automobiles are so numerous and interurban railways so frequent young people will laugh at state line locksmiths.

The whole fabric of commerce and almost every relation in life is woven of contracts of some kind or character. To know something of the making of valid contracts is to bring to them understanding of their requirements. Men and women who know that signature to an agreement or contract is a pledge or waiver of interest which the law may be evoked to enforce, are very careful of what they do, and in great caution is great safety for most tragedies and failures have come from errors of judgment.

Property rights, guardianship of children, contracts and obligations, wills, constitutional rights and citizenship may sound like dry as dust themes but in the legal text books and the court records of the several states writers of successful novels and best selling thrillers find an endless source of inspiration. Because these subjects touch the daily life of people of all classes and conditions—they are live and vital topics. The mention of laws and statutes need cause no woman to step lightly, speak softly and prepare for a quick leave as in the case of unintentional invasion of a stranger's funeral. Perhaps a closer acquaintance with the simple outline of every day laws would result in the addition of a commandment about as follows:

"Know the laws thy brother hath made for thee, that knowing thou shalt show him many errors and thou shalt be an aid and a helpmate in law making whilst thy feet avoid the pitfalls of litigation."

### Woman and Religion in India

T Christmas-time the West shows reverence to the East. That homage is of a religious nature. It would be in harmony with the spirit of the season that I should offer a few reflections on the influence women have wielded on the culture of India as reflected in the national religion. I presume the readers understand that the history of India has had a civilized career of some five thousand years, and that there have been as many changes, slow and sudden, in the structure of society as well as in the philosophies of that country as in any of the most important countries of Europe. Social development in India has followed the same lines as in Europe. It is not possible to enter into any details to prove this point. The history of India practically begins with the Aryan invasion of that country about five thousand years ago. Anthropologists tell us that the Aryans belong to the same branch of the Europeans (or white people) as Italians, Greeks, and Spaniards. Occasionally one meets marked blonde types in India, but the majority of the fairskinned Hindus are of the Latin-European type. The nasal index of the peasants of the Punjab (North India) is about the same as that of the typical Parisians, according to Topinard's measurements. The Aryans laid the foundations of Hindu civilization. They were probably driven by hunger from the plateaus of Central Asia to seek the riches of the fertile valleys and plains of Hindustan. Like the Jews and other inhabitants of Central Asiatic plateaus, the Hindu-Aryans were a pastoral people. It is characteristic of such a people that they are organized on the military plan. They have to move about in search of new pastures and fresh fields, as organized bands under proper leadership. Their social organization is essentially patriarchial and mannish. Woman cannot, in the nature of things, occupy a very important position among a pastoral, nomadic and essentially predatory people. The ideals cherished by such a community are well described in the Holy Scriptures of the Hebrews. The law of Moses-"an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth"-is not different from the severe law of the ancient Manu, the law-giver of the Indo-Aryans. A profound change, however, came over the customs and habits of the Aryans after their immigration into India. They had

to assail the same sort of task as the

By Gobind Behari Lal, M.A., Delhi, India

Puritanic Anglo-Saxons had to accomplish on their first colonization of America. They had to lead a frontier life. The Indo-Aryans, like the American settlers, had to fight and conquer, exterminate or enslave, the darker native races of India (called the Dravidians); clear forests and swamps, develop agriculture, etc. Frontier life—the ever expanding spirit of colonization and pioneering—levels the differences between men and women. The Indo-Aryan women, who came with their husbands and fath-



Gobind Behari Lal, M.A.

ers, proved as helpful and heroic in the development of the new country as did the men. Hence we find that in the Vedas—a collection of hymns and prayers of the earliest Indo-Aryans-the woman is assigned as high a rank as man. Some of the Vedic hynns were composed by women. Women participated equally with men in offering thanksgiving exercises to the national war-gods. Again, the Aryans worshiped not only gods but also goddesses. We find in the Vedas not only hymns and prayers offered to Indra, the god of war and of rain, but also to Uma, the goddess of dawn. Perhaps the most beautiful Vedic chant is addressed to "creative energy," conceived as a female. A people's religion is the reflection, in a supernatural mirror, of their socio-political structure and ideals.

From about 2000 to 400 B. C., North

India had no political unity. The vast area was divided into about sixteen kingships and republics of the Aryans. Hence you find the Hindu pantheon a concourse of several gods (cherished by each state) forming a committee of divinities of equal rank. As yet there does not seem to have developed the idea of "one God, without a second." There was, of course, a recognition of the fact that the various gods and goddesses were but convenient ways of apprehending the same underlying divine truth (Hindu pantheism or Vedanism, first formulated about 6th Century, B. C.). Then followed the epoch of imperialism (400 B. C. to 800 A. D.) when India passed for the first time, under one sovereign. That was the age when the idea of Param-Ishvara (the overlord, or the Supreme Master) was developed in theology. The gods did not lose their importance altogether, any more than did the local vicerovs or rajahs, but they were subordinated to the "one great God" who was, so to speak, the supernatural emperor. The conception corresponds to that of Jehovah. But the point which is germane to our argument here, is that the Hindus could not conceive even of the Supreme Being without a consort. "The supernatural emperor had a supernatural empress. Divinity was conceived as a trinity of the functions of creation (Brahma), nutrition and sustenance (Vishnu), and destruction (Shiva). Each of these three masculine conceptions of godhood had a corresponding female

Perhaps the greatest religious teacher that India has given to the world was the Buddah (about 600 B, C.). The position of women in the Buddhist system was essentially the same as was that of European women under monasticism (medieval Europe—compare Miss Eckstein's study on the subject). Women could attain, as Buddhist sisters, the highest rank in the church organization. (Compare for instance Mrs. Rhys Davids' Psalms of Buddhist sisters, translated into English).

We meet in the Buddhist chronicles many women sophists or philosophers who have got the better of men philosophers in debates. We meet the same thing in the Upanishads. (Ancient Philosophic Discourse of the Hindu Pantheistic School).

There is indeed abundant proof that the position of women among the Hindus

## Women and Religion in India

was as high as in Europe at the same time, from the time of the Arvan invasion to the end of the Sixth Century after Christ. Then both Europe and India suffered from the invasion of the Huns. But a still greater and more momentous disturbance was created when in the Seventh Century, A. D., Mohammet proclaimed a new religion from the desert of Arabia. Islam rose and subsided like a hurricane. The crescent moon penetrated far up into Europe, and far down into India. Islam, like Judaism, was born among a nomadic people whose social organizations bore the distinct impress of patriarchalism or mannishness. It brought into India, in its religious motives, those ingredients which reached Europe through the Old Testament. From this time dates in India as well as in Europe the growth of Puritanism. Just as the inspiration of the Old Testament led in Europe to a revolt against the somewhat idolatrous worship of the Catholics, so the inspiration of Islam led in India to the rise of Monotheistic and Puritanic reform movements against the allinclusive and idolatrous early Brahamism. The position of women was lowered, by this change, both in Europe and in India. Cromwell's Lord of Hosts has no female consort or spouse. Neither is there any room for a female conception of divinity in the reformed religions of India, dating from about Fifteenth Century A. D.

The Puritan province par-excellence of India is the Punjab, whose inhabitants have been astutely compared to the lowland Scotch in some of their most notable characteristics. They are a militaristic, hard-headed, Puritanic matter-of-fact lot, with the instinct of petty bourgeois. It is no wonder then that the greatest restrictions on women of the upper classes are found in the Punjab. In a war-like province, women cannot play a very important role. On the contrary, in Bengal, Bombay, etc., where the incidence of Puritanic and militaristic forces is the least, flourishes the older form of Hindu religion which is—like Catholicism—so replete with emotional symbolism, color, music, artistic designs, extravagant emotionalism, involving always female motives of worship. Tagore fitly hails from Bengal.

In these provinces women enjoy far more freedom than they do up north. And that is in spite of the fact that the Punjab is the most Aryan province in India. I believe that there is indeed a causal relationship between the racial composition of the southern and eastern Hindus (Bengal and Deccan) and the comparative freedom and privilege their women enjoy. The infusion of Arvan blood is not so great here as up north, and hence the Dravidians (non-Aryan Hindus) have a greater influence on culture. Now, just as the Aryans were typically a pastoral, patriarchal and warlike people, so the Dravidians were essentially an industrious, commercial and agricultural people who loved peace. And the rank of women is higher where peace prevails. Now it is noteworthy that whereas the male gods, or the male conception of divinity, in India are mostly war-like leaders of the hosts, the goddesses are mostly deities of fertility, fecundity and nurture—functions which from the earliest ages are supposed to have belonged to the spheres of women's special activities. It must be noted that all artistic creation leads back ultimately to the inspiration and smybolism of sex. No wonder that under man-made puritanism things of beauty came under a ban. In Europe, it was under the Athenians when women occupied such a high status and sensuous beauty was as frankly admired as in modern France, that art flourished most freely. The same is true of India. The influence which women have wielded on Indian culture, as we have seen it mirrored in the theology and ceremonialism of India, is of the same order as the influence exercised by women on European culture. Both in the East and the West they have made their influence felt in a contrary direction to that of the mannish forces of predation, autocracy, self-repression. Women have everywhere humanized social and ideal values, aided the artistic impulses and promoted the processes of peace and conservation.

### THE MADONNA OF THE POLLS By Marie Hicks Davidson

(News Note: The school bonds election in San Francisco carried Tuesday by a comfortable margin. The woman vote on the question was notably heavy.)

THE Madonna looks down, when the school bells ring,

From her place beside the Most High,

And, seeing the children, her blessings take wing

To them from her smile in the sky.

The children are hers, and her special care

Wraps them round with a mantle of love.

She delegates mothers on earth to go where

Her spirit directs from above.

The slim khaki youths who are fighting today

Were children a short time agone.

They're making democracy safe in the world— Their children will see the new dawn.

But mothers at home, out of sound of the guns,

Must fight for democracy, too;

Must cherish the children, their daughters and sons—

They're democracy's hostages true.

Must house them and school them and lead them along

The by-paths of knowledge, and fare

Forever beside them and keep them from wrong

For the sake of the fight Over There.

#### ENTERTAINING THE SOLDIERS

THE Jacobson Musical Club entertained most successfully a number of the enlisted men on Oct. 26th at the home of the San Francisco Opera and Drama Society. Well over two hundred and fifty guests attended the enjoyable evening and listened to an entertaining program. Several of Mr. Jacobson's pupils rendered two piano compositions and piano solos. Miss Anne Buchanan was much applauded for her songs, and Mr. Fred Hornick for the violin solos. Mr. Jacobson spoke on the origin of many of the national anthems, and on the Marseillaise in particular, which was then sung by Mme. Drake LeRoy in a spirited manner. The national anthem was then sung by the audience, and after a comical sketch given by five of the members of the club, the rest of the evening was devoted to dancing and merrymaking.

# The World War Debt "Let the Pan-Pacific Peoples Pay"

THIS startling doctrine was shot into a gathering of San Francisco bankers by W. R. McGarry, world traveler and foreign trade student, at a meeting of the local chapter, American Institute of Bankers, last night. And it scored a bullseye!"—San Francisco Call.

The readers of Everywoman who are following Mr. McGarry's serial "If Everywoman Wills" will be interested in a closer view of this many-sided man than they are likely to get in a mere perusal of any one of his stories; and they will be doubly interested in following our author's doctrine to its logical conclusion.

For this purpose I called at Mr. Mc-Garry's office, the other day, confronted him with the above quotation, and asked for an interview. He received me kindly, but a little cautiously. His action was quick, nervous, decisive.

"Humanity is more interested in what you are than who you are," he answered quickly in response to my request for a biographical sketch.

"But," I protested, "the world will be interested in knowing—"

"What it quickly forgets," he smiled. Then sitting back in his chair, he looked straight into my eyes, without a blink, and snapped: "The whos, from the time of Menelaus to the hour of Hindenburg, have used the whats as a fulcrum to upset the happiness of man. It was the whos who coined the doctrine 'all's fair in love and war' into the spurious currency of social covetousness that made a bankrupt of chivalrous instinct and a fugitive of Charity. The roar of artillery today represents the prerogatives of the whos. The hollow moan of death that echoes from the trenches represents the whats' contribution to the restoration of regulated order in this blood-soaked world of ours!"

"What should be America's future attitude——"

"We have no attitude. We have no pose. We have no thought but the triumph of our arms. It may take years. It may drain this country of every dollar—of every man who can carry a gun; but in the end it will drain the whole world of its false philosophy, its lust of blood, its gluttony of power, its barbarous instrumentalities of international murder," he answered tensely.

"Do you believe in disarmament?" I asked irrelevantly, konwing that his writ-

ing usually aimed in the direction of peace.

"After the war syndicate is put out of business," he answered significantly. "After might ceases to be the justification of international brigandage, and the evangels of kegspiel have surrendered their gospel of hatred for one of democratic peace."

#### After the War?

"But after the war, how will we solve the problem of the world-war debt?" I ventured.

"By creating new wealth," he replied. "By turning our eyes toward the Orient.



William Rutledge McGarry.

By raising the wage scale and the standard of Oriental civilization among those 800,000,000 people. They are now drifting through life on about 6 cents a day per capita. In Thibet, in Mongolia, in India, in Siberia, there is immediate need of 500,000 miles of railways to develop this wilderness, this human beehive, into the greatest wealth-producing area in the whole world. Trade without transportation is impossible. Transportation means commerce, and commerce means wealth—new wealth. Raise the earning capacity of this vast huddle of people from 6 cents to 1 yen, 1 rouble, or 11/2 rupees a day; make it possible for them to buy even 5 cents' worth of produce per capita per day from the other commercial nations, and a new item of wealth of thirteen billion dollars a year will be developed that will go a long way toward discharging the war debt in a few years."

"Won't competition militate against American participation in this field when an impoverished Europe lays down its arms?"

"King Albert of Belgium brought that question up with Sam Hill in a recent discussion they had in a tent on the field," said McGarry. "The king was looking at things under the old-time conditions; but Hill, whom I regard as one of the biggest men in the world today, suggested new railroads, new wealth, freer intercourse and co-operation among international traders, the gradual elevation of Oriental civilization to the European standard of living, and, hence, the injection of capitalizing forces into the mechanism of commerce that will restore the equilibrium in commercial rivalry to a basis of reciprocal benefaction by the simple expedient of co-operation. Of course, you must realize, America is not asleep," he concluded

"In your talk before the bankers you seemed to suggest a closer intercourse between Japan and this country in developing the Oriental market—why Japan instead of China?" I asked.

"At the proper time," replied McGarry, "China will get into the game. At present her finances need organizing, her industrial conditions the proper stimulus and her transportation to be practically created. She has no transportation, and trade without transportation is unthinkable.

"On the other hand, take a look at Japan: In 1872 her foreign trade totaled only 43,000,000 yen; in 1916 it totaled 1,833,000,000 yen. In 1872 she had no railroads; in 1916 she had 5900 miles.

"In the development of her foreign trade she constantly extended her foreign banking facilities. For instance, in 1894, she had 865 main and 414 branch banks with a subscribed capital of only 121,-000,000 yen; in 1904 she had 2227 main and 2026 branch banks with a subscribed capital of 516,000,000 yen; while in 1915 she had 2151 main and 3428 branch banks scattered throughout the world with a subscribed capital of 949,000,000 yen, a surplus of 126,000,000 yen, and a gold reserve of over 700,000,000 yen. In 1917 her gold reserve was about 722,000,000 yen, of which 490,000,000 yen was deposited in foreign countries. Thus side by side with the growth of her foreign commerce her railroads have grown to develop her trade, and her banks have planted their branches all over the world

### The World War Debt

to sustain the credit and facilitate the enterprise of her traders. This means efficiency. This means capacity to do business.

"Now about co-operation: The Megata financial commission has laid all the cards on the table. Its proffered motto is, Commerce, Credit, and Co-operation. It wants America to join with Japan in upbuilding the Orient, in creating new wealth from the neglected garden of the world, in financing the industries that will raise the wages and hence the purchasing power of 800,000,000 human beings from a few cents to a dollar per capita a day, and promises that if we do so, a new spring of wealth will gush into existence that will retire the world's war debt in a very few years.

"And why not? Without creating new wealth, the interest on the world's bonded debt would absorb all the gold in the world in less than nine months. But if by co-operation between these Pan-Pacific peoples a purchasing power of even 5 cents per capita a day be developed as a result of better wages among these 800,000,000 people, you will have developed a new item of wealth amounting to \$13,000,000,000,000 a year.

"If you do this, Tokyo, Yokohama, Shanghai, Hongkong and Vladivostok will rival London, Hamburg, Paris, and Amsterdam in wealth and purchasing power, while San Francisco, Seattle, Tacoma and Portland will rival New York, Boston and Philadelphia as administrators of the wealth, the commerce and the solvency of modern civilization.

"You can't enrich Tokyo or Shanghai without a corresponding gain in commercial possibilities for our own Pacific cities. A rich Europe made New York the richest seaport in the world. A wealthy Orient with a higher wage scale will throw more trade at San Francisco than all the boats in the world today can carry.

"In Manchuria, while the rest of the world has been barking at progress, Japan has been sawing wood. The South Manchurian Railroad was the opening wedge. It was followed by schools, hospitals and factories and higher wages. The 75,000 Japanese and the 300,000 Koreans, scattering themselves among the 10,000,000 Chinese, have created a home market for Chinese that was worth in 1916 to the Chinese laborer 800,000,000 yen for beans alone. It is the only part of China's dominion that has increased its purchasing power or elevated the plane of its civilization in the last 1000 years. The rest of China,

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with four-fifths of it under Russian, English and French domination, and possessing one-third of the human race, did develop only 41,000,000 tonnage, while Japan developed 24,250,000 tons single-handed and alone.

"The reason is that Japan is a believer in railroads and transportation facilities of every kind: She absorbed this faith in America. Twenty-five years ago, Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa were nearly as destitute of railroads as Mongolia or Tibet today. In 1916 they were crocheted with steel and their commerce ran into the billions. Indeed, with proper railroad facilities, the domestic commerce of nations is always worth from ten to twenty times more than the foreign commerce—though it is always the foreign trade that enriches a nation, and this means not only railroads but boats -transportation, the commercial distinction between civilization and barbarism.

"The development of railroads and the growth of international commerce run in parallel lines.

#### Transportation and Commerce

In 1816, without railroads, the world's international trade was only \$1,500,000,-000. In 1850, with 2400 miles, it reached a mere \$4,000,000,000, in thirty-four years. In 1870, a time of active construction, with 170,000 miles, it mounted to \$10,-500,000,000. In 1900, with 430,000 miles. it reached \$21,000,000,000. And in the sixteen years that followed, when the United States and Germany and France and Russia and Japan were all engaged in a mighty railroad drive touching a mileage of 630,000, the commercial interchange between the nations of the world leaped from 21 to 45 billion dollars

"The peculiar aspect about this myopic struggle of herculean blindness is revealed in the fact that this development took place in a region possessing less than one-half of the world's population and only two-fifths of the earth's arable land!

"The most productive part of the earth—between the parallels of 30° N, and S, latitude—with more than half the land and the world population—with only one-seventh of the world's railroads—the international trade has never exceeded one-sixth of the total since the camel and the elephant gave way to the railroad.

"This Eldorado, this Pan-Pacific fountain of life-giving commerce, with its 800,000,000 fresh appetites, with its need for 500,000 miles of railroads to vitalize its wants into incomprehensible wealth,

has been aroused by the touch of a Japanese enterprise to a comprehension of its colossal world mission, and is now begging America to get into the game.

"This is no time for envy, jealousy or racial hatred. The cosmopolitan instinct of money should breathe into the lungs of our expanding commerce the fraternizing breath of confidence and co-operation with all the instrumentalities which civilization affords for planting international trade on the enduring pedestal of reciprocal benefaction.

"The time has come when the financial machinery of America and Japan should consolidate their power in restoring the financial equilibrium of China, so that when the world emerges from its nightmare of destruction there will be a solid fulcrum handy with which to restore the earth to a more ennobling basis of international trade.

"If Japan can absorb our trade with the Orient as fast as we can deliver it, she will become the most efficient selling agency that was ever created to put a punch into the productive energies of this land."

SONNET

By M. ROBBINS LAMPSON
OTHER and son they were, and
walked alone,

His arm around her, down the fresh, green lane.

They reached a freshet, swollen after rain,
Above the single middle stepping-stone.
Without a word he took her up, and she
Felt safe in those strong arms, and proudly
smiled.

Slowly with high-pulsed heart she whispered, "Child,

My arms once held you; now your own hold me!"

Across, he put her down, and neither spoke.

Each thought of that far time. He kissed her slowly.

"But nearer to your heart than I have done
You held me, mother." Suddenly awoke
New light upon her face—he found it holy,
And each wept softly, and she cried, "My
son!"

### Unexpected Visitors

Margaret's parents had taken her on a house-hunting tour with them, and, upon entering a vacant house, the little girl was much mystified by her parents' actions. Finally, when they had toured the house from top to bottom, opening doors and screens and peering into closets, she turned to her mother.

"Let's go home, mamma," she said; "I guess the folks wasn't looking for us."

### The New Spirit of Japan

### Seen Through Spiritual Eyes

#### A GENUINE BROTHERHOOD

OVEMBER 12th was the occasion of a unique meeting, when the members and friends of the Bahai assemblies around the bay gathered at the old home of Mrs. Edwin Goodale, in Oakland, to commemorate the first centennial of the birth of Baha-'o'llah. This great world teacher, appearing in Persia about the middle of the last century, proclaimed the new day of God, wherein the unity of the human family from every standpoint would be established. Such broad principles of uinversal liberty and justice earned for him the enmity of the ruling powers of Persia, and he was exiled, to live and die a prisoner in the Holy Land, passing away in 1892. Notwithstanding the attempted effort to crush this new luminary on the horizon of prophethood, his teachings here spread like sunlight throughout the world until in this year of 1917, the anniversary of his birth, was celebrated by thousands of Bahais in every clime, drawn into the bonds of a wondrous brotherhood, from almost every religious sect under the sun.

The program on Monday evening consisted of a simple service of reading from the inspired words of Baha'o'llah, together with short talks given by visiting Bahais, interspersed with music, beautifully rendered by the Carol Quartette. Among the speakers was Miss Agnes Alexander, of Honolulu, recently returned from Japan, who gave a most interesting account of her pioneering work, particularly among the Japanese blind.

### A NEW AWAKENING

DURING the two years and nine months stay in Japan, it was my privilege to witness the awakening in that land, of the new spirit of this day and age which is permeating the world—the spirit of the Bahai Revelation

In the words of Abdul Baha: "The Bahai Revelation is not an organization. The Bahai cause can never be organized. The Bahai Revelation is the spirit of this age." So those who go forth to teach in this cause are accountable to God alone, and there are no paid workers. To teach the Cause is to live the life among the people. The Bahai teacher has the joy of telling others who are searching, of the joy and peace which

By Agnes B. Alexander

is found in this teaching of brother-hood.

The young people of Japan, like those of other lands, are searching for some new truth suited to this age and time. The religion of their parents has become superstition, which no longer touches their hearts. They, perhaps more than any other people, are free from prejudices, having had in their country Shintoism, Buddhism and Christianity. But the Christianity which does not conform with science has no hold on them, as science has come fresh and new to them, and they wish to prove everything through its lights. Through the revelation of Bahaollah they learn that science and religion must accord, and this is acceptable to them.

It was my privilege to meet in Japan these eager young souls and to tell them



Tokujiro Torii, Agnes Alexander and friend.

of the Message of Unity which is found in the Bahai teachings. Among those who are awakened in that land to the call of the New Spirit, is a young blind man. Deprived of physical sight, this young man has clearer insight into the spiritual realm, and his great desire is to help the blind people of his own land, who are suffering in double darkness of spirit and body. This young man has translated from the English into Japanese braille, the teachings of Abdul Baha and Bahaollah, and these are published

and circulated among the blind of Japan, and they are finding light and joy through these life-giving teachings.

This young blind man, whose name is Tokujiro Torii, says that since he has found the light, "every prejudice in my heart is forgotten. Truly, there is no country, no nation, no race in my heart, everything is equal in the presence of the Almighty, indeed, 'the heart is the real country.'" In a message to the friends in America, he has sent the following words:

"Dear friends, we hope you will consider what is coming out of the empire which most of you regard as the warlike nation in the Orient—the new spirit of us, the spirit of new Japan to come, is in reality being filled with new, fresh ideas of faith, love and peace; although the government of Japan may seem inclined to militarism, yet, you must not overlook the fact that to say the least, there is an unquenchable fire for peace at the bottom of your young men's hearts. Our free spirit is not fettered by material civilization. We are as yet small in numbers but are firmly convinced that God is the helper of the weaker. O friends, would you not love Japan newly appearing, at whose heart, though unseen now, is streaming the pure spirit of Bahai? Truly, the Bahai spirit is the spirit of this age. Truly the Lord is showering boundless mercy upon us, the Japanese, too. We wish you to understand our sincere hope and final desire."

Mr. Torii is also working to spread Esperanto, which is a branch on the tree of brotherhood, among the blind of Japan. Among the sightless there are many Esperantists, and it was my pleasure often to meet with them and to feel the touch of their spirit of brotherhood.

The Bahais cannot be counted by numbers. We are told that this is the time to sow the seed, but not the time of the harvest, and so today in the land of Japan the message of Baha'o'llah, that this is the day of unity of religions and peoples, has spread far and wide through newspapers, through published translations into Japanese of the teachings, and also by word of mouth. This spirit of Truth has taken root in Japan, and more and more the seekers of truth are being led to investigate this Life-giving message.

# CVERYWOMAN

### EDITORIAL PAGES

Jeanne E. Francoeur, Editor

### The National Council of Women

O the National Council of Women of the United States, assembled at Washington, D. C., from December the eighth to December the twelfth, we send most hearty

greetings.

It is with feelings of pleasure we look forward to the Biennial Meeting of the National Council of Women, and this with good reason, and with more reasons than one. In the first place, it is there we shall be enabled to meet our honored President, Mrs. Philip North Moore, and many of the really great women of the world, who are to attend at this Biennial. We shall again have the pleasure of meeting Lady Aberdeen, President of the International Council of Women, and the beloved Past President of the National Council, Doctor Kate Waller Barrett, now Treasurer of the organization, and many scores of the progressive women with whom we correspond and of whom we read constantly.

Then, too, our pride in this marvelous organization of 7,000,000 women, who have had the true, splendid, patriotic vision since the very first shadow of trouble dawned in this monstrous world war, to stand unwaveringly for preparedness, for war when it became a burning necessity, for national defense, for our President and for our Country irre-

spective of confusion or treachery.

Our National Council President, Mrs. Moore, who is also the Secretary of the Woman's Committee of National Council of Defense, will have valuable reports to give us of works well accomplished through both these organizations. For Mrs. Philip North Moore is justly accredited with a more thorough knowledge of the scope and value of the war work, as accomplished by women, than any other woman in the country. And while we fully recognize the worth of all other organizations in their individual capacities, the Council of Women stands for all the organizations collectively.

#### Italy the Brave---

#### The Cradle of Civilization

F all our Allies, none needs us more than Italy. The bravery of Italy—"The Greatness Which Was Rome"—is typified more vividly today than ever before. For this is the living present, and the past, while great and glorious, is painted on the minds of the hurrying modernists in pastel shades. But the heroism, the magnificent sacrifice of her children to the salvation of honor, civilization, and freedom, raises the Italy of the hour to a sublime position among the peoples of the earth.

No need to recount here, in minute detail, the part which Italy has taken in the world at this time. History is printing it in letters of fire—and no enemy can minimize it. But this much is clear right now: it is her marvelous bravery and sacrifice which has drawn the Hun, in all his barbarity, down upon her all too unprepared head. There is no doubt, had Italy been deaf to the call of humanity when the invaders trampled down and enslaved Belgium and madly tore at the heart of France, long ago Paris would have been the proud prize of the barbarians. While the French fought alone on the Marne, the Italians engaged her enemy on the Austrian

The slaughter of Italy's sons, which has been taking place for weeks past, through the Alps and along the rich lands of the Brenta Valley, has given Generals Haig and Byng and their brave boys the opportunity to drive the enemy from their death grip on the western front.

From the beginning of the war, Italy fought the Austrians victoriously and with heroism—and they fought alone. Now that the barbaric forces of Germany, with all that its monstrous cruelties imply, are trampling down Italy, not only the armies of France and England should be at her side, but every regiment, every pound of food, clothing, ammunition and medical attention which can be spared from America should be theirs without the asking. For we have no better nor braver citizens in the United States today than our Italian friends and neighbors.

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#### Why Italy Is Making Humanity's Fight

HE following extracts taken from a magnificent article by William Allen White, entitled "Why Is the Hun?", and published in the San Francisco "Examiner" of November twenty-fifth, sheds a brilliant light and gives the best of reasons why, not only Italy, but every self-respecting human being, should fight and live to conquer such monsters:

#### CANADIANS BEST POLICY

"The Canadians have seen their own men crucified. One hesitates to believe this. But men of undoubted veracity vouch for the story. It is not true that the Canadian prisoners were crucified and lifted over the trenches on their crosses. But no one who talks personally to the scores of living men who have seen the spectacle can doubt them when they declare that they came upon two of their comrades nailed to opposite sides of a double barn door in Northern France after a German retreat, and that one poor man was still dying!

#### WHY THE CHASSEURS TAKE NO PRISONERS

Nor can one question the veracity of the French doctor who declares he saw this during the early days of the war: The Germans held the lines approaching the town. The only way to them was down the stone canyon—to certain death. The French came up, saw the machine guns and stopped. The Germans bantered them, dared them to come on, called them cowards, hooted and jeered at them. To give the order to go forward was to wipe out the regiment. The French paused, waiting for reinforcements.

"But to get the French to charge upon the machine guns the Germans went into the houses behind their lines, brought out a group of French girls, built a fire and tortured the girls for half an hour, burning some of them to death before their countrymen's eyes, while the Germans jeered. The Colonel who had to stand that rather than condemn his men to death was given a medal for bravery by his country. It was one

of the bravest deeds of the war.

"But as a result of it the French chasseurs have a continental reputation for the small number of German prisoners they bring in. The Austrians went into battle with the Italians carrying great clubs, iron spiked at the end, with which they killed the wounded in the trenches. There can be no doubt of the fact that the deliberate Turkish massacre of half

#### Advisory Council of Everywoman

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a million Armenians was with official German consent and approval before and after the deed.

"They were done in cold blood because mountains of vanity backed by a materialistic philosophy justified these bloody deeds and made them heroic. That is why Germany struck off medals celebrating the sinking of the Lusitania.

"Mr. Herbert Hoover, who lived in Belgium right after the orgy of rapine and plunder and murder that came during the first six weeks of war, once declared that the world would be worse shocked at Germany's explanation and justification of the outrages than the world was shocked by the outrages themselves. And Germany's explanation was terrible. Germany admitted the charges, but declared that they were demanded by military necessity! The scientific military conscience was dominating Germany. Germany did not revolt!"

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#### New York

#### Covered With Glory

PVERYWOMAN sends congratulations to the women of New York, to the men, and to the city; for, after a fight lasting for half a century, the biggest city in the world is really free at last. Now it will begin to realize that no country can be free or truly efficient where half the brains of the country is trying to do the thinking for all the people.

There is no doubt that the women of New York are the happiest women in the world for having won this great victory. We believe that President Wilson is happy, too, amid all his overwhelming duties and difficulties, for his share in giving the advocates of Suffrage his influence and Godspeed.

We are sure the women of New York who made such an intelligent, brave fight for themselves will not rest satisfied until the labor and the judgment of the women of the past is vindicated—by the passage of the Susan B. Anthony Amendment by Congress.

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### The Usual and the Unusual In Politics

As usual, when politics rule the day, San Francisco is torn up into factions. And the people on the outside of the fence are yelling opinions and falsehoods and blankety-blanks at one another; and the people on the inside are? Well, they

are "playing the game."

They have the usual opportunity for eloquence and for publicity, and they are reaping a rich reward as cleaners of the city and defenders of the fallen woman, etc. All this is usual and it comes along with politics as mosquitos come out of a swamp. But we really did think, this time, that politics would not enter so thoroughly into what we were led to believe was the work of the Lord.

It is usual, too, for the District Attorney's office to fall heir to the condemnation of one political boss or another, according to which one he obeys; but, it is unusual for even political bosses, we believe, to start a campaign to put a District Attorney, his whole office force and any Judge who dares to sentence well known criminals, on trial for doing so. This is the very thing which is happening at present in San Francisco.

It was as glorious a day as the sun shone on, when, on July the twenty-second, Nineteen sixteen, when San Francisco answered the call for Preparedness and the patriotic men and women of the city—rich and poor, without distinction of class answered to that call and marched in the Preparedness Parade. For that daring, ten poor people, men, women and babies were blown to pieces, and sixty were

maimed for life. At that time we wrote an editorial on the tragedy from which we will reprint a few sentences; they ran as follows:

"It is Preparedness now for all that is within our power, or it is a country governed by demagogues and anarchists. We have paid the price in good, clean honest patriotic blood; and, men and women who demand freedom most, even at the cost of their lives, must protect that freedom. For, everyone of us who marched in that parade—the first in which thousands of us ever marched—was the mark for the anarchists' bombs. And, we had the same warning as had the victims of the Lusitania; but, rather than be coerced we took the chance; and many paid with their lives for daring to demand protection.

#### "'FAT PLUTOCRATS'-WHERE?

"At the thought of ten people dead, sixty mangled and little babies orphaned, the blood runs cold. At the thought of the splendid women who went to make up that parade, and the insults placed upon their motives and intelligence—makes the blood boil. Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, Mrs. John F. Merrill and Mrs. A. W. Scott, the great philanthropists whose names and deeds and works of mercy are not confined to this Coast by any means. Women who have given their lives to building up the Red Cross, the Young Women's Christian Association, The Women and Children's Hospital, the Travelers' Aid, and, in fact, every organization for the help and protection of women. There also, was Mrs. Thomas Hinkley Taylor, brave and splendid, who took her life in her hands, knowing that bombs were thrown and to be thrown, led the parade of thousands of women like herself. These were 'the fat plutocrats,' subject to insults.

"It does make the blood boil to have alleged pacificists and real agitators telling the idiotic anarchists to shoot paraders in the back, call it a good day's work and go home. When the advice of one was taken, he has the impudence to say he was joking."

Now, we have no earthly reason to change that opinion. The same forces which hired halls then, and ordered people shot who dared to parade, are the same who are now beating the drums of publicity, and paying hundreds of solicitors and lawyers by the dozen to have a recall of the District Attorney for doing his plain, honest duty, in arresting and bringing to trial a batch of violent and dangerous anarchists, some of whom were convicted as dynamiters before, and others who terrorized the City for years; and who, from the public platform, threatened the very tragedy which took place.

Every witness—rich or poor—who appeared for the State was villified, disgraced and even arrested—but set free on investigation—until men and women of good repute became fearful for their lives and business to come forward and tell the truth. The only wrong the State of California committed was that its officers were not quick enough or powerful enough to grab the "higherups" and the Goldmans and the Berkmans, who escaped.

When the first convictions were secured, the attorneys for the defense pronounced it "a fair and noble trial." Then, confessions became dangerously near, and money began to flow like water down hill for a recall. No one need envy the poor man who ever he is who will fill the District Attorney's office in San Francisco unless he has learned obedience thoroughly. We hope the President of the United States will investigate this disgrace to San Francisco thoroughly.

No innocent man nor woman has been tried or convicted for the Preparedness Parade murders. But, if insults to Judges and recall of State officials can be bought and paid for in this way—then the Kaiser propagandists and anarchists have played the game well—That's all.

EVERYWOMAN Page twelve

### War Work Council Y. W. C. A.

THE Pacific Field Committee of the War Work Council Y. W. C. A. which includes Mrs. Gaillard Stoney, Mrs. Lawrence Draper, Mrs. John F. Merrill of San Francisco, Mrs. Wallace Alexander, Mrs. R. P. Maddux, Palo Alto; Mrs. Seeley Mudd, Los Angeles; Mrs. A. E. Bridges, Mrs. Jean Miller, San Diego, and Miss Scripps, La Jolla, is actively engaged in preparing for work among women in the war zones. This work has been definitely requested by the War Department on Training Camp Activities and the Secretary of the International Committee Y. M. C. A., John R. Mott.



Mrs. John F. Merrill.

In view of the recent calls from Russia, England and France for trained secretaries, the following is a resume of five months of the war work, the period since which the War Work Council was formed by the National Board of the Y. W. C. A., in which it is stated that 46 centers of work for girls in communities adjacent to army and navy camps have been furnished with 65 specially chosen workers.

San Francisco is to have a recreation center through the War Work Council activities. Under construction at this time, which will open within a period of four weeks, is a hostess house at Linda Vista, one at San Diego, Girls' Recreation Club at San Pedro, American Lake, Washington; Camp Fremont, Palo Alto, and at Vancouver Barracks.

#### Hostess Houses

There are in the United States nearly one hundred military camps and canton-

#### By Jean Loughborough

ments. During the five months, hostess houses for women have been constructed, or authorized for construction, in or near thirty-four of these camps. These hostess houses serve as a meeting place for the families and friends of the soldiers who are waiting to take their place on the battlefields of France. Already they have served as places of joy and of sorrow, as refuge from distress, and as bureaus of information when women come, as some do, with no knowledge of their soldier man save his name. Each house is provided with a hostess, a director, a cafeteria director and with an emergency worker.

#### Foreign Language Service Bureau

For the non-English-speaking woman, the hostess house is her only place of comfort, for here may be found some one who can speak her language and explain the intricate routine that must be followed before the often essential meeting to arrange the future of wife and children (there are usually many) can be had. A Finding Bureau seeks to locate relatives and friends in Europe, with whom communication has been up to this time impossible.

#### Emergency Housing

Every Army Center employs numbers of girls and women in telephone offices, in shops and in restaurants, and as laundresses. In very few instances has any provision for adequate housing of these employees been considered.

Practically every industry connected with the furnishing of war supplies employs large numbers of girls. Thousands of girls are filling in the ranks left vacant by the men. For these as well as for the girls employed near the camps, the Council has begun to erect as an emergency measure and as a demonstration to the employer and to the otherwise unprepared community that girls who are employed may be cared for simply and efficiently, to the welfare of the employed, the employer and the community.

#### European Women

Even before the War Council was appointed, calls had been received from trusted social workers in Russia and France, both American and European, for American Y. W. C. A. workers to assist the women of these countries in

facing their difficult future of reconstruction for women.

In response to these calls seven women have been assigned to Russia to work with the committee of Russian women working to make possible to the Russian working women suitable cafeterias where nourishing food may be obtained for these women whose labor is so essential to the welfare of Russia.

Twelve women have been sent to France, part of whom have been called for to assist a committee of French women in equipping and directing foyer-canteens for industrial women whose hours of labor are long and on whom the stress of war bears so heavily. Help to provide rest-rooms, recreation and proper food conditions, are among the services which suffering France is asking of the American Y. W. C. A.

The remainder of our workers now in France are asked to take charge of social huts for the splendid American nurses now "Somewhere in France." These huts are being constructed at the hospital base units and will do for the women when off duty, as far as may be under war



Mrs. Gaillard Stoney.

conditions, what our Club for Nurses does for the two hundred leading members of the profession in New York City who share its hospitality. Our economic specialist of the National Staff has been loaned to service in France for a few months to direct building operations.

The cost of construction at home is (Continued on page twenty)

### Women of Hawaii



[EDITOR'S NOTE.—This article by Mr. Danke is especially interesting at this time because of the fact that Queen Liliuokalani, the last of Hawaii's royalty, has just passed away. "Good Queen Lili" as she was affectionately called by her thousands of subjects, was on the throne at the time the revolution took place which ended in the beautiful island group, over which her ancestors had reigned for centuries, becoming a possession of the United States. Liliuokalani was greatly beloved by her people and she had many warm friends a mong the Americans and foreigners who took up a residence in the islands.]

Liliuokalani's Throne Room Now Used By Busy War Workers

IGHTED by tall stately windows, all of which can be thrown open upon wide porticoes, yet draped by heavy brocaded curtains, left undisturbed at the conclusion of the reign of King Kalakaua and Queen Liliuokalani, a gorgeous and resplendent throne room at the former capital building, which now gives place to the principal governmental departments at Honolulu, the capital city of the Territory of Hawaii, is today a busy hive of industry, at which women of every race, rank and social station predominate.

While it is true, the days of royalty have passed, never to return to the "baby territory of Uncle Sam," a vacated dias, upon which the reigning dynasties of monarchial Hawaii were seated in state, gilded chairs and priceless hangings have given way to more practical utilities. The throne room, a hall of ample proportions, its walls yet adorned with portraits of former dynasties, done in oil, ceilings plastered white and garnished with gilded moulding, in which the picturesque Hawaiian coat-ofarms predominate and from which are suspended glittering chandeliers, further adorned with crystal pendants, now resounds to the incessant hum of the sewing machine. Long, roughly-built, wooden tables rest upon magnificent and heavy textured rugs and carpets. The throne-room at the once world-famed By Phil B. Danke

Iolani Palace, is now the center of activity for the women of Hawaii, engaged in the splendid work of furthering the advancement of the Red Cross.

Where king and queen, not a quarter of a century ago, presided at state functions, Hawaii's tireless Red Cross workers toil daily in a preparation for the needs of Uncle Sam's boys who are now engaged in a stupendous conflict for the rights of mankind, on European soil.

At the rear of a raised dias, the robing room of their "Royal Highness," in the never-to-be forgotten days of the monarchy, a bevy of busy women struggle manfully in the packing of boxes, filled with a host of necessities for the battlefield and hospital. It was from this former abode of royalty, that thousands of well-equipped kit-bags, were recently shipped to France. In this work, the women alone direct all its activities. It might be said the individuality of the throne-room will not pass away, despite a wonderful change that has been wrought in its immediate surroundings.

When the call came to Hawaii, the small territory of the United States, 2100 miles to the south and westward of the Pacific Coast of the mainland, for volunteer workers in Red Cross endeavor, the response from among its women exceeded all expectations. It is safe to say that every race in this

"melting pot of the nations" are represented in the work of alleviating suffering on the battlefields of Europe.

Nor, does a vast volume of humanitarian labor cease, with the overwhelming and eager response to the call of the colors.

Having its home in a quaint, rambling, unkept, two-story bungalow, occupying a conspicuous place in the Palace square at Honolulu, once the rendezvous of King Kalakaua, Hawaii's Merry Monarch, a small but devoted band of women conduct a volume of business connected with the Hawaiian Humane Society. In adjoining offices, in this historic old pile, the Associated Charities minister to a following of the poor and the destitute. It might be said in passing, that Hawaii has a far smaller quota of indigents than many of the more favored communities throughout the land. Through the labors of the Humane Society, entirely under the scope of women, alien races have been induced to heed and respect humanitarian laws. No needy person has even applied in vain for relief to the sympathetic women at the head of the Associated Charities movement.

No more unique site could be selected than the slope of an extinct volcanic crater for the home and headquarters for the Korean Ladies' Benefit Association. Some years ago, a handfull of Honolulu charitably inclined women established

(Contined onu page twenty-seven)



On the beach at Waikiki.

THE evolution of club life would—if time and space permitted—make most interesting reading. For it is, comparatively speaking, not many years ago when club activities were principally devoted to the amusement and entertainment of members or friends. Then, the more ambitious clubs evolved literary and art sections, and the more progressive ones went in for civics. All and every one served a purpose or filled a desire, valued by those in sympathy with the particular object of the indi-

#### By Staff Writers

vidual club. Now, however, it is clear, from the earnestness and co-operation and actual hard work which club women are daily putting into the various war movements, such as Food Conservation, Red Cross work, State and National Defense, the Young Women's Christian Association, in the War Work Council, and numerous other organizations, valuable to the country at large, regardless

of narrow affiliations, club women have become wide awake to the great problems of today and are fully able to bear their share—whatever it may be—in the strenuous days ahead.

The club of today that only caters to the lighter moods of women is really out of date and out of harmony with the times. It is now: Work! Work! and more Work! or you are worthless. And in times when your heart might miss a beat from the world's sorrow, work is the best medicine.



Mrs. A. W. Scott.

### THE FORUM CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO

The Forum Club illustrates as good an example of the progress, patriotism, and activities of the live women of today as any club we know of. Although there are any number of clubs—all of which we cannot write of in one number of a magazine—that are doing excellent work in their own special lines.

We take the Forum Club as an example because, while having the name of being "exclusive" and standing for high ideals from its very beginning, twenty-two years ago, when it was founded by Mrs. F. L. Whitney, in the parlors of her own residence, for the avowed purpose of "Literary Culture and Social Intercourse," it is not at all 'too much to say that the Forum Club has lived

up to its traditions; for most of the leading women of the State of California, and famous visitors, have been either officers, members, or guests of the club.

But although the "exclusiveness" remains, the members do not make that an excuse for falling behind "these awful times." On the contrary, they forge ahead and work, work for the future. They work for the Red Cross; they work for the soldiers in the trenches; they encourage the boys, little boys and big boys, who are patriots. They entertain them, but they also make them work, which is their greatest pleasure.

Mrs. A. W. Scott, who is the President of the Forum Club of today, and who was never known to waste any time on musty ideas or tiresome set rules, fairly grasps every new, intelligent idea that comes along; and, if it does not come quick enough, she stops long enough in her work to create original ideas and put them into harness on the spot. Just at present she has a number of the Boy Scouts training to be first-class business men by competing with one another in the sale of magazines, which turn in a good percentage to the War Fund of the club.

Mrs. Scott, who is past grand master in the management of clubs, and is creating funds and comforts for soldier boys, gives a great deal of credit for the success of the Forum to the indefatigable energy and co-operation of her officers, whom she must have selected for their peculiar fitness, as they are certainly experts in their respective posi-Mrs. Sidney L. Strickland is Chairman of the Programme Committee, and fills that exacting office with remarkable foresight and tact, for the club is famous for its select and highly entertaining programmes. Mrs. Oscar Weber, Chairman of the Red Cross Auxiliary; Mrs. George R. Gay collects Red Cross boxes, and Mrs. Walter Lovegrave excels in finding Christmas boxes for the boys at the front; while Mrs. Martha Hebbard as Chairman of the House Committee keeps the whole home and family running smoothly. These ladies are assisted by a large staff of the club members, and, altogether, they work in harmony.

Though the output of this one club alone in sewing and knitting for the soldier boys is exceedingly large, as the members work zealously day by day, they by no means neglect teas and entertainments which go hand in hand with their work. In fact, a most classical programme, from a musical and literary standpoint, followed an enjoyable luncheon on their last guest day. On this



Mrs. Sidney L. Strickland,

occasion Mrs. Peter Cook was hostess of the day and demonstrated her ability in getting artists together. A gentleman from India, M. Gobin Behard Lal, gave a short lecture on the Russian people and their problems of the past and present, which in its broad sweep of knowl-

edge, sympathy, optimism and humor was a gem which will linger long in the mind. This was followed by selections from Mendelssohn, by Paul logolevitch, the famous Russian violinist, now seventeen years of age and a hero of the war. Paul studied under the great teachers of France and Russia, and is called by critics a second Kubelik. Paul's father was surgeon to the first army which marched to meet the Germans. Paul was then fourteen, and heralded as a musical genius, but he promptly ran off from his home in Moscow and contributed his services to his country. He was wounded, severely, twice, and twice decorated by the Czar. Now he is earning money for the Red Cross by touring through America.

Goldie Hulin, a golden-haired dream of a girl with an excellent contralto voice, sang several selections from Buonocini, Vannah and Lemaire.

George Kruger, who always charms as a pianist, interpreted Chopin.

But, with all the overtones of music



Mrs. Peter Cook.

and literature, the keynote of the Forum Club is Work, Work and more Work. Such is the method, like a good general, by which Mrs. A. W. Scott is making her club famous.

### A Little Theatre Production of "The Mikado"

The Players' Club, on December 3rd, will stage a unique production of "The Mikado," which will run for two weeks in the Little Theatre on Clay Street, this being the Christmas offering, given under the auspices of the club's newly formed light opera section.

Although produced upon a miniature stage, none of the old traditions of the classic light opera will be neglected.

George Lask, who for seventeen years was stage director of the old Tivoli Opera House, is generously donating his time to the production. Henry Wood Brown has charge of the music.

A unique stage setting is being designed by the local artist, Elmer Stanley Hader.

Only experienced singers will be in the cast. Much interest is centered in the appearance of Reginald Travers, director of the Club, in the comedy role of "Ko Ko."



Inez Milholland Boissevain.

[The above picture was taken of the late Inez Milholland when, as young girl, on her graduation from Vassar College, she portrayed the Roman Mother, in the play of "Hermione," which was given in the grounds at Vassar. A young friend of the graduate was so inspired by the talent and beauty of Miss Milholland that she wrote the accompanying verses, which have become a treasured memory in the family of the most lamented girl in America."

WINTER'S TALE
By Hazel Poole

NE night, just a few swift-flown years ago,
Among the shadowy pines on Sunset Hill,

We watched you play "Hermione."

How still—how breathless still—
You stood, lest the king know
The statue lived! Our young hearts were aglow
With your enmarbled loveliness until
You stirred at last and let the warm life thrill
Through your whole radiant being! Even so,
We have but dreamed your death, O unstilled
heart!

We shall awake in strange days yet to be, Triumphant days, and find you standing there! So shall we wait, with eager lips apart, And see your clear eyes light with victory, And watch the breath of freedom stir your hair.

> ↓ ↓ ↓ TO VENICE

By Constance Drexel.
Editorial Staff Everywoman
(Written in Venice, May 1914.)

H, Venice, thou haven of rest,
By lapping waters softly caressed,

No cares dost thou harbor, But peace and joy and soothing laughter.

Mellow with age, eternally young,
Thou shunnest this world's perplexing strife;
The terrific din of complex life is spurned by
thee,

Drowned in perfume, color and melody.

Ah! to dream, to feel, to love, refreshed

By communion with thy rosy charms and visions blessed.

The gondola sways, attuned to shimmering day, Or paler night when shadows play.

to to

#### *ETYMOLOGY*

(Chauffeurs: Name given to the brigands in the Vendee who tortured their victims with fire to make them confess where their money was hidden.—Clipping.)

Five in my upper waistcoat pocket,

Ten in my portmonnaie,

Gold in this suitcase—oh, I'll unlock it—

Twenty more; take it, I pray!

There, now, that's all, as I'd meet my last hour,
Oh, but this heat is too much;
These flames from your sulphur speed tires
devour;

I'm seared by the clutch of your clutch.

Sure you know how to burn one proper,

Curse all this taxicrazed gait!

Once you light up there's no spigot to stop her

Till one's purse is incinerate!

Leave me one nickel for a jolly,

I got to make a home trip;

Maybe I'll cool off a bit on the trolley—

Say, here's my shirt for a tip!

—Stanley K. Wilson.

### THE PACIFIC COAST WOMAN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION

Another among the old clubs of San Francisco, which is making a lasting record for its help in war work, is the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association. This Association, of about two hundred members, active and associate, was founded over a quarter of a century ago by Mrs. Emilie Tracy Park-



Ina Coolbrith.

hurse. Its object was to bring the women who were professionally engaged in literature, art and journalism together, and to promote their welfare and social status. As, numerically, the professional women of those days were not many, an associate membership was open to those who were making literature, art and music their studies, and from among these many of the valuable members of today have evolved—and, indeed, many of the California women now known to fame started out from this Association.

It fell to the lot, however, of Ina Coolbrith, now Past President and Poet Laureate of California, to make the Pacific Woman's Press Association famous the world over. Though not in very good health when the Panama-Pacific International Exposition was to be held in San Francisco, she was persuaded to accept the presidency. From among the celebrities of the world, she personally invited four thousand to assemble at an Authors' Congress, in San Francisco, under the auspices of the Woman's Press Association. Notwithstanding the de-

structive tragedy of the war, large numbers responded from all countries. It was unquestionably the most unique and enlightening Congress of the great Exposition. It was there that Miss Coolbrith, who was herself for many years world famous, was crowned Poet Laureate of California in the presence of hundreds of distinguished men and women.

At the present time Mrs. E. D. Donovan is gracefully wearing the mantle of lna Coolbrith. That is not an easy task, I assure you, for we expect much from anyone who now aspires to the presidency since Miss Coolbrith retired; but Mrs. Donovan is filling the office with dignit, understanding and energy. Both as a writer and singer, a member of the Forum Club and of the Presi-

### THE LOT OF CHRIST By INA COOLBRITH

H IS was the lowliest lot of all
That fell to mortal birth:
A babe within a manger laid,
Nor gold nor treasure worth,
With feet to tread the path of pain,
But not the ways of mirth,
A Cross to bear, the thorns to wear—
The KING OF ALL THE EARTH!

dent's Assembly, as well as the mother of a charming family, Mrs. Donovan was well known before she took up the duties of president. Since then she has broadened out the scope of the club's activities wonderfully by bringing new blood, encouraging the timid, and endeavoring in every manner to bring out and make the most of the women of talent who come her way. Mrs. Donovan has forcefully taken up the active work of today. In connection with her friends, officers and members, it has been her good fortune to give three of the large and most enjoyable dances and musicales for the entertainment of the officers of the Army and Navy and also for the enlisted men. And now she has decreed that the Press Association shall put all its spare time into work for our boys at the front as long as the war lasts. And that is something worth more than programmes in these days.

The following named officers and members are among the most energetic in the work towhich the Association is now pledged:

As first aid, the Chairman of the Programme Committee, Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt, the beautiful wife of the talented composer and pianist, who is herself a



Mrs. E. D. Donovan.

gifted and popular artist. With all her professional duties and the management of a delightful home, she never neglects the patriotic call of the Press Association when big programmes are the order of the day or night for the entertainment of the fighting men of her country, be they officers or enlisted men. Mrs. Mansfield's time-unlike many members'-means money. So the sacrifice of giving it up so freely and generously is a double one. But she is a true Californian, and does not count the cost in health, time or money when her country calls-Work is then a labor of love to her.

Another member of the Press Association who has been of the most valuable assistance to the president and, indeed, one who earnestly benefits the whole club, is Mrs. Edward Coleman, who has for nearly two years held the office of Chairman of the Reception Committee. Mrs. Coleman has a positive genius for receiving, placing and enter-

taining guests, and this is not a gift one can learn; it has to spring from a good brain, good manners and a good heart. Though a young woman, Mrs. Coleman has had much experience in society and club life, and is devoted to literature. A more happy choice could not be made in filling the delicate and difficult office of Chairman of the Reception Committee.



Mrs. Edward G. Coleman.

In addition to her duties in the Press Association, she is an officer in a number of other clubs, and a distinguished member of the President's Assembly.



Mrs. Julia Churchill.

A member of the Press Association who seldom comes to the city in the last few years, her very hospitable home being in Yreka, California, where her fame as a hostess is more than State wide, is Mrs. Julia Churchill. Mrs. Churchill was among the first members

of the Press Association, and had been its staunch friend in its early days of struggle. She is related to Winston Churchill and comes of an old literary family of the East, but is a true Californian in spirit and has spent most of her life here. She has contributed to many magazines and newspapers throughout the country. Everywoman has published many of her choicest poems. Her friends now are making a collection of her scattered poems with a view of having them published in book form. Her activities and encouragement in club and civic life have had a most beneficial influence on her part of the State; for as a Christian, a mother and a citizen she takes her place among the best.



Dr. Cora Sutter Castle.

Dr. Cora Sutton Castle, educator, traveler and author, is a native of Minnesota. She received the degree of Bachelor of Arts from the University of Minnesota, after which she held the principalship of a High School. At the University of California she majored in English and also worked in the department of education, and was granted the degree of Master of Letters in 1908. At Columbia University she studied psychology and education, and was graduated Doctor of Philosophy in 1913. Dr. Castle is a gifted public speaker. She lectures on travel, temperance, education, literature, and other popular subjects. She is the author of "A Statistical Study of Eminent Women" and "Medical Inspection of School Children." Her husband and four brothers are surgeons. She is the Recording Secretary of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association, Corresponding Secretary of the City Federation of Women's Clubs of San Francisco, member of the Yu Ai Kai, Ladies' Club of Golden Gate Commandery, and ToKalon.



A Sour distinguished Native Son, the Honorable James D. Phelan, United States Senator from California, is an honorary member of the Pasific Coast Woman's Press Association, and has returned to San Francisco for a well earned rest from his duties in Washington, the Press Association bids him welcome and hopes he will not feel lonesome, on this page of Everywoman, as the only man among so many women.

Senator Phelan deserved well from his city, when, as a young man, he became Mayor of San Francisco-for the second time-he entered upon strenuous times, when strikes were rampant. Those were times which were calculated to draw the best or the worst out of any man. He stood the test, though threatened with political death; for he was the mayor of all the people. As United States Senator today, he deserves well from his State, as no man in Washington has made a cleaner, braver record. True to his President and to his Country, he stands again in the most strenuous times which the world has ever known-for his principles and for all the people. So Everywoman also welcomes

Mrs. Anna Morrison Reed needs no introduction to the readers of Everywoman. Her name is known throughout the length and breadth of the State of California, and she is personally acquainted with half of the population of the northern counties, where most of her great work for the welfare of her fellow men and women has been accomplished. She has been one of the most active members of the Women's Press Association and is the editor and publisher of the monthly publication, The Northern Crown, at Ukiah. Mrs. Reed is one of the famed women lecturers of the United States, and has spoken in most of the big cities of the United States. She has always been an ardent advocate of greater rights for women, but she has always contended that these should be won without trying to villify or bedaub with mud the sterner sex. She has a host of friends in Mendocino county, and these friends are seriously thinking of sending her to the legislature next year. Mrs. Reed would render good service for her people there, and the Mendocino people would make



Mrs. Anna Morrison Reed.

no mistake if they selected this clever and capable woman to represent them at Sacramento.

Miss Bessie Roche is one of the most popular members of the Women's Press Association, and was for two terms the corresponding secretary of that organization. She gives a good deal of her time to Red Cross work, and at the present moment is the Chairman of the Red Cross Committee of the Press Association. She has written many clever and interesting articles for the local press, and her club papers have been among the most enjoyable presented at the different meetings of the Press Association. Miss Roche came to California when she was but a young girl, and has spent most of her life in San Francisco. She thinks this city the loveliest place on earth, and says that the only objection she has to going to heaven is that she will have to leave San Francisco.



Miss Bessie Roche.

Mrs. Jean de Greayer is still another member who has distinguished herself in other fields than writing, although that was her first love and first choice. As a member of an old Canadian family, she came to California as a very young girl. Like many others, the great fire of 1906 left her no choice between a life of ease and one of work. So without loss of time she faced work bravely. There was little doing in journalistic lines just then, but Mrs. de Greayer bravely set about to improve her fortune. After a time she secured a position in the Bond and Warrant Depart-



Mrs. Jeane de Greaver.

ment of the District Attorney's Office. So earnestly and faithfully did she perform her duties that she soon had full charge of the women's and children's cases. Her quick, womanly sympathy has been the salvation of hundreds of unfortunates who have come her way. She is now attorney for those who have not the means of defending themselves, and is the only woman in the country who has supervision over a night court for the poor and unfortunate women of a large and cosmopolitan city.

There are many bright, patriotic women in the Press Association of whom we could write, had space permitted, whose work has had good notice in the past, and who are forging ahead in literature, music and art.

CANDLE GLOW (From the Boston Transcript.) Between the twilight and the dark A spark Of glowing candle light Seems to hold back the rush of night-The great imperious brooding wings That swallow up the daylight things. The candle's golden beams Ray themselves out in thread-thin streams And lose themselves in the great dark, Where voices hark, Hover and quiver in the night, Drawn to the light By that onrushing impulse of Desire Which draws its own into its heart of fire. -Dorothea Lawrance Mann.

### Future Peace Hoped For

(Presented by Mrs. Samuel Semple of the Committee on Constructive Peace of the State Federation of Pennsylvania Women and read to the 22nd annual meeting held at Erie, Pa., October 15th and 19th inclusive).

JUST as it had become distinctly unfashionable among us to utter the word "peace," except in connection with the words "disloyalty" or "sedition," the President of the United States startled the country by the establishment of a Peace Bureau. The worn, old adage that "In time of peace, we must prepare for war" had met its complement; and, at the very outset of war, a nation with the modern outlook had begun constructive preparation for peace.

The creation of the Peace Bureau and the selection of the experienced and discreet man who is to be its head, were followed by the designation of a progressive and humanistic justice of the Supreme Court to serve as the Bureau's friendly helper and adviser. That this last appointment was no mere matter of form, was attested by the fact that Justice Brandeis relinquished a portion of his holiday and hastened to Washington to begin the work consequent upon his new responsibilities.

So began for this country the dawn of a day—ardently desired by many—when the aim of government shall be recognized as peace; and when a Department of War shall be acknowledged as, at best, an incomplete equipment for the service of a people, unless flanked by an equally strong and well organized Department of Peace.

In this connection it may not be amiss to quote from General Smutz of South African fame, a valued adviser of the English in the present war, the belief that "if 1/100 part of the consideration that has been given to this war is given to schemes of peace, then there will never be war again." Following this thought, it is timely to call attention to the plans for the Third World's Conference on Christian Citizenship and Peace, which it is planned to hold in Pittsburg under the National Reform Association, if it seems wise, in July, 1918. This conference announces as the theme around which it will center "After the war, what?"

In the presence of these events, such bodies as the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and the State Federation of Penna. on Constructive Peace was wise, progressive, and helpful to the

aims to which this country stands committed. It is with a deep sense of the responsibility revolving upon it that your committee offers the following outline for thought, not only to this body today, but to the Federated Clubs of the State, as bearing upon their work during the year upon which we are entering:

- 1. When the world has reached its true development, there will be no war. One of the subtle dangers of the present is that on every hand we are tempted to rate war as the highest form of human service, and the same patriotic devotion. Women's clubs have done much in the last quarter of a century to establish the truth as any service on the field of battle. Let us hold fast to this.
- 2. We should keep clear the recognition of the fact that the present world war is a world calamity. Notwithstanding the salvage of incidental good that may come with it, the war is a cataclysm, whose wrecks will long remain. It is our duty and our privilege to remind ourselves and others that war is an anachronism; it is an example of what Tennyson describes as "reversion ever dragging evolution in the mud."
- 3. It is our duty, since our country has entered into the war, to keep constantly before ourselves and others the high and unselfish aims which have been set before us as the American objective in such participation. To this end your committee urges that the war profiteering be discouraged, and that assistance be given to all measures that tend to its elimination; that conscription of money shall be deemed as logical as conscription of men; that exploitation of labor, especially of women and children, under the guise of war necessity shall be carefully guarded against-all these to the end that the country whose international rights our men are called to defend may continue to be, as Mr. Louis Post says: "May continue to be a country worthy of such defence.'
- 4. It is our solemn duty to demand that if sons are to be offered in war, their surroundings shall be kept free from alcoholism and easy temptation to impurity. We have the right to ask for prohibition as a war measure on the further grounds of conservation of food, and for efficiency of labor. We have a right, also, to ask of the Allies the same prohibitory measure in return for food supplied for them, as a result of our conservation.

- 5. In the midst of war, it is our further duty and privilege to continually point out "the more excellent way," and to keep the thoughts of arbitration and world organization before ourselves and our friends. The study of existing arbitration agreements and service they have rendered; of existing international agencies, organizations, fraternities (civil, civic, moral, educational and religious) offers a wide field of information and interest.
- 6. Throughout all this time of unrest and distress, the President of the United States has steadily insisted upon the protection and encouragement of independent thought and judgment in testing the ethical standards of the nation. Not for over a century has there been a time when it is so necessary to remember that they serve the world well who put conscience and fear of God above the fear or favor of man.
- 7. As a final word, your committee urges participation in all agencies of relief and helpfulness, national and international, but as a present duty, and as the foundation of future good will. Recognition of the universal brotherhood of the race is all that can heal the open sore of the world when this present madness is over; and the spirit of universal brotherhood is the mark of citizenship in the kingdom of love, and joy, and peace that is instituted by the spirit of holiness.

Note—Mrs. Semple was former president of the State Federation of Clubs.—C. D.

#### to to to

CLOUD LOVED
(From Poetry.)

Far up on the side of White Cloud Mountain
A deep pool lies,

Content in every change of weather

To reflect the skies;

Fed by the grace of heaven from seeping springs;

Mirror of pointed firs, solace of eagles' wings.

And yet the water of the cloud-loved pool
Breaks foaming from the quiet hills away,
To add its trickle to an oceanful,
Flooding, storming, mocking every day.

### War Work Council Y. W. C. A.

(Continued from page twelve)

rivaled by its expense abroad, and in both France and Russia the erection of buildings and the placing and furnishing of suitable plants for work involves great expense. But all this expense is part of the price necessary to make the world a safe place for women as well as for democracy.

Because America's Y. W. C. A. is the only organization in the world with trained women workers ready to send to any place for the achievement of almost anything needful in the lives of women and girls, the War Department on Training Camp Activities telegraphed the Y. W. C. A. that it must have the aid of the women in its welfare work. This was supplemented by a communication from John R. Mott, Secretary of the International Committee Y. M. C. A.

The War Work Council was accordingly organized and Mr. Mott subsequently wrote Mrs. James S. Cushman, chairman of the War Work Council: "In spite of all provisions being made to create a zone of moral safety around the camps, the moral and religious welfare of the soldiers still depend in large measure upon the social conditions in the adjoining communities. The Young Women's Christian Association, is a sister organization to our own, is pre-eminently

fitted to meet this situation. We are most eager to have the Woman's Association meet this responsibility for the protection of girls and women, just as we are seeking to meet it for the men. The work of the girls should be done in closest co-operation with that done for men. Moreover, it is, in my judgment, one of the greatest opportunities your movement will ever have is that of helping us in the men's camps, along the lines followed by the Christian women in the British and Canadian armies, where such a remarkable service has been accomplished by them."

In view of the pressing needs of the women, the National Board has launched a campaign for raising \$4,000,000 for work among these lines. Hostess houses, where women may meet relatives and friends in the army under normal conditions will require \$900,000 disbursement. Emergency housing for women and girls in new industries will require \$500,000; \$1,000,000 is required for work in other countries, whence come continuous demands for Y. W. C. A. trained workers. Foreign community work, Junior War Work Council, Recreation Center for girls-all in demand-will require large expenditures.

Of the national budget of \$4,000,000

the Pacific Coast Field has pledged itself to raise \$350,000. The campaign, which will begin December 3rd and close December 12th, is in charge of Mrs. Gaillard Stoney of San Francisco, Chairman of the Executive Committee, War Work Council, Y. W. C. A.; Mrs. John F. Merrill and Mrs. Lawrence Draper, San Francisco; Mrs. Wallace Alexander, Piedmont; Mrs. R. P. Maddux, Palo Alto; Mrs. Seelev Mudd, Los Angeles: Mrs. A. E. Bridges, San Diego; Mrs. Jean Miller, San Diego, and Miss Scripps, La Jolla.

The Pacific Coast Field Committee of the National Board, Young Women's Christian Association, is quite large and made up of the prominent women of this

The Committee throughout the United States comprises one hundred members and is extremely cosmopolitan.

In this very necessary labor of love now being put into operation by the most philanthropic women Everywoman earnestly advocates the most liberal financial co-operation-and sympathy of all our citizens to enable the women who have always headed our great movements to make this their greatest success.

#### THE WORLD'S WAR By Julia Patterson Churchill



supreme,

his scheme

To "rule the world," his long alluring dream.

So fierce his soul to steer his covert barque, He reckless grew and overreached his mark-A World to Conquer was no "easy lark."

Forgetful of "his God," his honor, too-Unmindful how he killed or whom he slew-The trenches "ran blood red" while shrapnel flew.

What cared his selfish soul though homes were wrecked!

E'en hospitals were bombed by his edict, Though wounded, nurse or chaplain all were

The atrocious crimes he sanctioned ne'er will die.

But live in history to blur the sky When his base soul shall meet Jehovah's eye.

WAR GOD rose in fancied power For him and his cohorts in fiendish deeds We find no word commensurate with their needs Proclaiming "God was with him" in In God's great book of Love and holy creeds.

> But I affirm the righteous will prevail, And if we trust in God He will not fail To help us find the long-sought "Holy Grail."

For God is just: and I believe that He Will cast the wicked down, of "high degree," And strengthen those who fight for Liberty And Peace and Love, in our new world to be.



If

"Oh, if-if-if!" exclaimed the husband angrily. "You remind me of what the fellow who got lost in the woods said to his companion."

"Well, what did he say?" retorted his

"He said: 'Now if we had some ham we'd have some ham and eggs, if we had some eggs."

#### STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGE-MENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of Everywoman, published monthly at San Francisco, California, for October, 1917, State of California, County of San Francisco.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Jeanne E. Francocur, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the editor of the Everywoman (magazine) and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to-wit:

That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, and business manager are:

Publisher: Everywoman Company, San Francisco, California

Editor: Jeanne E. Francoeur, San Francisco, Cali-

That the owners are: Mrs. John F. Merrill, Holt, Cal.; Mrs. C. M. Cooper, San Francisco; Mrs. A. W. Scott, Mrs. Abbie E. Winkins, Jeanne E. Francoeur, Timothy Healey, F. F. Francoeur, S. M. Richardson, all of San Francisco; Mrs. Wm. Kent, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Julia Churchill, Yreka, Cal.

That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other ecurity holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

JEANNE E. FRANCOEUR.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this eighth day of October, 1917.

(Seal) EDITH W. BURNHAM. (My commission expires January 30, 1918.)

### Tales of a Teashop Our Kiddies' Corner—In Fairy Land

#### WEE LING'S WISHES

Boys will be boys, even if they are only doll boys, and will get mischieveous and have little quarrels and spats with each other, now and then. One time, two little doll boys who lived in Teashop Town, were playing marbles; their names were Ping Pong and Wee Ling. Wee Ling was the littlest, and youngest of the two, and because he won a lot of marbles, Ping Pong got very angry and tried to take them away from him. He pulled Wee Ling's hair and smacked his face, and dragged him to the doorway of Wee Ling's uncle's shop. Little Wee Ling cried, because he was too small to defend himself. Then that horrid Ping Pong punched him on the head, because he held on fast to a couple of ruby red marbles that Ping Pong wanted. Finally Ping Pong laughed and ran away from him.

As it happened just at this time, His Majesty the King of Fairies was strolling through Teashop Town, and he saw the two little dolls quarrelling. "For shame," he said to Ping Pong, "beating a doll only a quarter your size; tomorrow you shall be sold to a wicked child who shall break you." (And of course, it came to pass that way—on the morrow he was sold to a naughty child, who got cross and tired of the Japanese doll; threw him on the pavement and he was broken to bits).

The King smiled at Wee Ling, and told him not to cry any more. "I shall take you with me for a short visit to my home land," he said. Wee Ling clapped his hands with joy, and the fairy king picked him up and sat him in the top of his crown—it was soft and cushion-like up there, and Wee Ling liked it ever so much.

Wee Ling could not remember at all how they reached the Fairyland, except that there was a regiment of fairy musicians playing joyous music, to welcome the return of their king. They all seemed very happy that he had come back, and seemed to know all about the little visitor, for they sang, in one voice:

"We welcome the little doll in your crown,

A charming visitor from Teashop Town."
Wee Ling was presented to the King's wife and all of his daughters and sons.
Wee Ling grew very weary of being introduced, there were so many in the

By Ruth Florence

King's family. The King very thoughtfully took off his crown for Wee Ling to sit in, because he was so tiny he might have got lost. Wee Ling was then shown through the fairy mansions, where he saw the fairies weaving all kinds of beautiful silks and tapestries, while others were making golden and silver wings. They were smiling and sang as they worked.

Later he was conducted to a great hall, that was lined with wonderful Japanese jardiniers and vases. "Now!" said



Ruth Florence.

the King of Fairies, as he carefully set his crown on the table, so that Wee Ling would not fall off—"I will leave you for a few minutes, so that you can look at the works of art of your own land." The King vanished and Wee Ling was left alone. He looked at the wonderful vases; there were many of them in Teashop Town, but none were so large or handsome as these. Beautiful Japanese figures and designs, were painted on most of them.

Very soon the vases twirled about of their own accord, and came over towards the table where Wee Ling was seated, in the King's crown. He noticed that they had feet, and could walk and talk. "Don't be afraid, little Wee Ling," he heard a vase say. "We will not harm you. We have been here for nearly a thousand years, with no one to talk to, and no one to look at us. We are all very delighted to see you." We are very beautiful and very rare vases, and belonged to Japanese noblemen many,

many centuries ago. We then came into the possession of the King of Fairies, and while we love and respect him, we feel that we have been neglected. Of course the fairy king has so many children to look after that he forgets us. We would love to be in Teashop Town among our own kind. Perhaps your uncle, who deals in jardiniers and vases, would buy us? A good word from you to the King of Fairies would perhaps help a good deal. You see, we have not the power of speech, excepting with our own kind. If you will help us we will never forget you and will make you a lovely present."

Wee Ling was so surprised he could not speak, but was not at all frightened, and at once he began to wonder what kind of present the vases would give him.

The vases moved back to their places against the wall, and the Fairy King returned. "Well, Wee Ling," he said, "have you been lonesome while I was away?" "No, your Majesty," replied Wee Ling, "but I was just thinking what lovely vases those are. There are none so pretty in my uncle's shop, nor in all Teashop Town," The Fairy King smiled, and said, "Well, little doll, we shall see. I am going to grant you three wishes before you go, so make them good ones. First, we will have a beautiful party in the garden, so you will have time to think over what you would like."

The King put his crown on his head and Wee Ling held on tightly to a large ruby, so that he would not fall off. Then he noticed that the rubies and other shining stones were as large and round as marbles. Oh, how grand it would be to have marbles like them!

The fairies held a grand party in Wee Ling's honor; they danced and laughed around a fountain of many colored waters. It was all lovely, and Wee Ling felt very proud because they did him so much honor. Wee Ling, crown and all, was set on a blue velvet cushion, and asked to name his three wishes.

"I would like—if it please your Majesty—to have those big Japanese vases in Teashop Town. I would also like to get big and strong enough to fight that fellow, Ping Pong, then I would like," here Wee Ling hesitated,

(Continued on page twenty-nine)

### Studios and Art Galleries

In a "The Revived Cynics Calendar," just published, Oliver Herford says: "A critic is a person who tells us how Music should be painted and Pictures should be written." This is so wonderfully apropos of the problems confronting the art critic this month that it met a most hearty reception. What with the promenade concert at the Palace of Fine Arts, the Etchers Exhibition, Oriental Rugs of great antiquity, a new western artist to introduce and the latest discoveries in American potteries, the critic feels that her work for this month is more than cut out for her.

#### The Fine Arts

The second of the series of Promenade Concerts for the benefit of the Maintenance fund was given on November the sixteenth, outrivaling the former one, a feat that seemed impossible to those fortunate enough to attend the first. Leo Ornstein, the young Russian who has been making the musicians rise either to his defense or the reverse, was the soloist of the afternoon, and carried away by the beauty and unusualness of his surroundings he quite surpassed himself. Especially interesting was his performance of "Five Bagatelles" by Bartol. Having often marveled before Bereny's portraits of the composer, it was a dream realized to actually hear his compositions in such an environment.

One is inclined to regret that the powers that be have decided that this is the last of the promenade concerts to be given until the spring. We will, however, have something to look forward to and possibly the busy holidays with the added responsibilities of war times would have interfered with the enthusiastic attendance which such artistic treats deserve.

#### The California Society of Etchers

Unfortunately the artists comprising this flourishing society have been too busy with their colors this summer to etch any new plates, consequently their exhibition of the past month at the Fine Arts was practically a duplicate of that shown in April at a down-town gallery.

In discussing the special appeal of an etching in a recent article in "Scribners," William Aspenwall Bradley says: "It is possible to produce very fine lines in etching as well as very coarse ones. But it is difficult, if not impossible, to blend these, as may be done with pen strokes or brush strokes and to

#### By Elisabeth Taft

connect them by means of almost imperceptible gradations. Hence there is always, as it were, a note of bluntness, directness about the finest etchings. For this reason etchings may be called the 'hodden gray' among the linear arts, with something racy and of the soil in its constitution."

It is difficult to pick out the most note-worthy among the hundred odd prints in the exhibition. Possibly "Toil" by Sears Gallegher deserves first place. The three figures bent over their toil in the field, have an enormous amount of poetry and feeling. Instinctively every one says "like the Angelus," which is unfair to Mr. Gallegher, for the story it tells is entirely different, even though just as poetical. Lee Randolph's master-



ly draughtmanship is demonstrated in three fine prints pulled from his Parisian plates. Carl Oscar Borg shows two of his characteristic desert glimpses, attractive even without the glorious color Mr. Borg handles so well. Armin Hansen gives us wee glimpses of the sea, in extremely fine line work. These are such a startling contrast to the broad free work he does in oils that they leave one almost gasping. Gottardo Piazzoni always fills his work with intense poetry and feeling whether in black and white or in colors. E. Spencer Macky is represented by monotypes as well as etchings. All show his sure, practised touch that attracts in whatever medium he chooses.

It is encouraging to find so many of the artists interesting themselves in this delightful medium, helping to reanimate it, and place it on a firmer footing. The development in etching on the Coast has been marked and undoubtedly we have a great deal to look forward to in the future.

#### Phillips F. Lewis

At the Heglesen Galleries, Phillips F. Lewis is making the very first exhibition of his work. In recommending that his class visit this exhibition, Professor Francis Melborn Green said: "It is usually a mistake for so young an artist to make an exhibition of his work, but in this case, the results justify the showing and altogether Mr. Lewis has set a hard pace to follow and he will undoubtedly prove equal to the occasion." Such a recommendation from such an authority is of inestimable value.

In truth Mr. Lewis is young-just a boy as yet. He has spent four years in mechanical drawing and designing at the Berkeley Arts and Crafts, afterwards studying under Xavier Martinez and later with Armin Hansen. "Values, values, always values, was what Mr. Martinez preached; while color, color, go after your color, was Mr. Hansen's cry," said the artist. That he was able to absorb the teachings of both of these masters and still keep his own individuality and point of view, is greatly to his credit. Incidentally it is more than interesting to see what the effect of the combination of two such diametrically different methods has been.

Mr. Lewis' eye is particularly attuned to the delicate nuances of the greens and he handles them with a clever deftness, achieving soft, brilliant effects that win one's instant appreciation. "Cloud Shadows" is a most brilliant and fascinating California landscape. The handling of green on green in the foreground as well as on the distant mountain is wonderful. Again in "The Old Home of Governor Castro," we find the grey green of the eucalypti, next the bright spring greens of the fruit trees as they tower over the glowing, poppy filled Plaza.

Mr. Lewis' summer has been spent near San Juan working quite by himself. The antiquity as well as the brilliant colors have fascinated him with most delightful results. "The Cross Roads" is one of those spots familiar to all of us, tempting one to wander from the more beaten path into the unknown. Somewhere along its length, I am sure, we would find "The Dry Field" of a neighboring canvas. Here the dry grass, so characteristically Californian, is rendered in a most delightful manner, the

### Studios and Art Galleries

water in the background is not so good but he has achieved luminosity in this sky which inclines one to be forgiving.

Mr. Lewis has still much to learn, especially about the sky luminosity, but his genius is undoubted and he is an interested and hard worker. Much may be expected from him. He has a quick, keen appreciation of beauty and a firm conviction in his own point of view. We are wishing every success to such a talented boy.

#### Rare Oriental Rugs

The Hill Tolerton Print Rooms belie their names and have turned into a fascinating glimpse of the Orient with rugs of rare design and great value on the walls of both galleries. Professor Arthur U. Pope has assembled this collection and it is of the high order one would expect when the expert of the Coast arranges a showing.

As I was unfortunate enough not to hear Professor Pope's lectures on these especial pieces, I hardly feel capable of reviewing them. There is, however, a "Herat, often called Ispahan," which prompted an instant desire for a larger bank account. An old American rug of intricate design and brilliant color is attracting the admiration of rug lovers. Many and varied are the styles shown forming as complete a collection as can be assembled on the Coast.

In his introduction to the rug catalogue for the Phoebe Apperson Hearst collection at the Fine Arts, Mr. Pope says: "The second reason why Oriental carpets are not appreciated at their full value is because the general public in America has had little opportunity of seeing those pieces of the highest type which are worthy of ranking as a fine art. We cannot be expected to understand and appreciate that which we have not seen." Partially to rectify this situation, in so far as resources permit, this collection has been assembled.

Professor Green maintains that the only way to learn to really appreciate art is to study design. This exhibition affords an excellent opportunity to advance ones-self rapidly in this direction for here we find design in its most forceful and primitive form. This with the wonderful color combinations gives an interesting chance to establish a foundation for knowledge of art in all its various phases.

Mr. Tolerton is to tempt the Christmas shopper with an exhibition of Sheldon

Pennoyer's work. Mr. Pennoyer's color sense is both subtle and sensible and, combined with his perfect draughtsmanship makes every picture from his brush well worth most careful consideration.

#### Lectures by Professor Green

Having quoted so often from Professor Green, I want to add a few words of appreciation of the lectures which, as University Extension Lecturer, he has been giving at the Fairmont Hotel. Professor Green has been lecturing at Simmons College and the Boston Art Museum since he left our own university.

He has given a masterly delineation of the great fundamentals of art in his series of lectures and has illustrated them with slides, reproduced from most excellently chosen pictures, from both ancient and modern masters. The Exposition opened our eyes to the value of outside influences to assist us in developing our own art resources and Professor Green has brought much inspiration to artist and layman alike.

It is to be deeply regretted that anyone has missed these lectures, but there is a possibility that he will give another course while here and I hope the attendance will be in better proportion to their worth.

#### A New York Exhibition

Word has come from the East of a very successful two weeks' exhibition of the work in oils of Miss Anne Bremer, at the Arlington Galleries in New York City. Miss Bremer is a native San Franciscan and former pupil of Arthur Mathews, afterwards studying in Paris, The East has acclaimed her talent for many years and her home here is often left for the broader field. We are glad to hear that she is adding to her laurels but hope she will not be tempted to desert us for long.

#### The Autumn Wild Flower Exhibition

With a most artistic setting the California Club introduced a decided novelty into their program of achievements by inaugurating the Autumn Wild Flower Show. Miss Ethel Wickes, chairman of the art section was in charge of the week's activities and her artistic ability gave an original arrangement of the bright berries and dry grass, so slightly known, which brighten our woods. Small lakes reflected lichen covered branches, while large panels told an artistic story of the habitat of many grasses. The

show was a great step in advance of the usual stiff arrangement of flower shows and I hope pointed a moral that will be adopted by all managers of like events.

In connection with the showing, Miss Wickes exhibited her wonderful collection of water-colors of California Wild Flowers. The summer has made possible the addition of twenty-four new sketches all of equal beauty to their predecessors which were reviewed for Everywoman's readers in June. On the closing day Miss Eastwood gave a talk on Calirfornia wild flowers, illustrated with the sketches demonstrating of what great value the studies would be from the educational point of view if they were only available in some of our various public collections.

In addition to all the other treats the week held for the club visitors, Miss Carolyn Augusta Nash arranged appropriate musical programs for each day. Miss Nash has an unusual talent for planning unique and interesting programs, so it is needless to say what an enjoyable feature this was. It is no wonder that the club members have unanimously voted that Miss Wickes preside over a similar event each fall.



#### THE OLD STORY

Bold, confident, impetuous for the fray,
Onnward I pressed—Ambition led the way,
Pointing to Honors group'd, and glist'ning
bright,

Whose beckoning whispered "Scale the height!"

That's over now! I'm traveling Life's decline;
I lean upon an arm—they're guests of mine—
Contentment one is called. I rather guess
You know her sister's name—'tis Happiness.
—Frank Warren Hackett.

"EGO."

(From the Sydney Triad.)
There's a little god
Whom we hold most dear;
And we take him with us,

Always; everywhere.

Little god Ego,
High upon his throne;
Within each heart he reigns,
Supreme; alone.

-Dorothy Hopkins.

### Our Red Cross Is Going to Keep Christmas

The Cantonments Everywhere to Ring With Good Cheer

T is going to be such a different Christmas this year from any that we have ever known; and it's going to be such a different Christmas for our new soldiers from any that they have ever known. When the city chimes and the village organs peal out "Hark! the herald angels sings" and "Oh, come, all ye faithful," nearly everyone of us will be living a new sorrow and thinking new thoughts.

"Our country is at war!" we will think; and then, "And almost every country in Europe is at war," and then, "And nearly all the world is at warmen killing, and maiming, and blinding each other-by hundreds-and thousands -and millions."

And from somewhere—the music or the memory of other Christmases, or from the service, there will come the words: "Peace on earth, good will to man."

Our thoughts will fall into a terrible confusion of right and wrong. And then something will bring us the image of some new soldier in the khaki clothes that have changed his life-young and clear-eyed, untrained but eager, his bridges cut behind him, irrevocably committed to this war. We will see him in all the cantonments of North and South and East and West. Surely something will happen to our hearts, when the Christmas message comes in, this year of years.

The Red Cross will carry our Christmas to our soldiers and our sailors at home and abroad.

On the first Christmas of the war, in some places on the front line of trenches, hostilities ceased while the Tommies and the Fritzies threw gifts to each other across "No Man's Land" and sang for each other their best loved carols-"Helige Nacht" and "God rest ve, Merry Gentlemen." And probably the sound of the guns, when they went back to them, was the most anguishing sound that has even been heard in this sad world.

There have been two war Christmases since then for the nations of Europe, this is the third, the fourth, all told! And the toys of Nurenburg, the rows of little costumed dolls that used to be shown in the streets of Prague, the pretty images of "Marie-Vierge" in France, the Bambinos in Italy-all the beautiful jolly that Christmas fun and Christmas

By Marion Bonsall Davis

things with which children celebrated Christ's birthday, over there, have had to give way before great guns and liquid flame and poisonous gas.

It is not altogether selfish that great wells of thankfulness spring up in our hearts that we have still in our country some hundreds of thousands of our new soldiers, to get our Christmas love to, before they go across.

And since we do have them, our American Red Cross is asking, which is giving everyone the opportunity, to send the happiest kind of a Christmas message to every soldier in the cantonments and sailor on the seas. It asks everyone to take on the happiest kind of a Christmas job. There is to be a Red Cross Christmas Tree in every cantonment, and every one of our boys is to have a Christmas parcel, gaily wrapped, home-like, as a little symbol to show him how much we care.

The Red Cross has issued a bulletin, which may be had on application, with suggestions and directions for the making of the parcels, and local chapters will be prepared to give the dates on which they will be required for shipment.

In stores and offices and factories and churches and theatres and homes and settlements and schools, everyone is needed to help with this wonderful Christmas job. In packing and wrapping and tieing alone, there are, aggregately, days and days of work, and the parcels must be prepared well in advance.

These gifts we will all doubtless consider and make as extra gifts to our men -gifts the most genuine and precious, coming from special economies and personal sacrifices; so that not even the most practical and exacting person could begrudge them as slighting relief work, but seeing them that quality that makes miracles.

It is requested that these parcels, to be sent to the Red Cross, whether made up of a variety of articles from the suggested list, or according to individual wishes, should not exceed individually the amount of \$1.50, but one might add to them warm knitted woolen socks, and some one be the happier! The process of selection from the thirty or forty suggested articles is a game so

cheer are saved, not only to the soldiers around the army Christmas tree, but to thousands of people in the country and in the city who without this Christmas job would be very lonely and very sad.

One can close ones' eyes and imagine these merry Christmas workings all over the United States, the great flutter of bright colored wrappings, symbols of good will, the great new relationship of everybody working together for the same thing-and even while we are imagining it, Tiny Tim's voice seems to break in to say "God bless us, every one."

Here are some of the things suggested: Games and sweets, scrap-book and knife, steel mirror and compass, electric torch and mechanical puzzle, combination knife and spoon, khaki colored handkerchiefs and writing paper, tobacco and pipe, mouth organs and watertight match box, dates and figs and raisins, fruit cake and ginger an so on and on.

It is noted on the bulletin that a Red Cross checker-board, which is a combination set of checker-board, checkers, chess men and dominoes made of heavy cardboard especially for the Red Cross. can be purchased for five cents a piece from Chapters by the time the Chapters are ready to pack the parcels. Khaki colored handkerchiefs. twenty-seven inches square, suggested for the container, and special writing paper pads about seven by ten inches can also be purchased from Chapters.

The bulletin suggests that for wrapping this dimension of khaki handkerchief be used the base of the packet formed by the writing paper pad seven by ten inches. The handkerchief folded over will be tied with one inch red ribbon under which will be slipped the Christmas card. Then this will be wrapped in heavy, light brown manila paper, tied securely with red, green or gilt cord, with Christmas labels or flags as desired.

Of course no liquids or articles packed in glass should be placed in the package, nor anything which would not keep fresh from the time of packing until Christmas. Dried fruits and other fruit products should be placed in small tin or wooden boxes, one-quarter to one-half pound size. Hard candy, including chocolate, would probably be safe in tinfoil or heavy cardboard, but no soft chocolate

(Continued on page twenty-eight)

### Women to Win the War

THE war will be won for America in the kitchen and at the table, by the housewives of the nation. More than 10,000,000 pledges have been signed in the country and more than 543,000 in California by women who thus agree to accept membership in the United States Food Administration and to carry out the directions of the Food Administrator in the conduct of their households insofar as circumstances permit.

All the blood, all the heroism, all the money, and all the munitions in the world will not win this was unless our Allies and the people behind them are fed.

They will not be fed, your sacrifice of blood and money will be in vain, we shall go hungry and a great cause will be lost unless you stand guard each day in your home over your supply of wheat, meat, fats, sugar, and milk.

The Allies are our first line of defense. They must be fed and food will win the war. All Europe is on rations or restricted supplies. Only in America is each one permitted to judge for himself the duty he owes his country in food consumption. Yet the world depends upon America to guard and provide its food supply.

This is a duty of necessity, humanity and honor. As a free people we have elected to discharge this duty, not under autocratic decree but without other restraint than the guidance of individual conscience. On the success of this unprecedented adventure in democracy will largely stake the issue of the war.

Every household should become a member of the food administration for conservation, and sign the pledge to carry out the suggestions that will be offered from time to time as to measures of food savings.

#### Eat Your War Bread Now!

In the list of energy foods you will find BREAD, printed in capital letters. That means WHEAT BREAD. The capital letters mean that there is danger of the supply giving out and that you must eat sparingly of it.

In place of WHEAT bread eat rye bread, corn bread, oatmeal bread, barley bread. That's what the European nations are doing to save WHEAT.

The WHEAT crop everywhere is short, and unless we save, a WHEAT famine is inevitable.

In a year 133,000,000 bushels of WHEAT will be saved for our armies and our Allies if every person in this

By Ralph P. Merritt

Federal Food Administrator for California

country will use a pound less of WHEAT flour a week.

Make bread without WHEAT FLOUR. A mixture of WHEAT and oatmeal has a higher value as a growth food than WHEAT bread.

Eat a baked potato instead of a slice of WHEAT bread. Potatoes are plentiful.

Eat less cake and pie; the WHEAT flour so saved will keep a fighter in the trenches. When you DO use WHEAT bread, avoid stale bread by cutting the slices at the table as needed. Make puddings, muffins and griddle cakes out of stale bread, dried crusts and scraps.

Share your WHEAT bread with the Allies.

Germany is eating "War Bread."

It is better to eat our OWN war bread NOW than to eat German black bread later.

#### Hindenburg Demanded Fats

Not long ago Field Marshal Hindenburg sent word to the German government at Berlin that if his troops and the men and women who were making shells in the factories did not have more FATS—something would happen to Germany.

Fats supply energy. Some fats are also necessary for growth and repair. All fats are important in the upkeep of the body. Hindenburg knew that if the German people did not get more fats they would be too weak to fight or work.

The fats we waste would almost supply Germany. Avoid waste and save them for ourselves and our Allies.

Glycerine, the chief substance used in making explosives, is made from fats. Think of the thousands of tons of explosives that have been made in the last three years and you will understand why fats are so badly needed.

Give the children butter on their bread; they need it. Don't use it for cooking. Use fat drippings. Trim your own meat and use the fat to melt into drippings.

Keep fats out of the garbage pail.

Use peanut oil and cottonseed oil as substitutes for animal fats whenever possible.

Over 395,000 tons would be saved in America a year if everyone used onethird of an ounce less of fats from meats a day.

Don't waste soap which is made of fats.

Fats which cannot be used for cooking may be saved and later made into soap for household use.

#### Why Meat Is So High

You have wondered why meat is so high that the cheapest cuts are now in the luxury class.

One chief reason is that the number of people in this country has increased faster than the number of meat animals. There are several reasons for this. The open country in the West which was formerly used for grazing hundreds of thousands of cattle and sheep has been cut up into farms, where crops have replaced the animals. Hog cholera, foot and mouth disease and other diseases have also reduced the supply and our government started plans to increase the live stock supply just to feed us in peace times.

We're at war now, our armies need thousands of tons of meat. So do our Allies. Unless we eat less meat at home the prices will go still higher, and our boys in the trenches will be only half There are many foods available which can be used in place of meat. You can eat fish in place of meat and be just as healthy and at the same time save money. Peanut butter and other fats are just as nourishing as meat. Milk, eggs and cheese will take the place of meat. Wheat bread, dried white beans, dried lima beans and dried peas should not be used as substitutes for meat, unless used with milk, cheese, eggs or plenty of green vegetables, greens or salads. One ounce less of meat each day for everyone means a saving of 4,400,000 meat animals a year. Save your ounce. The sacrifice is small, but the result for your country is large.

#### Save an Ounce of Sugar

Sugar is one of the energy foods that we must save. Unless we guard the supply of sugar the supply will run low and the price will be higher.

One ounce of sugar, a half cup of wheat, flour, an ounce of fat each day; it's these little savings that will win the war and the little things we fail to do will lose or prolong.

One million, one hundred and eightyfive thousand tons of sugar will be saved the first year if each of us uses one ounce less each day. This will keep sugar plentiful and cheap. Give the chil-

### Women to Win the War

dren syrup, honey, molasses or preserves instead of so much candy. Cut down on the amount of sugar in your coffee and tea and don't leave any in the bottom of your cup. Use sugar in putting up preserves, because by eating preserves we save fats. If you eat sugar to furnish energy and not to tickle the palate, you won't have any trouble saving your ounce a day. We shall need all the energy available for the big task of winning this war.

#### Our Milk Supply Is Short

War conditions have made a shortage in the milk supply. In planting crops for food for ourselves and our Allies we have overlooked providing feed for the cows this winter. Feed is high now and probably will be higher—so high already that thousands of milk cows have been killed for meat. Our babies and growing children must have milk to be strong and healthy. For their sakes we cannot afford to waste a drop. A quart of milk gives as much energy as eleven ounces of steak or 8½ eggs. Skim milk is as rich in protein and mineral matter as whole milk, only the fat is lacking. Drink skim milk and use it in cooking. Give the children whole milk, or skim milk plus plenty of butter. Sour milk can be used for making cottage cheese and for cooking.

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"The way to be patriotic in America is not only to love America, but to love the duty that lies nearest to our hand, and know that in performing it we are serving our country."

### SCHOOL YOUNGUNS

(From the Buffalo Evening News.)

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Will come along an' fetch my pen

With music magic, so's 't I can

Jist catch the lilt of it, an' then Sing of children, bad an' good, Rompin' through the nayborhood, Runnin', funnin', to'rd the bell Callin' 'em to read an' spell, With the sun an' skies above 'em Smilin' on hull parcel of 'em.

I want the knack to set to rhyme
The beauty of Life's golden June,
The harmony an' silver chime

Of youngsters laughin' all in tune.

Knack for rhymin' somethin' sweet

As their chatter on the street—

Somethin' hullsomelike that spells

Towhead boys an' primpin' gels—

Hair in braids an' frocks of gingham

Give me songs an' rhymes to sing 'em!

An' let their simple music ring
Within my ears a sweet refrain,
Till night an' rest an' shadows bring

The children home from school again;
Then I want old Pan to fetch
Jist the softest kind of tetch
To my pen, so Heaven may
Understand me when I say:
"God pertect an' watch an' love 'em—
Bless hull kit an' bilin' of 'em!"

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Suddenly the buzz of conversation ceased, and in the silence that followed a young man on the right of his hostess said, pleasantly:

"Awful pause!"

"Yes, they may be," said the old-time cook, with heightened color; "and yours would be like them if you had done half my work."

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ELECT





# HAYNES

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

#### Women of Hawaii

(Continued from page thirteen)

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The women of Hawaii figure conspicuously in varied activities. They are paramount in the preservation of historical lore. The Cousins Society, made up of those who trace their direct ancestry back to the sturdy band of pioneers, from New England, is a factor in the life of the islands. Within less than one year, this organization assisted in the completion of a magnificent Memorial building, that is a credit to modern Honolulu.

The Daughters of the American Revolution can date the beginning of their active work in the islands for almost a half-century. The same may be said of a semi-historical organization, composed exclusively of women of Hawaiian birth, known as the Daughters of Hawaii. Upon more than oen occasion, have the loyal members of this society assisted in a number of movements having to do with the welfare of the community.

It cannot be questioned that much of the credit for the beauty and charm easily noted by the visitor to Honolulu, is due solely to the earnest and constant endeavor of the energetic women enrolled under the banner of the Out-door Its membership, comprising women from every walk in life, have carried on a relentless fight for a "city beautiful." Its agitation against the billboard is yet waged with determination. Highways leading to the host of attractions near Honolulu have been glorified with brilliantly colored avenues of tropical flowering plant life. Honolulu streets today call forth unstinted praise from the tourist, while the untiring women of the Out-door Circle never waver in the principle first followed a decade ago.

In the realm of sports and recreation the women have become well established. The Women's Auxiliary to the Outrigger Canoe Club, now ideally situated on the famous "Beach at Waikiki," was the beginning and incentive for the formation of organizations of similar nature. Swimming, surfing and canoeing are the principal pastimes. Honolulu also is the home of several girls' athletic clubs, a few of which have nicely appointed club premises, either at the beach or more centrally located at Honolulu harbor.

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It would require much space to rapidly sketch the activities of the Young Women's Christian Association which at Honolulu has a membership totalling more than 1000 young women, and emphasizes the physical as well as educational phase of its endeavors. Its corps of secretaries conduct a travelers' aid bureau. A splendid cafeteria is conducted on the Association premises.

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Report comes from Pekin that the Chinese government and people are not altogether pleased with the agreement recently drawn up and signed between the governments of the United States and Japan. This agreement, contend the Chinese officials, deals principally with Chinese affairs, and the burden of their objection lies in the fact that China was not consulted in the matter. While the Chinese officials admit there is much in this Lansing-Ishii agreement that makes for the protection of their country and a proper recognition of China's right to conduct her affairs without the interference of other nations, still the Chinese contend that they should have been consulted in the matter. A good many of the leading Chinese merchants of San Francisco seem to be of the impression that Japan has "put one over" on the United States, and they cite as proofs for their reaching such a conclusion, that Japan gets all the benefits arising from the agreement.

On December 18, 1917

VOTE TO RETAIN

Charles M.

Fickert

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

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### Women to Win the War

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On December 18, 1917 VOTE TO RETAIN Charles M. Fickert DISTRICT ATTORNEY





### OUR RED CROSS IS GOING TO KEEP CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page twenty-four)

or anything that could possibly be crushed, should be used, as the remaining contents might be spoiled.

It is suggested that several dainties packed in oblong tin boxes holding each a quarter of a pound would provide a better variety for a packet than a larger quantity of a single confection.

Not very long ago, but before we too, were in the war, a group of workers took surprise bags-LaFayette kits we used to call them, to the convalescent soldiers in a French Convent hospital. The men there, in the ward that had been the convent chapel, had been wounded in the battle of the Somme. They were the men who had been fighting on in the mud and the horror and the crushing ruin and common death. And do you know, it was all together by some common instinct-not because they watched each other, or planned to do it, that each man there, on finding the tiny American flag, that each bag contained, fastened it (to the tack that held his hospital chart) above his bed.

In a little while another man came in, a soldier who was newly blind. His hands had not yet learned to see. They grouped awkwardly in the bag given him. When his fingers closed on the little flag, he held it up and asked, in French, if it were the drapeau Americain. And when he was told that it was, he, who could not see the others, found his way to his bed and felt above it for the tack, anl fastened there our flag.

I do not think that one of these bags have ever been given to a French soldier which did not evoke something tender or beautiful or joyous; and the soldiers very often suggested that they were like Noel-French Christmas. Our American Christmas, in our American cantonments, where so many new, young soldiers are going to be homesick, we have this chance to make a personal gift; a gift that will be like saying very tenderly: "May God bless you, and bring you safe home to your loved ones." And probably around the Red Cross Christmas trees-symbols of peace on earth, goodwill to men, they will sing carolscarols that the boys already in France may fancy they can hear above the thundering roar of cannon.

### That Depends

"I see they are now manufacturing asbetsos shingles which will not burn," said the teacher.

"Well, I don't know about their not burning," said the boy, reflectively. "I

guess it will depend how they are used."

The Red Cross chapters have been asked to prepare a Christmas cheer package for every soldier and sailor. What they are doing that strikes me even more delightful are the Red Cross Christmas trees. It has been proposed that in front of the Red Cross warehouses, National Guard camps and National Army cantonments, the Red Cross will erect a Christmas tree. The decorations are to be planned by local artists. The only thing that has been suggested from National Headquarters is that the trees should be surmounted by a red cross.

This is by far the most important chapter in the history of the community Christmas tree movement that has yet come to pass. In the last three or four years, twenty or thirty cities have undertaken to have festivals around a lighted Christmas tree provided by the city. These new Christmas trees in the army

towns should suggest the communitytree idea to hundreds of thousands of young men.



#### Some Excuse

Johnny was a typical boy, and full of excuses for any wrongdoing. One day he whistled aloud in school and his teacher asked how he happened to do it.

Johnny said: "I—I—didn't mean to. I had a little air in my mouth and I wanted to push it out; I didn't know it was going to make a noise."



#### Disheartened

"And why did you reform and become a poor but honest mechanic, when you were the most skilled safe-opener in the world?" we asked the former cracksman.

"I tried to open a window in a railroad coach one day," was the reply, "and my failure took all the heart out of me."

# The Start of A Perfect Day



Quaker Oats

#### OUR KIDDIES' CORNER

(Continued from page twenty-one)

"to have marbles, like those in your crown!"

The King of Fairies shook with laughter. "All boys are alike," he said, "human boys, fairy boys, and even doll boys; they want to fight and play marbles. As for those vases, I will see that they find their way to Teashop Town. They must be weary of being idle so many hundred years. Your uncle will no doubt purchase them. Ping Pong was sold to a naughty child, so you cannot fight him, and anyway, he is broken in pieces already. As for the marbles, just help yourself to the jewels in my crown."

Wee Ling eagerly commenced digging out the marbles; finally one came out, then another, and another. Soon he had nearly all. My! but the other doll boys would be jealous. He stuffed them in his pockets, but they were dreadfully heavy, and he fell off the crown and bumped his head, and woke up in the doorway of his uncle's shop, clinging fast to the ruby red marbles that Ping Pong had tried to get away from him.

Wee Ling's uncle came to the door and found his little nephew crying. Wee Ling told him all about his trouble with Ping Pong. The uncle was very fond of his little nephew, and took him in the shop to show him some new vases he had just received from a foreign country. Wee Ling stared in surprise; then he remembered, they were the same vases he had seen in fairy-land! He went over to touch one of the vases. to see if it was real, and as he did so, a little door in the vase opened and Wee Ling called to his uncle to come and see. Imagine what the contents of that little compartment in the vase was! Why, a box in the shape of a gold crown, set with brilliant stones and the contents of it were a great many ruby red and blue and white marbles. An inscription in the compartment read: "For the first little boy who shall find me." We Ling did not say anything, but he remembered that it looked like the King of Fairies' crown. And Wee Ling's uncle said to him: "Well, my little nephew, it looks as if the gift is meant for you, so take it, and play marbles until your heart is content. But don't play marbles with big, naughty boys."



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### A NEW NOTE IN ARMY AND NAVY BALLS

The ball which was given on the 9th of November at the Fairmont Hotel carried with it a new and charming note. In fact, it carried two. First, the ball was given by the young girls of the various educational institutes of San Francisco and the colleges around the bay, to the officers of the Army and Navy. Second, the wives and daughters of the officers were invited. They came, danced and were happy. The thought back of the invitations was a happy one. and originated with the ladies who managed the ball, and who very justly concluded that the officers' families-who were giving up the dearest treasures in life-should not be forgotten where pleasure held sway.

The ladies responsible for the management of the ball, its success, and the thoughts out of which it grew, were: Mrs. A. W. Scott, Mrs. E. D. Donovan, Mrs. J. E. Birmingham. The hostesses were Mrs. Arthur Murray, wife of General Murray of the Western Department of the United States Army, and Mrs. R. L. Russell, wife of the Commandant of the Twelfth District, United States Navy. A large number of ladies from the Army, Navy, and society assisted in making "the young girls' ball" a tremendous success.

The Fairmont Hotel, with all its quiet elegance, never looked so like a fairy palace before, the military decorations giving tone and color, the Navy band filling the immense, castle-like structure with entrancing music; the hundreds of subdued golden lights, casting a soft glow over the loveliest crowd of buds ever bround together in any assembly on earth. And then, the officers—handsome, bung—mostly very young—and how they danced! It was a night and a picture which will never vanish from the mind of any one who attended that ball

and witnessed youth and beauty meet—one thousand of them at least, swaying to the heart music of life's young dream. The older officers danced, too—danced beautifully and enjoyed it.

#### 小小小

Every nine out of ten persons that you meet these days is suffering from a cold in the head and a majority of these people have come to the conclusion that there is no cure for this trouble and that relief only can be obtained when the cold has run its allotted course. It might be of interest to them to know that thousands of cures are speedily being effected by the use of the Steven's Nebulizers, together with the Balsam Pocket Vaporizers, which are small devices by which pine balsam in the form of liquified air is introduced into the air passages of the nostrils.

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### Seeing the Orient

THOUSANDS of America's wealthy men and women are now seeing the Orient. They all return delighted. Honolulu, they proclaim a veritable "Paradise," Japan they say is most interesting with its quaint people and beautiful scenery, China they pronounce just wonderful and then tell you that if you want to see what American achievement can accomplish—visit the Philippines.

Just at the present time the eyes of the world's statesmen and financiers are turned to the great changes which are taking place in the Far East. The Russia revolt against the Czar will mean that perhaps Siberia may become an independent country or at least obtain self government as one of the states of the new Russian republic. Mongolia, which has become a protectorate of Russia, will again become a part of China, that is if China is able to establish a strong central government. In Japan, there is more prosperity than at any previous time in the history of the Island Empire and Japan is reaching out to control the trade of the entire East. In the Philippines, the natives have obtained self government and are handling the affairs of the archipelago in a very satisfactory manner. It is only some twenty years or so since Dewey captured Manila, but in that short time wonders have been accomplished by the able and conscientious officials whom Washington sent to the islands to take care of things and manage the different departments of the insular service.

Of course we have all heard what an unhealthy place Manila is and we accept the stories told about the place as correct. The truth of the matter is that Manila is one of the healthiest cities in the world and a comparison of the mortality figures of Manila with those of any large city of its size in the world will prove the truth of this statement.

Manila's health officials admit that there was a time when Manila did deserve the bad reputation which she acquired, but that time has long since passed. When the American army officials took charge of Manila, after the occupation in August, 1898, the first thing they did was to police up the place and they did this in a thoroughly workmanlike manner. Some of America's greatest health experts were placed on the job and these men eradicated cholera, bubonic plague, smallpox and all of the other Asiatic or tropical diseases which had before been permitted

to carry off each year thousands of victims

You would be surprised if you were told that seventy-five per cent of the inhabitants of the islands have been vaccinated, but it is the truth. Hospitals have been established all over the archipelago and the necessity of cleanliness in the preparation of foods and personal hygiene have been drummed into the heads of the pupils of the thousands of schools until the Philippines are now about as healthy a race of people as can be found anywhere.

Is it hot in Manila? you might ask. Well it never reaches a hundred degrees there and it does that in a good many places in California. Manila is a place where in the summer season, people perspire a good deal but this is due, not to the heat particularly, but to the humidity of the atmosphere. The nights are always cool and delightful.

Manila is really the most interesting place in the Orient for an American to visit. It was settled by the Spaniards in 1565, about forty years after Magellan's discovery of the Philippines.

The great wall was built around the city and this wall was not fully completed for a century more. Here in California we rave about our old missions, but they have churches in Manila that are finer than any of the old mission churches in this State and they have been standing for over three hundred years. In one of these old churches, San Augustine, were deposited the remains of Legaspi and Urdaneta, the warrior and priest respectively who led the first Spanish forces to Manila. The remains of these historic men had been placed under the high altar of the old church but when the English captured Manila and sacked the city over a century ago, the remains of these two explorers were thrown out by the English soldiers who were looking for loot and their bones mixed so that it was difficult to say which was which when the friars again replaced them in their former resting place.

Manila is today a very progressive city. It has one of the finest harbors in the Far East and has several large docks at which the big trans-Pacific steamers come alongside and receive and discharge cargo. It has a magnificent up-to-date hotel of 150 rooms overlooking Manila Bay and the Luneta, Manila's famed drive way, where the Constabulary Band plays every evening. This hotel is under the management of Mr.

George A. Butz, formerly connected with many of the leading California and Hawaii hotels.

There are several interesting trips to be taken outside of Manila and one of these is to Baguio, the summer capital of the islands. It is situated in the mountains of Benguet, about a hundred miles from Manila, and can be reached by railroad or auto drive over a first-class road. The scenery is most picturesque all the way, and the trip up the Benguet road is declared by noted travelers to be one of the finest in the world.

### His Own Fault

The city man tried to pin the nonogenarian peasant down to items.

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"But my father observed all those rules, and he died at sixty."

"Yes," calmly; "but he didn't do 'em long enough."

Accommodating Husband. — Wife — "Can you let me have a little money. John?"

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